

THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

AND

H u m o r i s t.

EDITED BY

THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



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PART THE FIRST.

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AND

HUMORIST.

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LITERARY REPORT FOR JANUARY.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.—The announcement of this work has caused, as might naturally have been anticipated, a great sensation in all fashionable and literary circles. Seldom, indeed, has the advent of any new book been looked forward to with so much interest and curiosity. The publication, however, has been unavoidably delayed for a few days.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES.—Under this very attractive title, the successful authoress of "Temptation; or, a Wife's Perils," has another novel on the eve of publication. Report speaks of this new work as one of great domestic interest, and deserving, on account of its many high and admirable qualities, to rank with the writings of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, or Miss Porter.

EXCURSIONS ALONG THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.—Such is the title of the forthcoming new work of the gallant Major Napier, who so recently took an active part in the late war in Syria, and who is already favourably known to the public by his "Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands," and other valuable contributions to literature. During a residence of several years on the shores of the Mediterranean—now pursuing his excursions along the Spanish coast—now along that of Morocco—and occasionally passing his time on shipboard, midway between the confines of Europe and of Africa, the author saw much to interest him, and did not fail to note in his journal whatever he deemed worthy of observation. Hence his real descriptions of real objects, incidents, and feelings, must be at once profitable and entertaining to the reader. Added to these, Major Napier purposes to introduce into the present work the adventures that befel him during a cruise in the Levant.

ANNE BOLEYN.—Mrs. Thomson's historical romance may now be expected in a very few days. It must be acknowledged that our authoress has selected for her present theme, a very admirable subject—the portraiture of the career of an unfortunate princess—the victim of a brutal monarch—with whose untimely fate in the Tower of London, the reader of English history, and every well-informed person, is conversant. But this knowledge of one whose illustrious rank and station—no less than her many exalted virtues, have enlisted a sympathy for her misfortunes, only serves to awaken a desire for a more complete picture. Hence the infinitely greater interest preferred by historical romances, treating of celebrated events and characters, over the merely imaginary creations of the novelist. Mrs. Thomson, we are informed, has, with a praiseworthy perseverance, looked into and explored various valuable historic records, and has thus been enabled to collect many new facts relative to the exalted heroine of her story, who, we have no doubt, will live over again in her pages with a vivid reality.

Dr. Beattie announces an interesting account, in monthly numbers, of the "Castles and Abbeys of England," including royal palaces, baronial halls, manor houses, &c., ancient and modern, with numerous illustrations from original drawings; together with historical details, family records and genealogies, public services, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, heroic achievements, biographical sketches, traits of character, classical associations, local scenery, anecdotes, legends, traditions, &c.

THE
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ANACREONTIC.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honour'd, or pledges to pass,
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason :
For hark ! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
Had finish'd the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen !

Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
 The past Year has been pleasant and sunny ;
 Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
 Of the thyme whence the bee gathers honey—
 Days usher'd by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
 Maybe, wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
 Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
 That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen !
 Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
 And been bow'd to the earth by its fury ;
 To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently pass'd,
 Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury,—
 Still, fill to the Future ! and join in our chime,
 The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
 And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
 Shout, in hopes of a kindlier dozen !
 Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

THE SCHOOL FOR HORSE-PLAY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

Ils se disaient en face des choses insultantes, qu'ils croyaient des traits d'esprit.
 VOLTAIRE : BALBOUC.

I HAVE lately had the good fortune to be admitted as a member of one of the pleasantest societies in London. This society is called "The School for Horse-play;" the number of its members is limited to twenty, and it holds its meetings, which are weekly, on the Monday night, at the sign of the Hog and Hop-sack in Chancery-lane. The School for Horse-play, when it was first instituted, met on the Saturday; but as that evening was found to be inconvenient to more than one of its most agreeable and efficient members, amongst whom were Dapper, a copying-clerk in an attorney's office in the neighbourhood, and Roughshod, head shopman to Balls, the pawnbroker, who were occupied in their several callings later on than on any other; it was, in order to accommodate them, subsequently changed to Monday.

Now, let it not, from the name of our society, be inferred that we are a set of practical jokers in the commonly received sense of that term: that our wit consists in drawing one's neighbour's chair from beneath him as he is about to sit down; or in blacking his nose should he chance to fall asleep; or in treading heavily upon his toes every now and then, as if by accident, and each time gravely asking his pardon: all these, and the like expedients for exciting merriment, we disdain; and if amongst us recourse is ever had to them, it is occasionally by our

Butts, who are incapable of anything better. No; *our* horse-play is of a rather more intellectual character: it is chiefly of the kind meant by Dryden, when he speaks of "horse-play raillery;" and is so accurately described by Voltaire in the short sentence which I have quoted from him, that one might almost believe that he wrote it prophetically of our "School for Horse-play."

The School for Horse-play is divided into two classes; namely, the Wits, and the Butts. The number of the latter class is variable, as, upon his first admission, every member is placed therein, and therein is he retained until, by his proficiency in bandying impertinences, he shall have proved himself qualified to take rank along with the Wits. When he is considered to have merited this enviable distinction, he is led by the Vice-president, to the President, who invests him with his rank of Wit by throwing across his shoulder, scarf-wise, a coarse jack-towel, which is intended as emblematic of the style of our pleasantries.

But since it is an unavoidable rule of the society that there shall always be at least two Butts of the number; and as it might by possibility happen that some happy genius, endowed with a more than ordinary share of hardy impertinence, might achieve his admission amongst the Wits at his very first introduction, and escape from the other class altogether, the society would be in danger of expiring from the want of those indispensable adjuncts. Now to guard against such a calamity, it is wisely provided that there shall be two standing Butts, Butts in perpetuity; and these at present are a couple of dull, senseless old fellows, who, in unconscious stupidity, submit without resistance to the attacks of their wittier and more highly-gifted companions.

From what I have said, it will at once be understood that our amusement consists in an interchange between the Wits of rudenesses, gross impertinences, and remarks and expressions all more or less calculated to inflict pain—in proportion to which, indeed, is always the degree of laughter produced: in the play-off of the Wits upon the helpless imbecility of the two established Butts; and occasionally in setting those dull rogues one against the other. In short, the verbal pleasantries we are in the habit of reciprocating, are precisely of that character which, in what is mawkishly termed well-bred society, would subject the utterer to the punishment usually awarded for a breach of good manners and decorum, according to its degree.

But as no general description can convey to the mind of any one who has not enjoyed the advantage of passing an evening in our company a satisfactory idea of the tone or the style of our pleasantries; I will give an example or two, both of the sharp encounter of our Wits, and of the entertainment, which with such admirable ingenuity, they contrive to elicit even from the very dulness and stupidity of the Butts. All this, however, will be the better understood, and the more truly appreciated, if I first state of what materials our "School" is composed.

Our two members most conspicuous for that species of wit and humour requisite for the formation of a perfect horse-player are those I have already named—Dapper and Roughshod; and so nearly are their excellences balanced, that it would be difficult indeed to decide to which of them ought to be awarded the palm of superiority. But if I, a new and humble member of the school, might venture to deter-

mine between them, I should give my voice in favour of the former ; for, in the course of one evening, I have had the gratification of hearing him bestow upon all present so much larger a quantity of horse-play raillery than his eminent rival, as (anywhere but at the Hog and Hop-sack) would justly entitle him to the distinction of having his nose tweaked by so much oftener than the other as one time in ten.

Of the rest of the members, most are, like myself, of the same calling as my illustrious friend Dapper, or are clerks of not the highest grade in certain of the public offices ; excepting our Butts, Addlepate, and Dunderpate. (the younger of whom is sixty-five), who are retired tradesmen living in chambers in Lyon's Inn, and Mr. Courtly, a young barrister of the Inner Temple. I am hardly justified, however, in numbering the last named as a member, for he made his first appearance among us at our last meeting, and took his final leave of us (I am happy to say) before the conclusion of the evening.

As upon the occasion of the admission of a new member our prime Wits, Roughshod and Dapper, exerted their powers to the utmost, I cannot do better, towards the fulfilment of my promise to give some notion of the tone and style of our pleasantries, than select from the abundance of their brilliant sallies a few choice specimens.

Mr. Courtly, a young gentleman highly educated ; of considerable promise in his profession ; and of manners refined, but without the slightest taint of formality, took his seat. Scarcely had he done so when he was thus addressed by our President, Dapper.

"I believe Mr.—Mr.— What's your name, pray, sir?"

"My name, sir, is Courtly," was the reply.

"I believe, Mr. Portly, you—" continued Dapper.

Here he was interrupted by Roughshod, the Vice, who said,—

"Why, Dappy, though I always knew you to be stupid, I had no notion you were deaf. The new member said distinctly enough his name is Sportly."

Hereupon, without allowing time to reply, Mr. Courtly's health was drunk by each member in succession, each addressing him by a different name, as Fortly, Mortly, Wortly, and so on. This joke, though worn threadbare by use in at least a dozen farces, told admirably, setting the whole table in a roar, to the confusion if not discomfort of the new member.

But what presently followed was in the very best style of Roughshod, who was admirably seconded by Dapper. Perceiving that Mr. Courtly had a slight cast in one of his eyes, the former said,—

"I think you spoke to me Mr. Snortly—at least I think I caught your *eye*."

Here the laugh was deservedly loud and long.

"Which eye do you mean?" said Dapper ; "don't you perceive that Mr. Dortly has *two* ; and they are not what *you* would call *duplicates*."

This double hit at Courtly and the Vice, produced a laugh longer and louder than the former.

"You'll find those eyes of yours very useful in your profession," said Dapper. "They will enable you to hold briefs on both sides of a cause, for you may have one eye looking to the interests of the plaintiff and the other to the defendant's."

I scarcely need say that this splendid effusion produced the desired effects: the Horse-players laughed immoderately, while the object of it appeared to be confused, as if not knowing exactly in what manner he ought to receive it. To me, who sat next to him, it was evident that he was in doubt concerning that point; for he took firm hold of a candlestick which stood before him, at the same time that he fixed his eyes steadily on the speaker, as if measuring the distance between them. Almost immediately, however, he relinquished his hold, sipped his negus, and drew his handkerchief across his lips. Then, turning to me, he inquired in a whisper,—

"Pray, sir, are insults of this nature frequent in this society? or are they tolerated only upon the occasion of the first appearance of a new member?"

"Insult, sir!" exclaimed I, with unfeigned astonishment at his ignorance: "insult! why, the interchange of insult is the mainspring of our pleasure. But then, the wit, sir," continued I, exultingly; "the wit—it is atoned for by its exquisite wit; and I can assure you that the pungent, the brilliant specimen you have just listened to, has never (to my knowledge, at least) been excelled even in *this* society."

"Indeed!?" in a tone compounded of exclamation and inquiry, said Mr. COWLEY.

Dapper (who, I think, had observed the trifling incident of the candlestick), now directed his attention to the regular Butts, Dunderpate and Addlepate; or, as they are severally nicknamed, Wiseacre and Solomon—for, with us, every man is known by a nickname—I (for instance), who am tall and slender, being humorously called Shanky. Dapper's intention was to entertain us by "getting a rise out of them," as we express it, and admirably did he succeed in this.

"Solomon," said he, in a whisper to Dunderpate, "have a fling at old Wiseacre."

Flattered and encouraged by this invitation, Solomon turned to Addlepate, and, in a drawling voice, and a tone resembling that of a bad cracked trumpet (at the same time slapping him on the knee), cried,—

"Well, Wiseacre, and how are you by *this* time? Ha!—ha!—ha! —ha!"

But Wiseacre was not to be outdone by Solomon; for, returning him the slap on the knee, he said,—

"Well, and if you come to that, Solomon, and how are *you*? He! he! he! he!"

"Well done, on both sides," cried Dapper; "at him again, Wiseacre."

And at this, the pitiable drivellers repeated the very same words, accompanied by the very same action, ten times over, each repetition being welcomed by us with increasing shouts of laughter.

After this we were amused with a little lively sparring between our eminent leaders. The repartees (as might have been expected from two such combatants) were sharp, and briskly delivered.

"That's a smart waistcoat you have on," said Dapper to Roughshod.

"A little above the mark of an attorney's copying-clerk, with only two-and-twenty shillings a-week," said Roughshod.

"I couldn't think of vying with a pawnbroker's shopman, who has twenty-five," retorted Dapper; "especially with such opportunities of getting his finery at a cheap rate."

"I have no chance of getting any finery from you, in the way you mean," replied Roughshod; "for you know you never brought anything to us I could venture to lend you more than half-a-crown for."

And so they continued, increasing in wit (I know not whether I should be justified in adding—and bitterness), as each alluded to some point concerning the other, which might have been not altogether destitute of truth.

This ended, Dapper drew Roughshod away from the table, and offered to lay him a wager that he would make Addlepat repeat the words, "I wish you wouldn't move my glass," two-and-thirty times within the hour.

The wager was accepted, and all of us (with the exception of the poor helpless victim and his Butt-colleague) were quietly informed of it. Dapper resumed his seat, and drawing Addlepat's glass a little away from him, said,—

"And how are you by this time, Wiseacre?"

"I wish you wouldn't move my glass," said the victim.

"I don't," said the wit, again removing it.

"But you do," said the other, drawing it back again; "and I wish you wouldn't move my glass."

After a short interval, the experiment was repeated by Dapper, and was met, in precisely the same manner and with precisely the same words, by Addlepat. Suffice it to say that the wager was won easily in forty-nine minutes.

This excellent jest was received with loud laughter and great applause. For my own part, having witnessed its performance on the four previous evenings of my attendance at the "School" (that is to say, on every evening since I have had the honour of belonging to it), I must confess, that though it had not become positively tiresome, I was less charmed by it than upon the first two or three occasions; and, unless it be one of the standing and chartered jests of the society, I shall propose that its performance be limited to every second meeting, unless a new member chance to be present for the first time, in which case it will be indispensable to his perfect knowledge of the merits of the "School for Horse-play."

After this there occurred a brief silence, which was occupied by Dapper and Roughshod in exchanging winks and glances with each other. It was sufficiently intelligible that an entertaining attack upon the new member was the object.

"Mr.—Mr.— I beg pardon, but I really forget your name," said Roughshod, addressing Mr. Courtly.

"Courtly, sir," replied the latter.

"Courtly, with an o?" inquired the wit; at the same time, by sundry nods and winks, preparing the initiated for one of his brilliant sallies.

"Exactly so, sir," replied Courtly.

"Why, then," continued the illustrious Horse-player, "as we all in this society give nicknames to one another, we shall call you *Squintly*, with an *eye*. Do you take?"

At this joke the applause was unbounded : even the poor Butts seemed to appreciate it, for they laughed louder than the rest of the company.

" Pray, gentlemen, am I *bona fide* a member of your ' School,' not having paid my admission-fee?" inquired Courtly.

Being answered in the negative, he asked what was the amount of the fee.

" Only ten shillings," briskly replied the attorney's clerk ; " which is sixpence less than all the profits you seem likely ever to make by your profession—the fee for one half-guinea motion."

Mr. Courtly rose, drew forth his purse, and threw ten shillings down upon the table ; observing with a grave look, that he considered the fee to be exorbitant—monstrous.

" You are now regularly admitted, though merely as a Butt," said Roughshod ; " and as you will remain so till you have proved yourself worthy of promotion by saying as good a thing as the worst you have heard to-night, you may as well go to sleep for the next twelve-month at least."

This, of course, was greatly applauded.

Mr. Courtly, without heeding the interruption, in a quiet, gentlemanly tone, continued,—

" And pray, gentlemen, what is the fee for being allowed to withdraw from your society?"

" Oh," replied Dapper, casting a knowing look at those around him, " we consider five enough for that."

" How!" exclaimed Courtly ; " so much as ten for admission, and no more than five upon resignation ! Allow me to say that, in my opinion, you do not fairly apportion your fees to the value of the privileges they confer ; and allow me further, upon the occasion of this my retirement altogether from your company, to mark my sense, at least, of the superior value of the latter."

So saying, he threw a sovereign down upon the table, made his bow to the assembly and quitted the room.

As this occurred at about the usual time for our breaking up, but little was said concerning the conduct of Mr. Courtly. Roughshod and Dapper, indeed, agreed that he was a dull dog, a *Spooney*, and (as a well-mannered gentleman) too great a *Count* for us. Who introduced him, or by what mistake he got amongst us, no one present could tell. Yet though unsuited to our society, my own opinion of him, formed upon what little conversation I had with him, is, that in certain companies in which a style of amusement different from ours prevails, and in which, even if permitted, it probably would not be justly appreciated, he might pass off tolerably well. But certainly neither he, nor any one whose taste is likely to revolt at pursuing, or submitting to, pleasantries, till they degenerate into offensive personalities, should consider himself qualified to become a member of the SCHOOL FOR HORSE-PLAY.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. I.

I. A PANEGYRIC ON ALE.

ADDRESSED TO W. L. B.

Sir Nowl, the clerke, he preched loud,
 And he preched longe and sore,
 And whanne he hadde crinkled a yerde or soe,
 The churle beganne to snore :
 And whanne he hadde lulld bothe olde and yonge
 The clerke he beganne to sayle,
 Whereat, the churle, he cried, with an aith,
 " Now bring me a jake of ale."

OLD BALLAD.

I HAVE a friend who loveth me,
 And sendeth me Ale of Trinitie.
 A very good fellow is my true friend,
 With talents and virtues without end,
 Filled with Learning's very best seed,
 Ready to think (or drink, at need),—
 In short, a very good fellow indeed :
 But the best of all is, as it seems to me,
 That he yieldeth the Ale of Trinitie.

Oh, Trinitie Ale is stout and good,
 Whether in bottle it be or wood :
 'Tis good at morning, 'tis good at night ;
 (Ye should drink whilst the liquor is bubbling bright :)
 'Tis good for man, and woman, and child,
 Being neither too strong, nor yet too mild :
 It strengthens the body, it strengthens the mind,
 And hitteth the toper's taste refined.

Once,—once, I believed that the famous Cam
 Was a riddle, a cheat, an enormous Flam,
 Vamp'd up by tutors of Hall and College,
 (Who've a great deal of learning and little knowledge),
 But *now*—I acknowledge, with tears of shame,
 That the river it meriteth thrice its fame,
 For of it,—though seemingly poor and pale,
 Men manufacture THE MIGHTY ALE !

Alma Mater ! Thou mother kind,
 Who trainest the youthful human mind
 (By circles, and squares, and classic stories),
 Until it arrives at Earth's high glories,
 Who,—who amongst all thy children, dare
 With the bright Trinitie boys compare ?
 Mingling their ale with bookish learning,
 They acquire by such means keen discerning,
 And thus (in a circle arguing) steer
 Between the extremes of books and beer.
 Other men, somehow or other, pine
 Whether they trust to Greek or wine.

Weeds and Flowers.

Oh, in truth, it gladdens the heart to see
What may spring from the Ale of Trinitie,—
A scholar—a fellow—a rector blythe,
(Fit to take *any* amount of tithe)—
Perhaps a bishop—perhaps (by grace)
One may mount to the Archiepiscopal place,
And wield the crosier, an awful thing,
The envy of all, and—the parson's King!
O Jove, who would struggle with Learning pale,
That could beat down the world by the strength of Ale?
For *me*, I avow, could my thoughtless prime
Come back with the wisdom of mournful time,
I'd labour—I'd toil—by night and day,
(Mixing liquor and books away)
'Till I conquer'd that high and proud degree
M.A. (Master of Ale) of Trinitie.

Ale! Ale! if properly understood—
Promoteth a brotherly neighbourhood.
Now, what can be better on winter night
When the fagot is blazing bright,
And your friend is perplex'd how to kill the time
With "Useful Knowledge" or idle rhyme,
To step in and say, "Neighbour, I think
Your Trinitie ale must be fit to drink?
Let's try it." He answers, "With all my soul ;"
And in the capacious tumblers roll—
Hark,—to the music rich and rare!
Note,—how it stealeth the sting from Care!
Behold,—both Pride and Prudery bend,
And each man groweth a warmer friend.

I repeat it, that Ale,—if understood,
Promoteth a brotherly neighbourhood.
Why, sometime since, we were enemies all
In our small village,—the short, the tall;
The old, the young; the dull, the bright;
Churchman, Simconite, Puseyite.
But *now*, we are knit into one firm band,
By Sir John Barleycorn's high command;
No more envy, no more strife,
But tipplers honest and friends for life.
It would do good both to your head and heart,
Could you see how each playeth his social part
In a bumper—a song—or a round of wit.
Jolly philosophers—here we sit,
Ten reformed teetotalers, all
Pull'd up before Chief-Magistrate Hall,
Merely for moistening a dry lip,
And again before Justice Broderip;
Ten bold widowers, each forlorn
Until he had been at Highgate sworn;
Ten thick squires, with brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of beer;
Ten plurality Vicars (sent
By Heaven,—to take commutation rent);
Ten prebendaries; Canons too;
(All very fat virtuous men):

And, last of us, *I*—who offer to thee
 (I,—scribe of this choice society),
 With grateful glee, portorage free,
 These rhymes for thy dozens of Trinity.

*From my cellar in Trinity-lane,
 This — day of—, 1841.*

2. ON A SHIPWRECK.

O Sea ! O stormy winds ! Where hides the large
 Iron-bound barque we gave ye late in charge,
 Believing that ye ne'er could do us wrong,—
 Trusting ye, as the weak must trust the strong ?

Lost in the wide Atlantic ! Not a speck
 Remains,—a splinter of her mast or deck !
 Death came, and none beheld ; perhaps in sleep,
 And whirled her with her hundreds, stark and dead,
 Into the fathomless, abysmal deep !
 No storms can touch her, nor the sounding lead
 Bring up a fragment of their loosened hair ;
 But they must rest, 'midst secrets foul and fair,
 Wilder than dreams, in the sea-caverns, fraught
 With riches beyond count, until the world
 Is bare of waters, or some star is hurled
 Out of its orbit, and the Earth is—nought !

3. A CATALOGUE OF COMMONPLACES.

"What is Earth ?" the poet saith.
 It is a place of birth and death ;
 A school wherein the schoolmen teach,
 And never practise as they preach ;
 Where Greek and Latin stamp the scholar ;
 Where Fame is reckoned by the dollar ;
 Where Scandal bold, and *Insuendo*
 Taint all that women and e'en men do ;
 Where Lie the first is peerless reckoned,
 Until thrust out by Lie the second :
 Where Candour, Worth, and Thought are sleeping ;
 Where Cant is upwards, upwards creeping ;
 Where Age is drivelling ; Youth pedantic ;
 Religion frozen, or else frantic ;
 Where great Palaver despot reigneth ;
 Where Wisdom to the moon complaineth ;
 Where folks who winds and waters measure,
 And chattering *scavans* take their pleasure,
 And meet each year from hall and college,
 Stunning the soul with scraps of knowledge ;
 Where Strength is right ; where Truth is wrong ;
 Where Genius shrinks into a song ,
 Where struggling girlhood toils and dies ;
 Where Childhood pines ; where Hunger cries,
 And none respondeth to its call ;
 And yet—blue Heaven is over all !

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

EXPERIENCE AND FORESIGHT.

"EXPERIENCE," says Coleridge, "is like the stern-lantern of a ship, which only shows the dangers we have passed ;" but surely this light may be so thrown forward by *reflection* as to guard us against the perils that are coming. We can best read what *is* to be by perusing the book of what *has* been. Leibnitz tells us that "*le présent est gros de l'avenir*," and we may fairly conclude that the unborn child will bear the same resemblance to its parent, that an echo, as yet unheard, will bear to the sound by which it was produced. We may question Campbell's averment that "coming events cast their shadows before ;" but there can be little doubt that past occurrences cast a gleam behind them, reverting enough to give us glimpses of those that are following them.

PURSUING BETTER THAN CATCHING.

THERE was sweetness even in the bitterness, mirth even in the curse that condemned man to labour for his bread ; for exercise itself is health and very often happiness ; but as art is man's nature, and civilization the intention of Providence, there must be a class to cultivate the intellectual soil, that our minds may eat the bread of thoughtful life. Constant occupation of some sort is indispensable to a healthy enjoyment of existence ; stagnation is corruption—disease, misery.

Life has been well compared to a fox-chase ; for the pleasure consists in chasing, not in overtaking your object ; and when you have caught the fame, fortune, rank—whatever you were hunting—you have but the poor gratification of being in at the death of your own enjoyment—unless you start a fresh quarry. No matter how trivial this may be, it is better to do nothings than nothing : but it need not necessarily be frivolous, for after we have achieved the great objects of this world, we have a noble pursuit in preparing for the next. When the warriors in the days of chivalry became too old for their vocation, they exchanged the battle-axe for the bible, the rapier for the rosary, and took to counting off beads instead of cutting off heads. A wise man, in order that he may not exhaust his resources, will keep the attained beneath the attainable, and always leave himself something to anticipate, well knowing that to realize all your hopes is to leave yourself in a hopeless state.

"It is all over with me !" exclaimed Thorwaldsen, as he contemplated his sublime statue of Christ, "my genius is decaying, for I am satisfied with it."

It was the first time that the execution had reached the idea. The hand had overtaken the mind ; and success in his pursuit had destroyed the pleasure that arises from the pursuit of success.

SYMPATHY.

"A FELLOW-feeling makes us wondrous kind," but feeling *with*, or even *for* others, often arises from feeling for ourselves; and the love of our neighbour is simply self-love at second-hand.

Swift has well exposed this selfish sympathy in the "Verses on his own 'Death.'"

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send,
What hearty prayers that I should mend !
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept,
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

In jocose illustration of the fellow-feeling that makes us so wondrous kind, the late James Smith, said,

"Since I once bit my own tongue at dinner, I have always chewed a neat's tongue with peculiar tenderness."

GRINNING GRAYBEARDS.

WE may admire a tear-drop on the cheek of youth and beauty, not less than a dew-drop on a rose; but a smirk upon the sickly and wrinkled features of old age displeases us as an incongruity. Its misplaced brightness is like the gloomy glitter of a coffin-plate: or rather may we compare it to those clocks which play a merry tune just before they strike the hour of midnight.

GRATITUDE.

EVINCING your gratitude, when strictly analyzed, is only taking your revenge for a favour—cancelling by retaliating a benefit. Sinbad the sailor, was not more gratified when he shook the old man from his shoulders, than is every proud man when he can relieve himself from the humiliating burden of an obligation. It has been said that small favours strengthen, while great ones weaken friendship: the reason is obvious; we can repay the former, but must often remain in debt for the latter, and no man likes to meet his creditor oftener than he can help.

Of this truth Cardinal Mazarine was so well convinced, that he used to confer his favours with the worst possible grace, in order to wave his claim to any gratitude. A perfect equality is perhaps the best security for a perfect friendship.

Helvetius complained that he lost his old friends.

"Yet they were under great obligations to you," said Baron D'Holbach; "while I, who have never done anything for mine, continue to live with them the same as ever."

SPEECH NOT ALWAYS SPEAKING.

WHEN Metastasio places the following words in the mouth of a woman distracted with grief—

Ah ! non son io che parlo,
E il barbaro dolore,
Che ini divide il core,
Che delirar mi fà—

may he not have been prompted by the speech of Hamlet's mother, when she attributes his reproaches not to himself, but his madness, and is admonished in reply,

Mother ! for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

Sill more happily was the same thought illustrated by a poor turnpike-girl in Scotland, of whom the late Charles Matthews loved to make honourable mention. He and his postchaise companion had paid at the gate on the way to dine with a friend, and as it was past midnight when they again reached it on their return, the girl demanded the toll for another day. Deeming this an imposition, the companion, who had been sacrificing somewhat too liberally at the shrine of Bacchus, visited the claimant with a shower of opprobrious terms, uttered in so loud a key that they awakened the mother, who protruded her nightcapped head from a little window above the door, exclaiming,

"Maggie, dear ! for what is the gentleman abusing ye ?"

To which the girl replied with an arch smile, "It's no the gentleman that's speaking now, mither ; it's the wine !"

MONARCHIES AND REPUBLICS.

MONTESQUIEU, in his "*Spirit of Laws*," maintains that virtue is the principle of a republican government, and honour that of a monarchy ; a position which Voltaire has taken some pains to refute.

The author of the "*Pastor Fido*," an habitual resident in courts, thus speaks of them :

L'ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
E la rapina di pietà vestita,
Creseir col danro eprecipizio d'altrui,
E far a se de l'altrui biasmo onore,
Son' le virtu di questa gente infida.

And the Regent Duke of Orleans, who was well qualified to form an opinion on the subject, said of one of the gentlemen of his suite, "*C'est un parfait courtisan ; il n'a ni humeur ni honneur*"—(He is a perfect courtier—all compliance and no honour).

So that the disparaging pictures of courts are not always drawn, as some one has flippantly asserted, by those who never saw them.

"Do you ever play cards ?" inquired George III. of Horne Tooke.

"P'ease your Majesty," was the reply (a reply, however, not very likely to be pleasing to majesty), "I am so little acquainted, even with the court cards, as not to know a king from a knave."

La Fayette's recipe for a perfect government was a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions; which Girardin compared to Gulliver environed and pinioned by the Lilliputians, who forgot when they had tied the giant's hands, that they could not make any further use of him.

"What is the *juste milieu*, as to the division of political power?" demanded a French deputy.

"*Ecoutez—le voici*," replied his friend. "The *côté droit* maintain that twice four are ten; the *côté gauche* affirm that they are six; the *juste milieu*, of which I am proud to call myself a member, hit upon the exact truth, and pronounce that twice four are nine."

At the present moment there seems to be a rage for republics, but the example of those that have been recently established, is not much more conclusive as to their efficacy, than was the answer of the Irishman when asked whether he could drive.

"To be sure I can. Wasn't it I that overturned your honour in the ditch last year?"

Pope, perhaps, was nearest the truth when he asserted that, "What-e'er is best administered is best."

NOVELS AND HISTORY.

FIELDING thus defined the difference between a novel and a real history: In the former everything is true but the names and dates; in the latter, nothing is true but the names and dates. History is, in fact, a romance believed; a romance is a history not believed: and yet we may be equally wrong in thus giving or withholding our faith; for Niebuhr has shown that we have been deceived, even as to many of the names and dates of Roman history; while no one has yet disproved a single tittle of "Gulliver's Travels."

THE LAWLESSNESS OF LAW.

It is a blessed thing to live under the protection of justice, and doubly blessed is he who enjoys that privilege in England; for he must at the same time be living under the protection of another blind deity, ycleped Fortune. The monks were content with crying "No penny, no paternoster;" but we have barristers nowadays who will not take a brief without two or three thousand pounds; so that if you have not a long purse, you must put your law upon short commons. There is, however, "a soul of goodness in things evil," for this outrageous cost exempts the poor from all the torments of litigation, while it often brings the rich down to their own level.

What a pleasant mockery is that clause of Magna Charta, "to none will we sell, to none will we deny justice;" when it is both sold and denied. In that all-ingulfing Sorbonian bog, that Augean stable of abuse—I beg its pardon—I mean that den of Cacus, wherein there are

nulla vestigia retrorsum—the Court of Chancery. There are at this moment between forty and fifty millions of money, part of which has been thus impounded for a quarter of a century or more; while three-fourths of the whole will probably find its way into the pockets of those legal gentlemen who will tell you without a blush, that in happy England justice can neither be sold nor delayed! •

When I become King of Barataria, I will compel all decisions to be prompt and final. Thus shall I have an equal chance of doing justice in the first instance, while an unjust sentence will only injure one of the parties; whereas delay and cost are an injustice and probable ruin to both parties. No upper courts—no chancery, no appeal to the lords in my well-governed island; for what is the use of new trials, when you cannot escape from the all-pervading influence and exactions of the law?

The Persian merchant recorded by Saadi, was too wise to fall into this error. Complaining heavily of some unjust sentence in the lower court he was told by the judge that he might go to the *cadi*.

“But the *cadi* is your uncle,” urged the plaintiff.

“Then you may go to the grand vizier.”

“But his secretary is your cousin.”

“Then you may go to the sultan.”

“But his favourite sultana is your niece.”

“Well then, you may go to the devil.”

“But your father died last week!”

H.

SONNET.

THE LOVER APPEALS TO NATURE.

YE winds, that waft upon your gentle wings
 The mingling voices of ten thousand throats,
 When sweet Aurora golden radiance flings
 On earth's fair bosom, over which she floats
 From the young east triumphant, like a Queen
 That rises early from her virgin bed,
 To meet her lover in their marriage morn;
 Ye pearly drops, that spangle on the sheen
 Of the green wood and flowers, and softly spread
 Your milkier gems around the blooming thorn;
 Ye streams that murmur in your pebbly bed,
 Ye hills that echo to the huntsman's horn,
 Your healing balm, in pity, round me shed,
 And screen me from yon maiden's pride and scorn!

ENGLISH RETROGRESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ Up one-pair backwards.”

“ *Back ‘her !*” shouted the Captain, from the paddle-box of the Lively to the cabin-boy on the deck, who repeated the command to the engineer in the hold—and the paddles being reversed to order, the packet, with a retrograde motion, began to approach the pier, to which she was soon secured by a hawser. Her passage across the Channel had been a rough one : but as all passages come to an end at last, she had arrived in a French harbour and smooth water.

There is this advantage in a stormy voyage by sea, that it makes one land on a foreign soil as cordially as if it were native ; and accordingly with the most perfect satisfaction, I found myself standing, high and dry in that seaport, the name of which Queen Mary of England, surnamed the Bloody, declared would be found engraven on her heart—the earliest instance, by the by, of lithography. For my own part, my heart was also deeply interested in the locality, which, to an Englishman is classical ground, and associated with literary fictions as well as historical facts. Not to name a certain slender figure of a Traveller in black, with a clerical wig and hat, my mind’s eye was filled with the familiar phantoms of personages, almost as real to me as the place itself ; and the very scenery in which they had played their parts, was shortly to be before me. With the help of a Calais touter, I had found my way to the wrong Hotel, the master of which stood bowing to me, as only a Frenchman can bow, and congratulating me—or rather all France—if not all Europe—on my safe arrival. In compliment to my nation, he pretended to use our native language, but of course it was a strange jargon—for it seems to be the pleasure of “ our Sweet Enemy France”—as Sir Philip Sidney called her—since she cannot break our ranks, or our banks, or our hearts, winds, or spirits, to break our English. But my head and heart were too full of Monsieur Dessein, the Mendicant Monk, the Désobligeant, the Remise, the Fair Fleming, and the Snuff-Box to notice or resent the liberties that were taken with our insular tongue.

“ And now, Monsieur,” said I, after bandying civilities which employed us to the top of the first flight of stairs—“ and now, Monsieur, be pleased to show me the chamber which was occupied by the Author of the ‘ Sentimental Journey.’ ”

“ La journée ? ”

“ Yes, the apartment of our Tristram Shandy.”

“ L’appartement—triste—”

“ Exactly : the room where he had that memorable interview with the Monk of the Franciscan order.”

“ Order ?—ah !—oui—yes—you shall order, sare, what you will please—”

“ All in good time, Monsieur,—but I must first see the room that was tenanted by our immortal Sterne.”

“ Sterne ! ” ejaculated my host—“ eh ?—Sterne ?—Diable l’emporte !—it is de oder Hotel. Mon Dieu ! c’est une drôle de chose—but de English pepels when dey come to Calais, dey always come *Sterne foremost !* ”

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES ;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. IV.

IN Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, and near to that stronghold of lawyers called Staples Inn, stands a huge mass of buildings called the Master's Offices. It is built in an unassuming style, and many a man from its appearance would pass it by as a place of no importance. He might, perhaps, take it for an overgrown banking-house, or an insurance-office of extraordinary dimensions. Those whose business has led them within its walls know the importance of it, to their cost—on rather by their *costs*.

Herein many a poor victim to the delays of Chancery has taken his last oath "before the Master." From its portals many a ruined suitor has rushed to hide his miseries—the results of "hope deferred"—beneath the turbid waters of the Thames, or paced silently and mournfully back to his wretched garret, to put an end to an existence which the troubled mind and wasted body rendered irksome and unbearable.

Thence, too, occasionally might have been seen to issue the joyful steps of the successful suitor, careless of the cost and trouble to which he has been put by some envious relative, to establish a claim to thousands of pounds—to broad acres and fertile lands, bequeathed to him by some near and dear relative. He has triumphed, and the joys of victory are his. All the delays, the irritating opposition, the fearful expenses, are forgotten—he has gained his suit. For the moment he is a happy man—he has not yet received his solicitor's bill.

On arriving at the passage which opens on the top of a flight of six or seven stone steps, you see on your left hand a door, which tells you in large black letters that it gives you access, if you wish it, to "The Public Office."

Within, if you enter it, you will find a stout little gentleman, who stands with a small black-bound testament in his hand, ready to administer an oath, which runs thus—

"You swear that the contents of this your affidavit are true, so help you G—d, give me a shilling."

The former portion of this speech, which is repeated some sixty, seventy, or one hundred times a day while the Chancellor is sitting, is hurried over as rapidly as possible in order that the fat little man may have breath enough left to lay a proper emphasis on the latter part of it—the most important to himself, "Give me a shilling;" he sometimes adds, "and see that it is a *good* one." But that depends

on his supply of wind, and the reputable or disreputable appearance of the swearer.

A little further on, a pair of folding-doors open on the left hand and disclose a large entrance-hall, with a comfortable stove burning to warm the hearts and hands of those whose fears of failure render them chilly and uncomfortable. Beyond this hall is a long wide passage, with doors in its walls placed at certain distances; each indicating by a name above it that it closes the offices of one of those fortunate individuals—a Master in Chancery.

Into one of these, the first on the right hand, the chambers of “Master Snug,” we will enter. The chambers comprise a *suite* of three apartments—not over *sweet*, as every room smokes and smells fusty—redolent of stale deeds and time-tinged parchments. The first or outer room is appropriated to the copying-clerk and his *sub*. The next to the Master’s clerk, and the third and innermost room to the Master himself.

Our business, reader, is to be carried on in the outer room—the office of the copying-clerk.

Under a lofty, circular-topped window—a fine specimen of the *chiaro-scuro* from filth and smoke—are two desks, protected from invasion and the pressure from without, by a high screen of painted deal. At one of these sits the copying-clerk, Mr. Matthew Scrawler: *vis-à-vis*, and at the other desk lolls his *sub*, who is occupied, between the heats of copying some mysterious facts revealed by a deponent, in trying to wheedle a long, lank mass of hair on either side of his pale and unwholesome face, into a curl, such as he has seen worn by some fashionable in the West, whom he would fain make his model.

Matthew Scrawler was a pains-taking, industrious man, who had risen from a parish schoolboy in a country village to the dignity—for such he deemed it—of copying-clerk in a Master’s office.

He had not been unpatronised in his early youth. Squiress Farmington, the most important personage in, and owner and Lady Bountiful of, the parish of Ashmoor, the place of his nativity, had observed and been pleased with the progress made by little Mat Scrawler in the parish school which she herself had founded and endowed.

She induced her husband to furnish her favourite and favoured pupil with a letter to his old friend and college chum, Mr. Snug, barrister-at-law, and M.P. for the borough of Lotsofbiere, who wanted a clerk to brush his clothes and clean his boots, “answer the door,” and run of errands. No other work had Mr. Snug’s clerk to perform, because Mr. Snug had no work to do himself, and consequently could not *employ* a deputy.

With five shillings and this important note in his pocket, little Matthew, at the age of fifteen, was placed in the space behind the London wagon, which passed through the village of Ashmoor once a week in its way to the great metropolis. Being only fifty-seven miles from London, the wagon did the distance in three days—if we include the greater portion of the nights belonging to those three days.

Matthew arrived in town with just sevenpence-halfpenny left out of Mrs. Farmington’s gift of five shillings. He bought a tempting, an irresistible bun at a pastry-cook’s in Holborn, as he passed along on his

way to Lincoln's Inn, and knocked somewhat timorously—gingerly, as he termed it, at the chambers of Mr. Snug.

That gentleman was fortunately within, getting up a speech which the prime minister had suggested on the "shameful practice of grumbling at taxation."

Mr. Snug had been staunch to his party, and he had had hints given him of suitable rewards to be bestowed upon him for his services. He determined to deserve those rewards, and to get up this his most important speech in a most praiseworthy and perfect manner.

He was haranguing his book-case, which he "made believe" was the assembled senate, in loud and energetic tones, rendered more forcible by an accompaniment of the favourite action called "the pump-handle movement," just as Matthew Scrawler gave the timid rap, which I have noticed, at his outer door. He dropped the arm which was working the imaginary pump-handle, and let his little clerk in.

Snug was pleased with the boy—the boy was fascinated with Snug. He was kind and condescending, and gave but little trouble, kind words, and what appeared to the boy an enormous salary, seven shillings a week. But in addition to this, Matthew had a warm room to sit in and a snug bed to sleep upon. Matthew was a happy boy; in him were illustrated the good effects of a scriptural education—for Matthew, like other boys, was exposed to many temptations; but unlike most boys, was able to resist them. Idleness is the root of evil, so our copy-books tell us; and Matthew might have been very idle, and tasted—and perhaps eaten largely of—the root alluded to, had he not been taught to labour with his own hands. Though often tempted to join the little rogues who whistle cheerfully, and play at marbles, and pitch and toss everlastingly round the great pump in Lincoln's Inn, Matthew mustered resolution enough to resist so powerful a temptation.

An honest and worthy law-stationer, who lived nearly opposite to the pump—the fountain of joy to the idlers—had often seen Matthew's struggles, and by intuition—for he had once been a poor boy himself—understood the meaning of the wistful glances cast upon the taws and alleys, and the resolute closing of the mouth, which ensued as the little self-denier left them behind him, and retreated to his master's chambers.

He at last called the boy into his house, and having learnt his situation, offered to give him some work to do—namely, affidavits, bills of costs, and statements of facts to copy out, at one penny for every ninety words, figures being a bit of *fat* in "folio."

Matthew jumped, literally sprang off his feet at the offer, and soon proved himself to be one of the most industrious and efficient copiers that the law-stationer employed.

Little Matthew Scrawler worked on steadily and saved every shilling he earned, except what he remitted to his mother and father, until the time arrived when his master, Mr. Snug, was made a real "Master" in Chancery, as a reward for his unrelaxing support of his party, and his admirable and often-quoted speech on the "shameful practice of grumbling at taxation."

Then Matthew's years of toil and self-denial were rewarded. He

was made the copying-clerk under the Master in Chancery, and had a clerk under him. Then Matthew resolved to do a fearful deed, upon which he had long meditated. He made up his mind to commit—matrimony.

Previously, however, to the committal of this fearful deed, he hired and furnished a country-house on Clerkenwell-green. His offer of marriage being made to the daughter of a respectable watchmaker with a very large family, was not refused, either by the lady herself or the family.

The matter was wound up and set a-going at once. The hands of Matthew and his wife were united as the dial of Clerkenwell, which his father-in-law controlled, indicated half past eight, A.M.

About three weeks after this happy union, Matthew was surprised as he was writing out—or rather filling up—a warrant, ordering certain parties to appear at the Master's office in "pursuance of" its issue, to see the youngest son of his patroness Mrs. Farmington enter the office. He knew him at once; for though the boy, once his playmate and tormentor, had grown up into a fine handsome man—the features were unchanged, the expression was the same.

Charles Farmington greeted Matthew in a manner more than friendly. His heart was exuberant with joy. He had just got a commission in the army after serving as a volunteer, and was ordered out with the regiment to which he was attached, to serve in the Peninsula, where the "Hero of a Hundred Fights" was just commencing his glorious career against the French.

The tears ran down Matthew's cheeks as he explained to his lady-patroness's son how comfortably *he* was placed in life owing to her kindness; and he prayed—prayed earnestly and from the depth of his heart that some opportunity might occur to enable him to show his gratitude for all her favours.

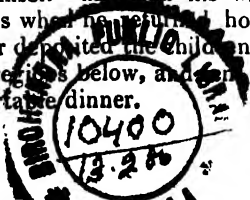
"But," said he, despondingly, "how is it possible that I—though I am a copying clerk in a Master's office (this was spoken proudly) can ever find an opportunity of repaying the kindness of the opulent owners of Ashmoor Park?"

"My good Matthew," said Charles, "stranger things than that have come to pass. Now remember this—if ever I am in distress or want I shall remind you of your wish—I shall call on you to relieve my wants."

"G—d forbid that *you* should ever require *my* assistance," said Matthew; "but rely on this, that *if* you should need it, my *all* is at your service—it is your own."

Charles left his mother's *protégé*, after giving him a full and particular account of the state of things at Ashmoor. He embarked for Spain in a few days, and Matthew Scrawler almost forgot the compact into which he had so zealously entered—of giving up his *all* to the son of his patroness if he was called upon to do so.

Well, years went by; days, hours, and weeks flew rapidly, to our copying-clerk's notion. He was happy in himself—happy in his wife. Two little Scrawlers scrambled upon his knees when he returned home from office, and Mrs. Scrawler had no sooner deposited the children in their father's lap than she descended to the regions below, and set up what her husband deemed a very nice comfortable dinner.



The only luxury that Matthew allowed himself, was a newspaper. He did not read it at the office—not because he had not time to do so, but because, as children reserve the plums of their pudding to eat last of all, he kept it as a great treat when he got home.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the first thing Matthew looked for was an account of the progress of our army in Spain, and that amongst the killed and wounded, he anxiously sought for, and dreaded to see, the name of Captain Charles Farmington. In finding this, however, he fortunately failed, but in several of the despatches he saw the name of his patroness's son mentioned, as having done his duty in a manner which called forth the public thanks of his commander. On such occasions Matthew would descend into his cellar, and bring up a pint of port wine. He filled a bumper for himself and another for his wife. With the tears coursing each other down his cheeks, he drank to the health, happiness, and prosperity of his young friend, and drained his glass to the very last drop.

The only news of his parents and his native village that Matthew had received since his sojourn in London, except the information communicated by the captain, was contained in a very short letter from the squire's butler, and a staid crabbed epistle, the deeply-studied effort of the parson's schoolmaster; the latter being prompted by Matthew's parents, who, though unable to write themselves, were anxious to acknowledge *per alium* the receipts of their son's half-yearly remittances.

About the end of September, and just before the commencement of the long vacation—a period wisely set apart to enable lawyers to sweeten themselves by a dip in the ocean—Matthew on arriving at his office, found a letter bearing the Ashmoor post-mark, and the superscription of his friend, the squire's butler. As it was sealed with an unnecessary quantity of black wax, he opened it hastily, anticipating an announcement of the death of one of his aged parents. As quickly as he could decipher the hieroglyphics of Mr. Polisher, he read as follows :

“ Der Mat,

“ imie hapy to say That yure father And muther gits older And fibbler every day tho They is putty tolberl konsiderin. Missis Is out Of sort she do tak on So bout our master wo is ded and bein scrude down now in the libery By the under Taker the cureit Is with missis in his skarf And hat Band in the best parler and us survants has jest had Our diners to be reddly to go to the funrel. Master Eddard, the nu skire, has been a goin it up in Lunnon but i spose yu dont meat him a Bout as he cuts at hi kumpani—the urse is jest druv up so i must be of as i never kip kumpani watin and no more At presen from

“ yures trewly,

“ R. POLISHER.”

The receipt of this remarkably long letter from the concise Mr. Polisher, made Matthew resolve to put into execution a plan, of which he had been thinking for some years.

He had saved himself a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little bit of freehold ground on which the cottage in which he was born

stood, and to build a small house upon it, to which he might retire when years of prudence and economy should justify him in resigning his copying-clerkship. He intended that his aged parents should occupy it until that time should arrive, or as long as they should live.

As soon as the offices were closed, all but the Public Office in which one unfortunate Master was compelled to make his appearance daily during the vacation for the convenience of suitors, Matthew mentioned his intention of visiting Ashmoor to his faithful partner Mrs. Scrawler. She of course wished to accompany him, both because she dreaded this their first separation, and because she was anxious to see the pretty village which was honoured by being the birthplace of her worthy husband, and those parents to whom he showed his filial love by remitting them sufficient from his hard-earned salary, to enable them to live in ease and comfort. Matthew, however, hinted at the additional expense that would be incurred by her going down with him, and the danger of leaving the little ones behind them in the charge of their one servant. Mrs. Scrawler, like a wise and prudent woman, did not argue the matter, but at once consented to be left behind.

As he sat on the roof of the coach, which rattled along the road at a pretty fair pace—a little quicker than an “Act of Parliament trot”—Matthew was too busy with his own thoughts to be communicative to his fellow-passengers. Along this same road, a few years before, he had travelled as a poor boy seeking his fortune. The pace of the wagon—the slowest walk that horses could display—had rendered every object which was presented to his eyes an object of interest—food for observation.

It was not likely, therefore, that they should have been obliterated by the years that had passed and gone. There was the little road-side house, which offered, by its sign-board, “good entertainment for man and horse.” There was the spot—the bench at the door, on which the wagoner had sat himself down, while his horses were being baited, to partake of his midday meal—a portion of which, scanty though it was, he had offered to the poor parish-boy placed under his charge.

A little further on was a large inn, at the door of which he had stopped, engaged in admiring the first carriage he had ever seen drawn by four horses, and driven by a person who, in his inexperienced eyes, appeared as much a gentleman as Squire Farmington himself. As they proceeded, he saw a pond, wherein he had bathed to quench the fever of expectation which seemed to burn in his veins. Every gate, every hedgerow did he recognise. There grew the beech-tree from whose branches he had gathered a full and delicious meal. There was the very ditch over which fell the luxuriant runners of the bramble which had supplied him with a dessert.

At the bottom of a steep hill the coachman pulled up to beg his passengers—the outsides—to ease his weary cattle by walking up the ascent. Matthew, with the rest, got down. He did not, however, join his fellow-passengers. He stopped behind, and as soon as they were a hundred yards or so in advance, he clambered over a gate near to which he had been standing.

In that very field, on his way up to town, he had breakfasted—breakfasted most luxuriously—on a huge turnip. By chance or fate, or

whatever the reader pleases, this same field was *now* planted with turnips. Matthew pulled one from the same spot as he had done on the former occasion, as nearly as he could remember it. He pared it with his knife, and put a fine large, snow-white slice of it into his mouth. He could not swallow it; a sensation of spasm—a feeling as it were of being choked arose in his throat—tears streamed from his eyes as every recurrence in that journey on which his all depended, was again presented to his mind. The tears were tears of joy, for he had been successful, but Matthew *could not eat the turnip*.

When he arrived at Ashmoor, and the coachman stopped at the village alehouse to set him down and hand him his small portmanteau, not one out of the crowd of idlers who stood round the door to see the London coach come in, and inspect the new arrival, could recognise in the respectable-looking gentleman who descended from the roof and gave the coachman a half-crown, the little charity-schoolboy—the object of Mrs. Farmington's bounty. None of them would have believed that the quiet suit of well-made black clothes covered the same limbs that they had last seen encased in yellow leathers and a green-badged coat—the livery of the Ashmoor parish-school.

Rejecting all offers of assistance, and taking his little portmanteau in his hand Matthew, with at least fifty pairs of eyes following him, proceeded at a lingering pace—for he had many persons and places to recall to his mind—to the humble cottage where he himself was born, and where the authors of his being still dwelt. Though age had done his work upon them, and the chimney-nook and the sunny seat before the door were sold in quitted by them, they were still hale and hearty. They rose from their seats by the fire on seeing a gentleman enter their cottage, and Matthew stood still for a few moments, viewing with anxious eyes the changes which time had caused in their looks and forms.

"You'll be from the great house, doubtless, sir," said the poor old dame, anxious to know the object of the stranger's visit.

"Mother—father—do not you know me—me, your son Matthew?" said he, as he seized a hand of each.

"My son—my boy—my good kind child!" said both, as they threw themselves upon him and held him in a long embrace. Amidst sobs and tears of joy they showered down blessings on his head; and in these few minutes all the toil and trouble he had undergone—all the sacrifices he had made to enable him to render their old age happy and respected, were more than recompensed. Three happier beings were never assembled under the same roof, humble as that roof was.

The news of Matthew's arrival soon spread, and an exaggerated account of the respectability of his outer man, reached the park. Mr. Polisher immediately made his mistress acquainted with the fact of her *protégé's* arrival, and with her permission carried down two bottles of the very best wine in the cellars, in order to welcome the stranger to his home in the only manner which Mr. Polisher, as a butler, thought proper and correct.

Mrs. Farmington, who knew the slight accommodations which the cottage could afford the unexpected guest, considerably bade her butler invite him to sleep at the park. The offer was not refused, for the old people thought that the greatest honour that could be conferred on their

son—indeed on any human being—was the being a guest at Ashmoor park.

I need not describe the happy manner in which the evening was spent. The old man and woman sat gazing with admiring eyes at the improved appearance of their son. They listened eagerly to every word that fell from his lips, and asserted that his talk was quite equal to the talk of the grand folks who stayed at the park. Their cup of joy was full when Matthew, opening his little portmanteau, delivered to his mother a nice warm winter's gown and shawl, and to his father a thick great-coat—presents from their unknown daughter-in-law.

Mr. Polisher was at first rather grand, and disposed to act the patron to the man from whom he had last parted in the character of a parish schoolboy and a kitchen guest. Before, however, he had been in his company half an hour, he was surprised—and perhaps a little angry too—to find himself paying almost as much respect and deference to Matthew as he would have done to a real gentleman, under which category, in his opinion, a clerk to a *lawman* did not rank.

He was half inclined to show his power by putting his old friend into a servant's bed; but as he walked home, a better feeling found place in his breast—he tore out the demon jealousy from his heart, and showed the guest into one of the best rooms.

In the morning Matthew, who had risen early, walked many miles about Ashmoor, engaged in revisiting scenes that had but partially faded from his memory. His first visit was to the school—the foundation of his fortunes, and to the pedagogue, under whom he had received instructively some of those little painful suggestions that teachers deem it necessary to apply *en derrière*. The schoolmaster was delighted to see that the seeds which he had sown had produced such noble fruits. He said to every one whom he met, in a manner both proud and proper, and in the words once used by a greater man of a most exalted personage, “I taught the boy.” It was a proud day for the master and the disciple.

Matthew having completed his rounds and renewed his acquaintance with all of his old friends who still survived, visited the churchyard to view the tombs of those whom death had called from this world of care. He then repaired to his parents' cottage, intending to take his early meal with them. There, however, he found Mr. Polisher, and a note from Mrs. Farmington, requesting him to favour her with his company at breakfast.

Matthew looked upon it in the nature of a royal invitation—a command—and he hesitated not to obey it. Mr. Polisher as he waited upon him at breakfast, felt a little—a very little—annoyed, but reconciled himself and his fellow-servants to the degradation, by assuring himself and them, “that he had always prophesied that Matthew Scrawler would turn out a gentleman, even when he had introduced him into the parlour in yellows and greens.”

Mrs. Farmington was surprised to see the effect of mixing in decent society as displayed in the language and demeanour of her *protégé*, though she had expected to see a great change in him from the style of the letters which he had thought it his duty to write to her periodically to inform her of his success in life, and his gratitude to her who

had been the cause of it. She insensibly forgot the parish-boy in the mild and gentlemanly copying clerk, and found herself conversing with him as with an equal in rank. With the feeling of a true gentlewoman, as she was, she received the brief but heartfelt thanks of her visiter for the favours she had conferred upon him, and then turned the conversation upon other topics. She inquired after his wife and children—talked of his kindness to his parents—spoke of the good effect such an example of filial piety could not fail to have upon the rest of the villagers; and, when she saw that she had removed all feeling of distance between them, entered upon general topics.

After a lengthened chat, Matthew ventured to mention the principal object of his journey to Ashmoor—the purchase of the bit of land on which the cottage of his parents stood. It was just without the park palings, and not far from the village-church. The whole village belonged to the Farmington family, and it was their pride to talk of it as all their own. Mrs. Farmington, however, appreciating the motives from which Matthew wished to purchase this little half-acre, readily acceded to his wishes, but it was not in her power to do so without consulting her eldest son—as her husband had died intestate, and the estate was now the property of his heir.

She referred Matthew to her solicitor, who dwelt in the neighbouring town, and wrote off to her son by the post to request him to allow of the purchase as a favour to herself.

Matthew hurried over to the solicitor's, and was pleased to find that gentleman ready to treat with him for the sale, provided he could and would pay ready money for it. He had been authorized, he said, to raise rather a large sum, and to cut down timber to a pretty considerable extent. Matthew was sorry to hear of this, for coupling it with the information which he had received by letter from Mr. Polisher, he thought that Mr. Edward must have indeed been "going it in London."

While Matthew Scrawler is engaged in completing his purchase, and in pointing out to the village mason his plans for building his little house, I must beg of my reader to accompany me back to London to see how Mr. Edward Farmington, the heir to, and now possessor of, Ashmoor Park, is doing his best—and "bad is the best" to be robbed of his large inheritance.

Mr. Edward Farmington had been educated at a public school, and taken his degree at Cambridge; but he had not been brought up to any profession. He was heir to Ashmoor Park, and his only business was to act as a country gentleman and a county magistrate. He did not hunt, for he was timid; he did not shoot, for he was nervous and afraid of combustibles; he did not fish, for he dreaded damp shoes and boots. He was fond of sedentary employments. He played the flute a little. He was an adept in the mysteries of turning little bits of ivory and box-wood into cribbage-pegs, whist-scorers, seal-handles, and tobacco-stoppers. This was all very harmless and very innocent. The worst of all his attachments, as it proved, was a fondness for paintings and pictures, of which, from being able to "do" a landscape in water-colours, he fancied himself a great judge.

As Farmington Park afforded him but little scope for his picture-fancying, he; with his father's leave, took chambers in the Albany, and

devoted the greatest portion of his time to seeking out all the lumber-shops in London, in which he doubted not his knowledge of pictures would enable him to rout out some forgotten *chef-d'œuvre* of some great master, by the purchase of which he should realize a large sum, and establish himself in the eyes of his brother connoisseurs as an excellent judge of paintings.

Among the many who carried on a very profitable trade by palming off upon the unwary and uninitiated, well-dirtied copies of good pictures as originals, was a German Jew, one Herr Doem. This sharp-sighted observer of the rites of Moses, quickly discovered the softness and doability of Edward Farmington. He found that he would bleed freely, and like a leech, he determined to stick to him as long as he had any blood left in him.

Herr Doem's shop was situated in the narrow part of Drury-lane, not far from Wych-street, and at no great distance from the Strand. It was a small contracted building, a portion of what had been a nobleman's mansion. The lower rooms, three in number, had been thrown into one, to constitute what he, Herr Doem, called his "Bicture Gallery." The small window in the front intimated to passers by the nature of the trade carried on within. There were old pictures in old frames, old coins, pieces of armour, and arms of all kinds. There were specimens of the dress and ornaments of the inhabitants of the South Seas and other outlandish nations. Indian mats, javelins, and arrows were mixed up with Chinese josses, and ugly idols, the abominations of Pagan worshippers. Curious old snuff-boxes divided the attention with specimens of rare china, and the costly results of the labours of the workmen of Sèvres. Clocks of every age and every form—from the little gilded dials of the age of Louis XIV. to the huge ormolu productions of a later date, were ranged along the walls amidst knights in armour, double-handed swords, petronels, Turkish scymeters, Arab garments, and other things, describable and indescribable, which connoisseurs call objects of *vertu*.

Herr Doem, as to his personal appearance, was short and fat. He wore a dress of black serge, a very long grizzly beard, bushy whiskers, very dirty hands, and "a shocking bad hat"—napless, and of a shape like an inverted "article in general use," which one need not describe further. On the fingers of his very dirty hands he wore a most uncomfortable number of costly rings—perhaps the jewels with which they were set shone the brighter from the blackness of the hands on which they were worn. To say the truth, Herr Doem was a dirty fellow, and smelt as musty and as fusty as his own museum. It was an act of great injustice to make him pay a water-rate, for he neither drank of the *pure* (?) element, nor used it to cleanse his person. It is needless to say that he smoked and grimed his moustaches with snuff.

With this dirty specimen of a picture-dealer and cleaner, Mr. Edward Farmington became acquainted. The result of that acquaintance was, that his rooms in the Albany were soon filled with a collection of all manner of trash and trumpery, passed off upon him as undoubted originals. When the walls were covered with these original copies, the floors were filled with deal packing-cases marked "glass, with care, this side uppermost;" and every mantle and other shelf was loaded

with clocks, bronze figures, snuff-boxes, and the coins of every country and every age.

Herr Doem, as long as he got ready money for his articles, supplied them not only with readiness but alacrity. When Edward Farmington had no more ready money left, and talked of bills and post-obits, Herr Doem hesitated. He deemed it necessary to investigate the expectations of his victim, and to that intent he got a Jew friend, who travelled the country with Birmingham jewellery, to visit the village of Ashmoor, and ascertain "how matters stood."

His agent having reported favourably of the state of things at Ashmoor Park, Herr Doem kindly consented to continue his supplies of daubings and real antiques on the bills and post-obits of the heir to the estate.

Is it to be wondered at that Edward Farmington on his father's death found himself deeply involved! He was surprised and frightened at the immense amount of responsibility which he had incurred. He could not, however, stop. His collection was incomplete. In order to render it perfect, soon after the return of Matthew Scrawler to his home on Clerkenwell Green, he invited Herr Doem to visit him at Ashmoor Park, and superintend the hanging—not of Herr Doem, who richly deserved the fate—but of the pictures which he had furnished.

Mrs. Farmington was not a little surprised at the cart-loads of packing-cases which arrived day after day. Edward told her that he had, at a very small cost, possessed himself of the finest collection of the old masters then extant—a collection which would render him the object of envy to his fellow collectors, and from which he could, at any moment, realize an immense sum of money.

With Herr Doem, who kindly superintended the arrangement of his pictures and curiosities, Mrs. Farmington was disgusted. He was dirty and cunning; both his dirt and his cunningness were superficial and consequently easily seen. She expostulated with her son on the necessity of ridding the mansion of so disreputable a guest, but he, "good easy man," was so thoroughly under the thumb—the very dirty thumb—of his guest, that he was not only unwilling, but unable to get rid of him. The family solicitor did see through the character of Herr Doem and his doings. He, too, expostulated with his client, but finding his expostulations vain, shrugged his shoulders, and made his bills as long as he possibly could, taking care to pay himself out of the chop-pings and hewings of the trees which his employer ordered him to cut down and sell by public auction or private contract.

To ease his legal conscience of a weight of responsibility, he found it necessary to reveal to his employer's mother his opinion of what must necessarily be the result of the imprudent proceedings of her son. Mrs. Farmington was so horrified by the picture designed and executed by her lawyer, that she found it necessary to call in the aid of her doctor. The doctor was, one would be led to imagine, in a conspiracy with the lawyer. He did not hesitate to add to the alarm of his patient, but, as he felt her pulse, told her as a matter of chit-chat, that all the neighbourhood predicted the entire ruin of her son.

Mrs. Farmington might have been ill, or she might not have been ill, previous to this communication. After she had received it she certainly

was very ill, and to the doctor's surprise she died. He was very much annoyed, for he had not the slightest intention of losing so good a patient so soon. He was pounds out of pocket by it. He put down "medicines and attendances" at a double rate of charge to all his patients, but he considered himself to be a loser. Herr Doem attended the funeral, and was observed to grin and chuckle at the fine oaks in the avenue as he returned from the church, into which his difference of creed did not prevent him entering with his "*goot, kint batron*."

Immediately after his mother's decease, the squire, as he was now called, disposed of his chambers in the Albany, and took up his residence entirely at the park. Instead of having Herr Doem as his only guest, he soon found himself surrounded by several others of the Jewish persuasion, all of them friends of his friend, and all of them equally skilled in procuring and furnishing specimens of painting, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*.

With the neighbouring families, Edward Farmington, from his dislike to rural sports, had never been on intimate terms. Many of them, however, annoyed at seeing a young man made the prey of a set of sharpers, called upon him and expressed their opinions of his London acquaintances in plain language. Edward showed them his collection of paintings and antiques, and because they did not value them as he did himself, he set them down as a set of rustic fools—samples of Beotian obscurity.

Farm after farm was mortgaged, if not sold. The Ashmoor coverts, —the favourite meets of the fox-hunters, were cut down and disposed of at per acre. The avenue—the finest in the county—was no longer an avenue. The stroke of the woodman's axe fell heavily on the ears of the villagers of Ashmoor, who had walked and made love under the cover of the wide-spreading branches, as it descended on the gnarled trunks of the magnificent trees that for ages had been the pride of the village. Herr Doem chuckled with delight as he nudged the elbow of one of his coadjutors, and told him "every tree was down but de *boblars*."

When the villagers of Ashmoor believed that the squire was ruined by the "Lunners," who were his constant and only guests, they were surprised to see a considerable number of north-countrymen arrive and inquire for lodgings, each of them being furnished with spades, mattocks, and other instruments peculiar to navigators and excavators. Their surprise was not lessened when they were informed that these unexpected visitants had been engaged to dig a canal to carry off coal which some one of the squire's guests had persuaded him would be found to exist on his estates, if he would but go to the expense of a few hundreds in boring for it.

Soon after the commencement of the canal another set of men made their *entrée* into the village of Ashmoor. Instead of spades and pick-axes, they brought with them some immense overgrown gimlets. These were the instruments that were to penetrate the upper crust of the earth, and bring to light the matter for supplying light and heat to the neighbourhood in the form of coal. An upright machine, called a triangle, was soon erected, and the immense auger set to work. Strata of loam, blue clay and black, chalk, sandstone, grit, and solid rock, were penetrated in succession. The suggesting geologist kept up the

spirits of the squire by telling him everything went on as he wished it, and that coal would eventually be found.

The squire got more nervous and agitated every day. He entertained serious thoughts of giving up the digging of the canal, and the searching for coal, for he found the expenses of labour which he had to provide for weekly a serious and almost insurmountable difficulty.

Herr Doem and his friends—the conspirators—were determined to revive his hopes of success and eventual prosperity. •The borers were ordered to carry little bits of coal in their pockets, and when the squire visited the works, which he did daily, to drop a small bit in the hole, and bring it up in the auger. This was done successfully for three or four days, and the squire gave orders for pictures and statues with a liberality corresponding to his expected increase of fortune. One day he came so suddenly on the labourers, that one of them in his haste dropped by mistake a portion of his dinner—a piece of bread and cheese—into the hole instead of a piece of coal. When the auger came up and the squire anxiously examined its contents, he certainly was surprised to see that one stratum of his estate consisted of bread and cheese. He examined it minutely and tasted it. He could not doubt that it was bread and cheese of very good quality. He told the men that as he could not bread and cheese upon, or rather below the soil, he should not seek for coal, and that they might return to their respective homes.

The squire's eyes were opened. In a few days Herr Doem and his friends were dismissed. Edward Farmington retired to the continent. Ashmoor-park, and its “splendid collection of paintings, sculptures, ancient armour and *recherché* articles of *vertu*,” were offered for sale. The principal purchaser was Herr Doem, who retired to his native village in Germany, having ruined his “baton,” and made a very “misle ding of him.” He had played his cards so well that he rebought the articles he had sold at about “pounds for hundreds,” and had converted the “dirty acres” into ready money, which had been remitted, as soon as converted, into Germany. Herr Doem was soon afterwards converted himself into Baron Doem, and is now, if he still lives, looked upon as a very respectable specimen of the nobility of that country.

All that remained to poor Edward Farmington after the sale of every thing, was some 150*l.* per annum. As it is not necessary that he should appear upon the stage again in this our little drama, it may be as well to state that he soon realized upon this little security, and expended the proceeds of the realization upon pictures which were not worth one quarter of the sum he gave for them. He brought them over to England, advertised them, and sold them.

The disappointment occasioned by the low sum they produced brought on an attack of brain fever, and he who had been master of lands and hereditaments, perished miserably in a small garret in “Boland”-street, Oxford-street, where he had been recommended to lodge by one of his former friends, an agent of Herr Doem.

Of these events Mr. Matthew Scrawler was informed by Mr. Polisher, who came quite unexpectedly into the copying clerk's office, dressed, not in the plain snuff-brown livery of the Farmingtons, his usual wear, but in a plain suit of mourning. He soon explained the cause of this metamorphosis, and added that from the proceeds of his

savings he had purchased the little village alehouse, and intended to convert it into a respectable hotel under the attractive title of the Farmington Arms, thus showing his gratitude and good taste at one and the same time.

Of Charles Farmington Matthew had heard nothing for some time. Mr. Polisher could only tell him that he was still in the Peninsula, "a fighting of the French;" but, soon after Mr. Polisher's return to Ashmoor, Matthew saw in one of the daily papers an account of the captain's marriage with the daughter of a brother officer. He communicated the interesting news to his wife and his two children, and drank health and prosperity to the newly-married couple in port wine, of which he felt justified on such a momentous occasion in tapping a *quart* bottle.

The tide of time rolled on. Rumours of victory after victory achieved by British arms and British hearts reached the shores of England. The crowning event, the triumph at Waterloo and the utter ruin of Napoleon, reached the ears of Matthew as he sat at his desk fondly eyeing the progress of his son, now his clerk, through the partition rails which divided their desks. He sought eagerly for a paper containing a list of the killed and wounded, and to the detriment of public business, and the annoyance of the solicitors and clerks, read it carefully through until he came to the name of Captain Charles Farmington, which was among the class of those severely but not mortally wounded. Matthew threw down his pen, locked his desk, and left the office to communicate the sad tidings at home. How he found his way to Clerkenwell he could not tell, for the tears trickled or rather flowed from his eyes so freely as to impede his sight.

He would gladly have gained further information on the subject of his friend's wounds, but he knew not where to apply for it. Thousands of our brave countrymen were dead, wounded, and dying. Amidst the general rejoicings in the victory gained, hundreds in their silent homes were weeping over the loss of fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, and friends. The general illumination was accompanied by an almost general mourning. There was scarcely a house in which "there was not one dead." It occurred to Matthew, at last, to write to Captain Farmington. He did so, and ascertaining that his regiment was with others in the neighbourhood of Brussels, he directed his letters thither.

After two months anxious suspense he received an answer from Mrs. Farmington thanking him for his kind inquiries, and informing him that though all danger was over, it would be necessary for her husband to remain for some months in Brussels, to recover from the effects of a gun-shot wound which had shattered the bone of the right thigh. The other wound, a severe sabre cut over the right eye, she added, was already healed, but had left a deep unseemly scar, which had sadly altered the captain's appearance. She apologised for not having answered his inquiries sooner upon the plea of illness and subsequent weakness. The sight of her husband's mutilated body, added to the intensity of her excitement while the battle raged, and reports of failure and defeat reached her ears, brought on premature labour. With great difficulty the lives of herself and her infant son were saved. She had only the services of compassionate females around her to depend upon—every surgeon was with the army, engaged with the wounded

and the dying. In a postscript, which seemed to be more studied and more carefully, and, as it were, more reluctantly written than the letter itself, was a request that if Mr. Scrawler could conveniently spare the loan of 50*l.* for a few months, he would do so, as it would be of great service, their expenses being very heavy and the captain having now nothing but his pay to rely upon.

Matthew was in his office when this letter arrived. He read it partly through, and then forcing his way, with tearful eyes, through the crowd of solicitors who were waiting for warrants, and other documents, he rushed into the master's private room, which happened to be vacant. There he read it carefully over. The scene it brought vividly before his eyes was melancholy in the extreme. He saw an ill-furnished room in a foreign land, devoid of all English comforts and even necessities; the mutilated, disfigured body of the fine young officer, whom he had last seen in all the pride of manly beauty, lay stretched upon a couch, while the delicate person of the young wife and recent mother, with the weakly infant at her breast, reclined by his side, unable though wishing to render him those services which none but the hand of love can render effectually. In addition to these miseries, Matthew pictured to himself the want of proper attendants, proper food and medicines, the result of the want of means for procuring them. He was aroused from the reverie into which these sad thoughts had plunged him by the entrance of Master Snug, who kindly pardoned the intrusion of his clerk into his private apartment, when the cause of it was explained to him. He did more. He released his clerk from the duties of his office for the day, and begged him to draw upon his banker for the 50*l.*, if it were inconvenient for him to comply with his wounded friend's wishes, out of his own limited resources. Matthew availed himself of the leave of absence, but declined the offer of the loan with thanks and eyes beaming with gratitude for his patron's kindness. He hurried into the city, and shortly placed a bank post-bill for 100*l.* double the amount required, in the hands of the agent through whom he had been requested to remit it.

A few days brought an acknowledgment of its having been safely received. To say that this acknowledgment was couched in grateful terms would be but a weak description of it. The supply had arrived at a moment when their resources had nearly failed them, and when we know that a woman's heart conceived—a wife, a mother, indited the terms in which their thanks were to be conveyed to the kind and humble friend who had relieved their necessities, we cannot doubt for a moment that the kind and humble friend was more than satisfied that his kindness was appreciated.

Gratified and delighted as Matthew was at the reception of this letter from Mrs. Farmington, the short postscript attached to it gratified him still more. It was a mere "thank you, my kind friend," in an almost illegible scrawl, but that was in the handwriting of his former playmate—the son of his patroness, Charles Farmington.

Matthew felt that he, the poor charity-boy—he who had worn the livery of the charity-school—who had travelled up to London on the bounty of a kind lady, had by patient industry, and a well-directed use of her judicious liberality been enabled to repay, in some degree, the kindnesses bestowed upon him in his youth. And Matthew felt a justifiable pride within his bosom.

THE SEA-LAWYER.

“BY THE AUTHOR OF “RATTLIN THE KEEFER,”
“HOMEWARD BOUND,” &c.

Just before the Regency devolved upon the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., there seemed to be a sort of struggle going forward between that numerous body who lived by forgery in all its ramifications, and the commercial classes; and much ink and much blood were shed in the contest. Those who had to pay for the waste of a few drops of black fluid with young and healthy lives, might be deemed to be fighting at a great disadvantage, yet they fought on and swung by dozens, and the extermination of individuals only increased the magnitude of the band. Authority grew callous and angry, and placing Justice with her bared sword on the judgment-seat, ordered Mercy out of the court. The more certainly that convictions followed forgeries, did death ensue upon convictions.

At this time there lived a Jew salesman at Portsmouth in very flourishing circumstances. He had a handsome villa at a very romantic village on the road to Winchester. He banked with the principal banker in his own neighbourhood, and though he did not keep his carriage, it was the boast of himself and his family that he could if he chose. His place of business in Portsmouth was, however, of the meanest and most sordid description. The windows of his shop or warehouse were incrustated with the undisturbed dust of years, and consequently its exterior was remarkably, and we believe intentionally, obscure. A little degree of darkness proves very serviceable when one has to sell second-hand clothes “that wash better than new.”

Moses Myers dealt in everything that could and could not possibly be required by the seamen, his principal customers. All articles, from the most expensive sextant down to the cheapest tobacco-stopper, from the gold and jewelled watch to the pinchbeck ornaments for Poll of the Common-Hard, were to be found in his emporium. Slops and all manner of nautical habiliments, impeded his doorway and loaded his counters. Yes, Moses was the sailor’s factotum. When Jack was alive, Moses would obligingly supply him with everything for a “considerashun;” when present, he loaded him with the most servile civility; when absent he sought to be his agent—when dead, his executor. Moses was also a great dabbler and dealer in powers of attorney, and mariners’ wills. He thrived accordingly. Sometimes a poor broken-down woman, in faded widow’s weeds, would be seen hanging about his shop, her features pinched by famine, and even with despair. If admitted to an audience by Moses, everything seemed apparently fair and legal: there were seals, and parchment, and signatures, such as “Thomas Bowling,” scrawled over an amazingly broad space, or “Thomas Bowling, his X,” or anybody else’s, all very duly witnessed. If all this attorneyed and imposing pomp and circumstance of parchment awed not the bereaved wife into acquiescence, and silenced not her clamours, the indignant and wronged virtue of Moses Myers assumed a very high tone, and she was handed over to the tender mercies of his eldest

son, Aaron Gent., one &c. &c., that is to say, a sharp-practice lawyer, who always drew up and generally witnessed all the wills and powers of attorney in favour of his respectable father.

But little was the sensation created in Portsmouth by these infrequent explosions. Moses knew how fatal they must prove to his reputation, so he was always careful to anticipate them when apprehended, and to hush them up when they actually occurred. He was an elderly, fat, well-shaven man, very plausible in his address, and had a great deal more of sea-slang than Jack himself. Did a blue-jacket pass his door, it was with him, "What cheer, messmate?" and if not a very seedy looking blue-jacket indeed, the hail was accompanied by an invitation to the said newly-invested messmate, "to bear up, come to an anchor, and freshen his hawse."

These were very captivating manners to a thirsty sailor, and over the grog he pronounced the inviter the least of a Jew of all the seed of the patriarchs. Strong grog, long credit, and plenty of soft soap down Jack's backbone, and Moses was pronounced a jewel of a Jew.

Myers, "like Japhet, the judge of Israel, had one daughter, and she was surpassing fair." But we will not speak of her just now, mingled up with forgeries, rum-and-water, and "old clo'." We will merely say that she was named Dinah.

We have before stated that Moses Myers begat Aaron, and we go on to state that Aaron, by the means of his indentures, and five hundred pounds premium, begat a very active and acute lawyer, in his own person, eminently qualified to spoil the Gentiles, and particularly those "who go down in ships on the mighty waters." Whilst he was completing his apprenticeship, the hero of our short story first got acquainted with the Hebrew family, and strangely enough the yarn of his life (shore-going folks would call it the *thread*) became inseparably intermingled with theirs.

Edmund Desborough was the son of a yeoman in good circumstances, could trace back his family for several generations, and who possessed no small share of that straightforward English independence which was called by his superiors insolence, and by his inferiors upstart pride. His son Edmund, in very early youth, so early that we blush to mention it, got entangled with a woman thrice his age, in what is foolishly called a love-affair. The woman had great capacity of oath, and the surrounding squires and magistrates were much amused at the idea of the boy-father, and some of them were basely gratified at this opportunity of mortifying Giles Desborough, for the said sturdy Giles rode better horseflesh than most of them, and would neither sell nor give away a favourite hound or hunter when any of his aristocratic neighbours condescended to require it.

In order to avoid all the talk and disgrace of this awkward affair, Giles resolved to send Edmund, who was nothing loath, to sea for a short trip up the Mediterranean with a friendly skipper. It proved to be an unfortunately long one. Edmund was pressed, and drafted from one man-of-war to another until he had visited most places on the face of the waters, and fought his country's battles in many of them. During this time old Giles broke his neck by riding an ill-broken horse at a fox-chase against the whippers-in of the pack, and the rector of the parish. Every one then discovered what an honest neighbour and

excellent companion he had lost. Edmund's elder and only brother inherited all Giles's estate and wealth. When, after ten years' absence, Edmund returned to his paternal home, instead of the fatted calf being killed to welcome him, he was only offered the cold shoulder of a man, and that man the only living relation he had on earth,

So Edmund took up his bundle, and literally "cut his stick," from the blackthorn hedge that bounded the property he once was taught he would equally possess with his brother. This was a trespass, certainly, but one that will surely be forgiven him, since he forgave his brother his avarice and his hardness of heart. Equally flush of money and indignation, the young sailor returned to Portsmouth. He had a long-service ticket of leave in his pocket, of which more than three weeks were unexpired, and with a sort of ferocious feeling of independence, one beautiful summer's eve, he found himself near the door of Moses Myers. The oily-visaged Hebrew was at his usual stand, and when Edmund approached him there was the accustomed wily smile on his countenance, accompanied by the usual "What cheer, mess-mate?"

"Very poor," said Edmund, surveying his accoster with a glance that displayed as much contempt as his extreme goodnature would admit of. "The ship has tumbled overboard, and the marines won't go in the boat to pick her up, so they've cut adrift the main hatchway, hoisted the pig ballast for a jury-jib spanker, and gone in chase."

"Ah, you're a vag! ash the quarter-mashter said to the dog-vane, can't you be still till I seesh how the vind blowsh," replied Moses to the seaman's banter. "A south-veshta vind in the bread-bag; ish't it so, my hearty?"

"Not a bit of it, Nabachasneazer. Do you hear how the rhino rattles?" said Edmund, slapping his trousers-pocket. "Ah, I see you do, for your mouth waters like a hungry dog's at the sight of a hog-pudding."

"Ah, my good friend," said Moses, rubbing his hands cheerfully, "you musht come in vid me and freshen your hawsh."

"But who stands cook? I'll be tinkered if I do," said Edmund.

"Vy, my good friend, I invitesh you as my guest. You shall tell me all about your cuttingsh-outs, and your fights in big ships, and your prize-money and so forthsh."

"Ah, prize-money! Heave a-head, old joker, or shall I take you in tow by the beard! Why, Moses, by the holy, what have you done with your beard? You shave too close, Moses."

And thus with rude and unmannered hustling did Edmund hurry the Jew through his shop into his back parlour, and then as they tumbled into the apartment together, suddenly the boisterous seaman remained motionless, as if struck into the figure-head of Silence. It was not the abrupt transition from the gloomy and close shop into a light and airy place, nor the comparative splendour of the room itself, nor the fragrance of the small but well-stocked garden into which the windows of that room opened, that thus, for more than a moment, paralyzed the honest sailor. When the short stupefaction of astonishment had passed off, he seemed to have changed his nature; he was no longer the rough devil-may-care tarpaulin. He assumed, or rather resumed, a courteous manliness, and with a grace that makes humility its greatest

pride, he bowed lowly, as if unexpectedly ushered into the presence of confessed majesty. The object was worthy of that quiet, yet intense adoration. It was the Jew's daughter, Dinah.

Yes! at that moment ten years of Edmund's life were rolled back, he was the rollicking tar no more, but the polished head scholar of the grammar-school, where he had associated with the high-born, and where, to satisfy paternal pride, he had been taught all those graces and accomplishments which dignify whilst they embellish society. He could then have spoken his long-neglected Latin, and the almost forgotten Greek trembled upon his tongue. He lifted his revering eyes from the beauty before him, and turning to her father, and with all the urbanity and much more than the sincerity of a lord in waiting, he assured the Jew that, "On no consideration would he intrude upon the young lady's privacy."

The tones and the grace of manner with which this was uttered—the words were so softly spoken, yet so distinctly enunciated, that Moses Myers was taken flat aback. He said so himself, and plainly asked Desborough "Vash he a shentleman vat wash come to masquerade?"

"No, Mr. Myers," said the sailor proudly, "I am not;" and then bowing respectfully to the lady, "and till this moment I never wished to be. I am nothing more than the captain of the foretop of his Majesty's ship the Trident."

But the Jew was incredulous even beyond the incredulity of his race, and continued to persecute Edmund by all manner of pertinent and impertinent questions, and at length came to this conclusion so very flattering to the whole body of naval officers—

"Well, mishter, if you're not a shentleman, you must be an offisher in dishguise."

And what was Dinah Myers? She was a beautiful, a solemn mystery. She had two existences; one, that of the everyday world—and her everyday world was a sordid and almost a base one—and another totally devoted to the lofty and vague aspirations of her people. She was well versed in Hebrew, and had plunged deeply into the ambitious writings of the Rabbi. She had a smattering, and a smattering only, of Christian accomplishments. She sang sweetly, knew a little of music, a little of drawing, a little of French, and a few words of Italian; but her dancing was inimitably superior to and totally unlike anything taught in the provincial schools to which she had access. She was tawdrily and somewhat slovenly dressed in the mornings—most richly and tastefully in the evenings, and then she wore a profusion of the most costly jewels, her fingers were enveloped in a blaze of diamonds, and above all she kept her hands scrupulously clean, a rare virtue in a Jewess.

And her person? It was majestic in loveliness, and her countenance was radiant with that profound and mystic beauty born of the East or of Paradise itself. There are but two or three like her in a whole Hebrew nation, of whom the rest of the daughters of Israel seem to have been spoiled to make wonders of perfection; and Dinah Myers was one of the most wonderful of these. She knew herself destined to be the bride of one of the youthful heads of her tribe; and that she might go worthily dowered to her future lord she disdained not any of the toils, and, we are compelled to say, some of the wiles, that might help to enrich her.

Her singular beauty was most attractive to her father's business, and though she would not drink in the presence of the Gentile mariner, she hesitated not to mix his grog, and with a gracious smile to present it to him with her own hand. She saw nothing degrading in all this, it was the trial through which she had to pass in order to achieve some glorious yet indefinite end. The notions of the Hebrews are not ours, nor is ours their morality. We understand them not, nor do they understand themselves further than that they are driven forward by a mighty and supernatural impulse. The modern may be expiating the crimes of the ancient race, or they may be the instruments of regeneration for all mankind.

As Dinah's father and Edmund entered the parlour, she had made up her business-smile half-cordial and half-satirical, and was just in the act of placing the day-book on the table near the case-bottle of rum, for she thought that there was another victim entangled in the net. She was as much astonished as the sailor. The very opposite to herself in the style of his beauty; he was nearly as perfect. The complexion fair to brilliancy, but rendered manly by sun-freckles; the ruddy colour, the broad shoulders, and the curling flaxen hair, all denoted his Saxon lineage. His smile was bewitchingly sweet; and then the sudden change in his deportment. Yes, Dinah was wonderfully struck—with love at first sight? Oh no, not a taint of it. The Jew slopseller's daughter would have then contemned an alliance with a Gentile prince. Her sentiments towards Desborough were respect, admiration, and wonder.

"Vell, Dinah, dearish," said Moses Myers, "you shall get the grogs for my friend, the sailor who vash no shentleman."

With a heightened colour, the lady replaced the day-book on the shelf, and then retired, but returned immediately, accompanied by one of the dirtiest of Christians, a female slavey of all-work, who, under her directions, removed the bottle of rum, and substituted for it red and white wine, with biscuits. It was a silent compliment to the sailor, and as such he felt it deeply.

"Ah! 'tish well, Dinah," said Myers, a little surprised, "mine goot friend may be the shentleman out for a lark after all—so I say 'tish vell."

"I tell you, Mr. Myers, I am no gentleman—I am no officer. Look, lady," continued Edmund, extending his hands to Dinah, "look at these rough and disfigured hands; condescend to touch these horny palms—revolting to the sight and ungrateful to the feeling—become so, in order that beauty like yours, madam, may sleep in peace and bloom in security."

Desborough's rough hands lingered on the velvety palms, and the rosy and jewelled fingers of the Jewess, a moment longer than was necessary. It was quite long enough, however, to turn the whole current of the sailor's life. He trembled through all his limbs, and his features strangely quivered.

It was enough. He had cast his soul down before the beauty, and worshipped.

"He, this well-favoured youth is certainly not a gentleman, father, in your sense of the word. He may be something better," was Dinah's reply.

It is not our purpose now to dilate on the intimacy which henceforward took place between the sailor and the Jew's family. The foretopman loved the Jewess with a vehemence nearly approaching to insanity. She conducted herself delicately, respectfully, and at the same time coldly towards him. The father, on the contrary, whilst Edmund's money lasted, and it was a very considerable sum, warmly encouraged all his visits.

Edmund enjoyed an intense pleasure in visiting at Myers's country-mansion in plain clothes, and in enacting the private gentleman. Everything of course was purchased of the Jew; but of jewellery so acquired, none of it could the enamoured seaman force upon the young lady. The father, however, very kindly relieved him of it, promising to find the opportunity of prevailing on his daughter to accept it. Edmund Desborough was very grateful.

The money is all spent. The Jew looks cold, and the Jew's daughter sorrowful; and, for the first time, somewhat kind. Edmund's dream was not out; for knowing it was but a dream, he intended to dream on for the rest of his life. When he took his leave of the lady, she said to him,

"Edmund, we had better part for ever; I sorrow ever to have met you. I never thought to have said so much to a mere Christian."

Desborough had made rapid work of it. His heart was gone in a moment, and his pay and prize-money in less than three weeks. He deemed that he had spent his two hundred and fifty pounds gloriously. Under a feigned name he had been enacting the gentleman and the lover; in the latter character there was nothing feigned. His ship was still moored at Spithead, so he went on board to live on memory—flour flints, and salt junk.

For three years we must leave him to lay out on the weather yard-arm, to haul out the cating of the fore topsail; and then there ensued a tremendous fight with a line-of-battle ship, more than physically equal to his own ship, the *Trident*. The loss on each side was terrible. After the action had commenced it fell calm, the two ships lying alongside of each other, but at too great a distance for either mercifully to put an end to the slaughter by boarding. Every shot told, and the decks became perfect shambles. The English conquered, and Edmund did great and heroic service. His superior education and his general excellent deportment had previously won the approbation of his captain and officers, and after the engagement he was made a gentleman in rank, being promoted to the quarterdeck as master's-mate.

By some clerical error he was in the official account forwarded to the Admiralty returned among the killed. When this was gazetted, Aaron Myers, the son of Moses, had been two years turned out to prey upon the world, a full-fledged attorney, with strong, sharp, and large claws, and a corresponding beak.

Aaron was altogether an improvement upon Moses in his style of living. He sported a gig, and that sort of animal now known under the designation of a "tiger." Agencies multiplied, he must have been the most powerful of attorneys, if we may judge by the number of powers of attorney in his possession, and he might have been held to be

almost the universal executor and residuary legatee of the foremast men in the navy, who were in the habit of visiting Portsmouth.

Although Aaron had never seen, he had heard much of the gentleman-sailor. When the gazetted intelligence of Edmund Desborough's death reached home, Moses and Aaron were closeted together for some hours in privacy. The superb Dinah sought also the solitude of her own chamber. She mourned the untimely fate of the gallant youth with an increased bitterness since she had recently seen the man to whom she was betrothed, the only son of a rich German Jew banker and capitalist. Then much, very much of her visionary fabric tottered into ruins.

Moses and Aaron found themselves on very safe ground, and as this ground was of their own creating, no wonder when they looked about it they found two properly-attested documents, signed and sealed by "the goot youth who wash so fond of Dinash," a will entirely in her favour, and a power-of-attorney in that of Moses Myers.

Moses, himself, had a little document of his own, a short, but a tremendously heavy bill against Edmund Desborough, for apocryphal necessities furnished to him at imaginary times. This was a little too bad, as it was robbing his own daughter of wealth that she had no right to possess.

At all this, the few persons to whose knowledge it came, felt no surprise; for Edmund's romantic attachment to the Jewess was well known, as, so far from making a secret of it, he made it a subject of boast and glory.

After a due and decent time, Aaron Myers went up to London, and he was most agreeably surprised to find from the ship's agent that Desborough's share of prize-money was very great indeed. His pay also amounted to a considerable sum. All self-complacency and hilarity, he then hastened to the Navy-office, and there he was nearly struck dead by hearing the astounding news that Edmund Desborough *was living*—had not even been wounded—that the very next despatches from the captain of the Trident had corrected the mistake of the erroneous return.

Aaron's confusion excited the notice and the suspicions of the clerks. Rumours had got abroad, complaints of informalities among Jew attorneys at seaport towns had become too loud and too common, and Aaron himself was not in the best odour among the officials. So two of the principals were sent for, and he was very civilly told that Edmund Desborough would be written to concerning the power of the attorney, and in the mean time they felt it their duty to impound that document and the will also.

The Hebrew race are not remarkable either for physical or moral courage, except when under the influence of fanaticism. All the young lawyer's energies were prostrated. Alive only in his most horrible fears, he returned to Portsmouth, and the meeting between the father and son was horrible. They recriminated; they quarrelled; they seized each other by the throat. This violent struggle, and their vociferations, brought Dinah Myers to pacify them. They accused each other, and in a moment, she knew all. She wrung her hands with anguish, and then bowed down her head with shame.

The father was the first to grow calm. He consoled himself with

the reflection that he was safe, as he had neither forged nor uttered the unfortunate instruments. Prudence then whispered her counsels, and it was determined to hush up the matter and prepare for the next events.

Dinah advised her brother immediately to leave the country, for they were hanging three or four every week for the crime which he had committed. But the young man was paralyzed. He temporized and lingered, hoped and despaired, yet did nothing but increase his peril. One day, in utter despondence he would roam alone, with his head hanging over his breast, through the lonely fields and the unfrequented lanes: and the next, dressed in far more than even a Jewish idea of the blaze of fashion warranted, he would be seen driving in his gig through the principal streets of Portsmouth, with a strange and wild air of bravado.

He had friends on the watch; the news came that he had not a moment to lose—that there was but a few miles' distance between him and the Bow-street runners, and that the gates of the town were watched by civilians as well as by the military.

He divested his face of its exuberance of raven black hair—hair of which he was so proud—dressed himself at all points like a seaman serving before the mast, and in an hour after was found dancing at one of the sailor's hops in a low public-house, and treating everybody.

That soon happened on which he had confidently calculated. With some more he was impressed, and conveyed on board the *Theseus*, which ship sailed next morning. He was now perfectly safe for a time. He had vanished from Portsmouth like a wreath of mist before the sun. The Bow-street officers were thrown out, and very much were these acute gentlemen astonished. It was believed that Aaron Myers had committed suicide by throwing himself into the sea, and that his body had been washed down channel by the tide.

We must now return to Edmund Desborough, whom we have last mentioned when he was promoted to the quarterdeck. It is not a pleasant thing to have to command your old messmates and companions. This was felt by Mr. Desborough as well as by his brother officers, so he was soon drafted on board the very *Theseus* which contained the sea-lawyer Aaron, which frigate touched at Rio Janeiro on her way to the East Indies.

Aaron had shipped a purser's name—it was John Smith of course. Most of the men in the navy who have made their escape from the civil powers, call themselves John Smith.

Now the new master's-mate, Mr. Desborough, knew nothing of John Smith, and the person of Aaron Myers he had never seen: but Aaron Myers, though he did not expect to see a gentleman and an officer in the person of Edmund Desborough, knew Edmund Desborough at once, from his name and from the ship which he had just left, to be the person whom he had so considerably saved the trouble of making his will; and he quailed exceedingly.

Neither the burly boatswain's-mates, nor the stern ship's-corporal, nor the taut first lieutenant, could make anything sailor-wise of the *soi-disant* John Smith. He gave law for everything, if told to jump and do anything quick, he would turn round and show cause against the motion. He would enter his plea against anything he did not like.

and was soon known throughout the ship as the "sea-lawyer." The captain used to complain that he could never flog him with any comfort, for at every stroke of his three or four dozen, he would urge a staying of proceedings, offer bail, or claim his right to traverse until the next sessions. The getting out of him anything like a seaman's duty, or even a lubber's labour was out of the question. He shammed fits, and thus escaped being sent aloft—and it was just as easy to make a cat put her paw in cold water, as to get him to handle the tar-bucket, or make him dirty his long bony fingers.

The king had a very bad bargain in John Smith. The fellow's work and services did not pay for the cats and rope's-ends worn out upon his back, and yet nothing could stop his tongue. His gift of the gab was a perpetual annoyance to all who came near him: in fact, he was a general nuisance—yet he was always chattering like a monkey, and like a monkey, "he got more kicks than halfpence."

A volume would not contain the droll anecdotes to which the "sea-lawyer's" proceedings gave rise. When his shipmates were in a good humour, he was the butt with which they were most pleased to make merry; when ill-tempered the article to be cuffed and kicked—he afforded them a much better vent for the spleen than the most orthodox fit of swearing.

Aaron, whenever he came near Mr. Desborough, did not fail to eye the man who held his life in his hands, with awe and terrible sight; and yet he was always seeking occasion to gaze upon him. It was a fascination to the poor Jew.

Edmund Desborough, in his turn, began to notice the man who was perpetually stealing at him awe-struck looks. He soon found some resemblance between the sallow and haggard "sea-lawyer" and his resplendent lady-love. There were the same heroic cast of countenance, but shockingly debased—the same black, large, and lustrous eyes. And there was, too, something in his speech—a very faint echo—that reminded him of the mellow harmony of his Oriental beauty. And then the poor Jew looked ill, and wofully unhappy, and thus the generous Desborough was imperceptibly drawn towards him, and he noticed him kindly, and interfered for him, and put him to lighter work: and, at last, began in a manner to protect him.

Aaron was so much encouraged by the generous conduct of the handsome master's-mate, that he had resolved to confide to him everything, and begging for his life, to throw himself on his mercy; but his cowardice spoilt all. Before he could find the opportunity to make his confession, the Theseus fell in with a French frigate, and a well-contested action ensued, during which Aaron Myers fled howling from his gun, and hid himself in the ship's copper—where the poltroon, who knew it not, was quite as much exposed to the enemy's shot as in any other part of the vessel.

This was too much to be overlooked. The captain had determined to bring him to a court-martial—and had he done so, the "sea-lawyer" would most certainly have been hung at the yard-arm, or have died under the punishment of being flogged through the fleet. Of course he was put in irons, and allowed to communicate with no one.

Indeed, for some days, he excited but little attention, all hands being fully employed repairing damages, and in refitting the prize.

When the *Theseus* neared the port, his agony became frantic ; and at length he came to the resolution of flinging himself on the mercy and the influence of the man whom he had so deeply injured. He wrote a letter to Mr. Desborough, which was given to him by the sentry, in which he besought him to intercede for his life for the sake of his sister.

But the lost Jew could not understand any sentiment that was purely disinterested and generous. He thus reasoned with himself :

“ If I tell him that I have endeavoured to rob him of his money, and that I have forged his name, his heart will be hardened against me, and I shall never be forgiven.”

When Edmund received the culprit's letter, all his love—love?—it was something more—it was his mental existence and identity, at once impelled him to seek the captain, and to intercede as he would have done to his God, for mercy for the unfortunate Jew.

Many reasons made his commanding-officer not disinclined to favour his suit. He was a humane man, in good humour with himself and all the world on account of his recent victory ; and he was exceedingly averse to tarnish that victory by trying one of his own men for cowardice, and in some way loading his conscience with an execution. At all times, a court-martial that most probably may end in death, is a very unpleasant occurrence. Cowardice is certainly a fault that justice ought hardly to punish at all ; for it is as involuntary a defect as if a man were born lame, and yet stern expediency must always demand for it the forfeit of a life ; for were it passed over with impunity, but few who have nothing to fight for would fight at all, and thus the defence of nations and communities be left in a most precarious state.

“ Let the dastard Jew escape,” replied the captain to Desborough's pathetic appeal. “ Mind, Mr. Desborough ! we are upon honour. You may contrive it with the surgeon.”

It was contrived, and the night after the ship had dropped her anchor, there was no prisoner in irons on the half deck. They said that, being released to go to the doctor's, he had jumped through the main-deck port-hole, and thus Aaron Myers a second time escaped by the means of the report of having drowned himself. His disappearance excited neither sensation nor remark beyond a passing word, that, for once the sea-lawyer had done well, and that everybody was glad to be rid of him.

For this late action Desborough received an acting order as lieutenant. In the mean time it must not be forgotten that a letter of inquiry from the Navy Board was pursuing him from ship to ship nearly all over the world. It never found him however.

Aaron Myers, after undergoing hardships and privations that it never could be supposed he could have borne and survived, disfigured by accident, and so altered by sufferings and climate, that neither his father nor sister could have recognised him, at length found his way to Portsmouth, and a retreat in the paternal home.

According to our notions of justice in the present day, he had already more than expiated the crime which he had committed. The former spruce attorney was now employed as a menial in his father's house, and was compelled, at due intervals, to exchange the blue-bag

of the attorney for the dirty, dingy sack, which contained those particular "old clo'," which were to be made appear "much better ash new."

Bad as was our Hebrew, he had the grace to tell his father and sister in what manner he had been indebted for his life to Edmund Desborough. Moses did not seem much struck with the extent of the obligation done to him personally, but contented himself with saying, "Twas a good shentleman sailor, and a well-favoured youth."

On Dinah, who made no remark on the subject, the effect was great and permanent. For some time, to use a not very orthodox expression, her mind had gradually become, to a great degree, unjudaised. Her moral views had changed, her enthusiasm had abated, and she ceased to dream of one day being as a princess in the lands of the East. As her thoughts deserted these glowing prospects, they reverted with much force to the handsome gentleman sailor. She confessed to herself that, had he been an Israelite, just such a man she would have selected for her husband.

The scene is again in the Jew's pleasant back-parlour. Ragged, jaded, and decrepit, though so young, Aaron has flung his bag of abominations on the floor; Dinah has tendered him wine, which with his hand he has even resentfully put back.

"It is not wine I want. Money, money, money. Father, blessed father! out of your immense wealth give me but ten thousand pounds, and let me depart from this accursed country, where my life is not safe, even for an hour. Plead for me, Dinah. Only ten thousand pounds. Good father, think how much of it I have assisted you to get."

"Ten thousand!—you vash vait, Aaron, till I diech."

"'Tis I who will die—swing—hang. Do you hear that, father? Let it be five then. By the Almighty whose people we are, spare me but five!"

"No, I have views and occashuns—you shall vait, my good son. Ve shall all go to Sharmany next year; and when Dinah is married, ve shall all be shentlemens. I must give great doweries vid Dinah. Carry the pag a littlesh vile more, and keep the patch more over vun eye."

"Only one thousand, father, for the sake of my departed mother!"

"No, not vun hundred, nor vun fifty."

And then Dinah went on her knees, and begged to sacrifice all her hopes, all her portion, to favour the escape of her wretched brother; and in the midst of her most pathetic entreaties, the door opened, and in the full uniform of a lieutenant, improved in manly beauty, Edmund Desborough entered. Aaron in a moment flung himself in a corner of the room, and covered himself with dirty clothes, and the old rags which he had just collected. The father at first knew not the young officer, but Dinah—her heart recognised him immediately. With all her stateliness, she turned very pale, nor could she repress her tears.

"My old friend—my beautiful companion," said Edmund, shaking the father's hand heartily and leaving it, and then seizing that of Dinah, which he did not so readily relinquish. "Here I am, a gentleman at

last. I have just landed—I have not a quarter of an hour to spare—I am away up to London to the Navy-office. I have just received a very strange letter from the big-wigs—something about some rascals having forged my will and power of attorney. I'll see you again the moment I return."

He had thus proceeded, when his attention was caught by a low groan, from where he could not discover, and then Moses Myers turned pale as death, his knees knocked together, and he sank half lifeless into a chair. His surprise at all this was nothing to that which completely overcame him when Dinah, the proud and reserved Dinah, starting up, flung herself into his arms, and shrieked out,

"Edmund! dear Edmund! for the love of our common God, go not!"

For the first time in his life the young officer held in his arms that wonderful combination of beauties, of which, only to dream, had been his most ecstatic bliss. He was not at all eager to terminate this unexpected rapture, when there was another demand on his amazement. The heap of "old clo'" became agitated, and the mountain of rags produced not a mouse, but Aaron Myers, who crawled on the floor to Edmund, and fondly embraced his feet.

"Oh! I understand it all," said the lieutenant. "Here's my old shipmate who went into the coppers. Really Mr. Myers—really Dinah, you overpower me quite with your gratitude. Do you think, Miss Myers, whilst I had life, I would have suffered your brother to have been hung—"

"Blessed words!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "most blessed words! Swear to me—swear—give me your honour as a gentleman and as an officer, that you will always hold to this resolution?"

"Most certainly, beautiful Dinah! Cowardice, dear Dinah!"—

"Oh, no, no, no—it is not that!"

The lady was still hanging upon the sailor's shoulder, his arm fondly encircling her waist, when two London runners forced their way into the room, and seizing Aaron, exclaimed, "This is our prisoner!" The patch over one of Aaron's eyes had slipped off, and the abject wretch, by his craven deportment, fully testified a consciousness of guilt. None of the family asked with what crime he was charged. To Edmund's inquiry, the only answer received was, that the Jew was arrested by the orders of government, and that he must be taken to London immediately.

Moses Myers, when his son had been removed, was totally powerless from consternation. He continued, with his hands clasped between his knees, swaying himself to and fro in his chair, and moaning,

"Why didn't poor Aaron take the monish? His bad father would not let him. Poor dear Aaron!"

Dinah's agitation had been so excessive, that Desborough had placed her upon the sofa, and seating himself beside her, began an awkward attempt at consolation. At length, slipping from his upholding arm, she again sank on her knees before him, and in the attitude of prayer, she exclaimed with an irresistible intensity of pathos,

"This is my place—from here I move not till you have given me your promise that you will do all you can to save my miserable bro-

ther! He has owed his life to you once—once more spare him! My generous friend! I cannot tell you his crime—it looks so black, and against you! Save his life, and, in saving it, preserve the remnant of his days to that miserable, gray-haired old man. And my life, dear Edmund!—it is—my heart tells me—it is of some value to you! Oh! spare it!”

He stopped and kissed her high and clear forehead, and then exclaimed,

“A dreadful meeting this, my loved one! These tortures have torn aside all the veils of pride, and the little innocent casuistries by which we trust to save our self-esteem, and avoid the miseries of the rejected. You know, Dinah, that I loved you from the first moment that I saw you—hopelessly it is true, but most faithfully for these six years, is also most sacredly true, or why am I here? You do well not to tell me your brother's crime. I will save him if I can. No sacrifice, that I can make shall be spared. Dishonour only—I—I—even for you, most beautiful—and I believe most noble—cannot dishonour myself! Tell me not his crime—let me not have that between me and the image of yourself. Farewell! my beloved! Look to your poor father. Farewell!”

“Edmund Desborough,” said she, “had I not been assured that, when you know all, henceforward you would avoid me as much as you now seek my society, I would not have suffered you to have spoken of love. Know this, Edmund, I esteem, I reverence, I value you beyond all human beings—beyond my own existence—beyond all my kindred. But a disgraced Jewish maiden dare not think of love. This is a sister's kiss. Again, farewell! and may the Lord of Hosts now and for ever bless you!”

“We shall see, we shall see!” said Desborough, with a strange sense of happiness in his heart, notwithstanding all the misery which he had just witnessed.

Our friends will easily understand the business that the Navy-office had with the young lieutenant. He could not help smiling when he found his own will properly drawn, signed, and attested in favour of the resplendent Jewess. Of course, he was obstinate not to prosecute or move in the matter. The higher powers interfered. Just then the crusade against forgery was at its height, and the frauds against ignorant seamen might well seem to justify any severity, for never before were they so numerous or so gross. To all remonstrances from powerful quarters, Desborough had only to reply that he was averse to the shedding of blood from humane and religious principles, and that the forged instruments would have only worked out his own intentions (for above all things, he wished to make the Jewess his heiress), and that he would readily have given his power of attorney to her father, had he been asked for it.

This contumacy was visited by the Lords of the Admiralty, by striking Edmund Desborough off the list of lieutenants—and very properly—and so Aaron was discharged from custody.

Aaron went to Portsmouth a new man. Again a bunch of seals of the size of a cauliflower dangled from his fob, rings glittered on his fingers, and jewellery of the most capacious description shone upon him

wherever jewellery could be placed ; and there was much rejoicing at the slopseller's at Portsmouth. Aaron wore very unblushingly the airs of an innocent and injured man. All the account that he deigned to give of his liberation was, that he had been much wronged, as there was not a tittle of evidence against him. Very little indeed was said of the man who had twice saved his life. The world at length said, that Aaron could not have been guilty, "For see, he has again set up his gig."

So Edmund Desborough was once more penniless. He staid in town nearly three months, endeavouring to make interest for the restoration of his commission. The only reply to all intercession was "Prosecute." The public voice was not with him. He had now to cast about for the means of supporting his existence. He resolved, at least, to see Dinah Myers before he selected his next course of life, and was not a little curious to discover in what manner she and her family would treat him.

In rather shabby plain clothes he arrived one wet and muddy day at the slopseller's door, at which was then standing Aaron's fancy gig. As Edmund was about to cross the threshold, the dashing Jew sprang into his vehicle, smiled triumphantly, kissed his hand graciously to the wayward teacher, then, with a knowing touch with his whip on the flank of his high-bred horse, he caused him to rear and plunge, so that he splashed Edmund from head to foot with mud ; at which he again smiled, and then squaring his elbows, he drove off rapidly.

Dinah and her father were at the doorway. At the appearance of the ex-lieutenant, the father looked nervous and shy, and the daughter, taking the hand of Edmund, and respectfully kissing it, led him into the old back-parlour, weeping as if her heart was breaking. She seated him in the chair of honour, and before he could utter one word, she thus addressed Moses Myers :

"Now father, arouse yourself. For once shake off this torpor, or never more awake to the beautiful sensibilities of life—to the love and tenderness of your daughter. Hear the truth—appreciate, love it. and you, Edmund Desborough, I conjure—I implore you explain to us this very moment all that has been done, and all that you have done ; and, at what sacrifice, in order to save the life and reputation of one so dear to this wretched family—and God forgive him !—of one so ungrateful. Alas ! Edmund, you have suffered much—you look ill—your raiment is worn, and you no longer appear in uniform. Indeed, you are distressingly thin. Speak ! Say all !"

And Edmund Desborough, with his eyes fixed on the exalted beauty, simply discovered everything.

Then Dinah, with her radiant eyes flashing forth indignant fires, arose, and going to her father, gently shook him, saying,

"Moses Myers, have you heard ? Have you understood ? This glorious youth has beggared himself—has thrown away all his hopes in his profession, to save you and me from ignominy—your only son from the hangman ! All your immense fortune is too—oh ! wretchedly too small to repay this soul-deep debt. What say you, my dear father !—quick—quick—is not all that we have his ? Are you not his bondsman, and I his unworthy servant ?"

To all this energy of appeal the old man answered, stupidly,
 "I'll consult Aaron about it. You are too violent, Dinah. As far
 as one hundred pounds—or even one hundred and fifty—"

Here a direful shriek interrupted the calculating Jew. "Dinah, you
 are so violent—and the expenses of his journey to and from town—no-
 thing more, no, no, no."

All this was uttered in his usual slipshod English.

"Edmund," said Dinah, "I see visibly the finger of the Divinity
 directing me. I obey. Take me, and take all that is mine. I have
 much independent property. Let me leave this dwelling, and as we go
 out let us shake the dust from off the soles of our feet. There must be
 a curse upon it. Lead me forth to my maiden aunt, Rachel. She is
 well stricken in years, and loveth me much. Edmund Desborough,
 henceforward I will say unto you, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to
 return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and
 where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy
 God, my God.'"

Some ten years after we find Edmund Desborough possessed of one
 of the largest and most beautiful estates in one of the middle counties
 of England, and of the handsomest wife, supposed to be a foreigner.
 There is domesticated with them a very happy but imbecile old man,
 the father of the lady, which old man often affords his merry and
 lovely grandchildren much amusement by sticking upon his head three or
 four hats, one upon the other, and crying for the hour together "Old
 clo'!"

ON A NATIVE SINGER.

(AFTER HEARING MISS ADFLAIDE KEMBLE.)

As sweet as the Bird that by calm Bendemeer,

Pours such rich modulations of tone—

As potent, as tender, as brilliant, as clear—

Still her Voice has a charm of its own.

For lo! like the skylark, when after its song

It drops down to its nest from above,

She reminds us her home and her music belong

To the very same soil that we love.

T. Hood.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN POOLE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

CHAP. XVII.

A HAUNTED HOUSE—"THERE NEEDS NO GHOST:" SHAKSPEARE—AN ARRIVAL.

ABOUT the time when our hero was employed in the manner noticed at the conclusion of the last chapter, Mc Squills received from Sweenie an alarming account of the state of poor Janet. She had all along borne her sufferings, not with patience only, but with cheerfulness. The removal from her bed to her sofa in the morning, and back to her bed at night, was always effected with difficulty, and generally with pain to her; yet she did an angry or a peevish expression escape from her lips.

For several weeks past she had been unable to endure even this slight removal, and had constantly remained on the sofa, lying on her right side so as to prevent any pressure on her injured limb. At her elbow was a small table whereon lay the Bible which had belonged to Mrs. Sanderson—the spectacles, Janet, with mingled feelings of piety and affection, still retained in the very place where the old woman had left them—and it was in reading that throughout the day, and in conversing with the family, or listening with deep interest to Sweenie's stories (which were mostly of the marvellous) in the evening, that she passed her time.

In short (as Sweenie wrote to our doctor) it seemed now to be nothing but her beautiful temper that kept her alive. For Janet herself, she felt that she could not live long, but expressed no fear of dying. On the contrary, she thought it was merciful to her to be taken from the world before she should "do any more harm in it"—she, poor girl, who never, either in deed, word, or thought, had harmed created thing!—and all she seemed to regret was, that she should never again see the good doctor (for as such she always spoke of Mc Squills), who when she lost her benefactress had been as a father to her.

"But that is hopeless," she would say; "I cannot expect that he should leave his business, and come all this way to see a poor girl like me."

In this she was mistaken.

It is remarkable that throughout her illness the name of Quiddy she never mentioned.

The doctor was deeply grieved at this account of Janet's condition, for he entertained a sincere regard for her. After some reflection, he resolved to go and judge for himself of her case. We cannot with truth say that this motive alone would have induced him to undertake so long, and, for him, so expensive a journey; but, co-operating as it

did with another, he scarcely hesitated about the matter. He immediately wrote to Sweenie, that having some business to transact at Aberdeen he would take that opportunity of seeing Janet, and that a day or two after the arrival of his letter, his visit might be expected.

It happened that in that city he possessed a house which, for several years past, had been a source of very considerable annoyance to him; for, though an excellent house, he could neither let it upon any terms, however moderate, for which he might offer it, nor sell it, except by such a sacrifice of its value as he deemed it imprudent to make. Sweenie himself, indeed, was amongst the number of those who had declined to inhabit it.

Many years ago, when about to take unto himself a wife, and, in consequence, like the Alderman, he was busy "untin' an 'ouse," this was offered to him at a third of the rent which he was paying for his present very inferior residence; but, after one terrible visit to it, he declared, with horror depicted on his countenance, that no temptation on earth would ever induce him "to put his head into the accursed house again."

The circumstances which had occasioned this mysterious aversion he would sometimes be prevailed on, though never without reluctance, to relate; and his narrative exactly corroborated the story told by some few others who had ventured as he had done. He will presently be prevailed on to relate them once again.

Janet, it will readily be believed, was delighted at the promised visit of Dr. Mc Squills.

"And how considerate of him!" said she: "to lessen the weight of my obligation to him for his kindness and trouble, he pretends to have business here."

"He *has* business here, Janet, and I suspect what it is," said Sweenie; adding, after a pause, and in a grave and impressive tone—"That house, that *awful house* belongs to him."

"Would to Heaven the house were burnt!" exclaimed his wife.

"It won't burn—fire won't burn it," said he, in the same impressive tone as before. "When, eleven years ago, two houses, one on one side of it, and one on the other, were both reduced to ashes by one and the same fire, that accursed house escaped uninjured.* *He* that prompted the fearful deed protects it."

And as he uttered the emphasised word, with his finger he significantly pointed downwards.

"What house—and what about it?" inquired Janet.

"Have you never observed it?" asked Sweenie. "That large house standing alone in Broad-street, and looking right down Queen-street."

"I have," replied Janet; "and good reason have I to remember it, for it was just in front of it that I met with my accident."

"There again!" said Sweenie; "I said at the time to my wife, that there was a curse upon the very spot."

Janet continued:

"It is an old house, very dirty, with its lower shutters always closed, and the frames and glass of the upper windows broken. And now,"

* A similar curious fact is recorded as having happened at the great fire at Ratcliffe, which occurred on the 13th of July, 1794.

(added she, after a moment's pause)—“and, now, I recollect observing that two windows on the third floor, were always closed also.”

“That was the room—it was *there*,” said Sweeney, in a hollow voice.

“There?—what?” exclaimed Janet, startled by the manner of the speaker.

“In that room the foul deed was committed—*murder*,” answered Sweeney.

Janet shuddered. After a few moments of silence, she inquired—

“And was the murderer discovered?”

“He, the only one that was suspected of the deed, was tried for it, but, upon the clearest evidence in his favour, acquitted. He shortly afterwards went from Aberdeen to London, where for a few years he lived in good repute, and died at last on a bed. Yet *he* was the murderer!”

“How was that discovered?” inquired Janet.

“It is known—I know it,” was the somewhat evasive reply.

“But how—how?” eagerly cried Janet.

Sweeney made no direct reply, but, as if from a feeling of repugnance to approach the point, said—

“Shortly after the murderer had quitted this place, he sent directions for the sale of that house (for it was his), and it was purchased by a relative of Doctor Mc Squills, to whom that relative, at his death, bequeathed it. But it is a profitless incumbrance—an awful possession—a curse hangs upon it.”

“Tell me—tell me,” cried Janet, who was powerfully excited.

Sweeney hesitated; and then, with an involuntary but momentary shudder, whilst his countenance betrayed that the utterance of the words cost him a disagreeable effort, he said, in a tone of solemnity—

“Janet—that house is HAUNTED.”

Janet was startled by the word, but presently she smiled and gently shook her head, as if with incredulity.

Mrs. Sweeney, who had noticed the gesture, said, in a manner so serious as to remove all doubt from Janet's mind—

“Janet, my dear child, do not doubt what he tells you. It is true—fearfully true. It is too awful a subject to jest with. What he has said, *he knows to be true*, and Sergeant Wilkie, who was with him, is still alive to vouch for it.”

Then turning to her husband she said—

“And now, as you have told her so much, you may as well tell her all. You have excited her curiosity, and I'm sure she will be restless unless you do.”

“No, not to-night,” said he, “it is too late. The dreadful tale is not long, but you know, Moggie” (addressing his wife), “I don't like telling it late in the evening.”

“To-morrow, then,” said Janet.

“Perhaps,” said Sweeney.

“No—you must promise,” said Janet.

“Well,” said he, with some hesitation, “well—I promise.”

“That's enough,” said Janet; “when you promise, I know you will keep your word.”

"Though he has often told what he has promised to relate to you," said Mrs. Sweeney, when her husband had left the room, "he is always affected by the recollection of it, as you have seen but now. *And no wonder, Janet.*"

On the following evening, Sweeney and his wife having taken their seats, as they had latterly been in the habit of doing, by the fireside in Janet's room, for the purpose of keeping her company (she being unable to come down to them), Janet reminded Sweeney of his promise.

By a variety of excuses he endeavoured to evade it; and when, after all, urged by Janet's earnest entreaties he consented to fulfil it, it was with evident reluctance that he did so. And with slow and deliberate utterance, which added to the impressiveness of his narration, thus, at length, he began:—

"It is now, as nearly as can be, nineteen years ago, when—"

He suddenly stopped, and turning pale at the recollection, said to his wife—

"Moggie—Moggie—it is exactly nineteen years this blessed night! No—don't let us talk of it *on the very night*—we will let it be for to-morrow—or the next."

"No," said Mrs. Sweeney; "this is not the night; it was on the twenty-first of the month."

"Well," said he, "and is not this the twenty-first?"

"No, this is the twenty-second: it was yesterday."

"You are right," said he (considering the point for a moment, and reassured by the correction), "you are right—it is past."

Contrary to their economical habit, he placed a second candle upon the table, and having thrown upon the fire a large log, whose sparkling and crackling aided also to enliven the room, which, being wainscoted with a dark-coloured wood, was gloomy, though small, he resumed:—

"Well;—I had lately set up in business for myself, and was soon to be married to Moggie. In the same house where I rented a shop, I occupied a bedroom. This, though well enough for a bachelor, was not exactly a lodging to bring a wife to; so we resolved to take a house, and let out so much of it as we might not require for our own purposes. I had, for some time past, been looking about, but without finding anything to suit me, when—it was yesterday exactly nineteen years ago, and never shall I forget the day—I chanced to look in upon Jemmy Anderson, the clothier in the Green,* who afterwards went to settle in Glasgow. I was telling him of my want of success in my search, when just at that time, in came Robin Wilkie, a sergeant in the —th, which had been a good while quartered in the town, so that Wilkie, being a good fellow, had grown into friendly terms with many of the townfolks—me among the rest. Between jest and earnest Wilkie said,

" 'Why, there's the haunted house; it is a very good one, and you can get that cheap enough.'

"I was young and stout-hearted, and, to say the truth, believed but little of the story; though, before those two windows had been closed up, by order of the Town-Council, scores, Janet, ay scores who had had the courage to look up (but they never dared to look a second time)

* A street in Aberdeen so called.

had seen at those windows—for it appeared nightly, as surely as the night came, and as the clock of St. Paul's Chapel struck two—the very hour, mind, at which *I know* the murder was committed—there appeared— But I will not anticipate—I will relate in due course what that appearance was, and once to tell it will be often enough.

“ Well ;—I said to Wilkie that, having no faith in the story, and, besides, standing in no fear of the dead, if I could get the house a bargain, and it should be suitable in other respects, I would just as soon live in that as in another; and prepared to go at once and inspect it. From this I was strongly dissuaded by Anderson, who was one of those that had *seen*; but as, at any rate, there was nothing to apprehend by daylight, it being but just one o'clock, thither I resolved to go, and Wilkie went with me.

“ On our way we called upon old Dapple—Dapple was a nickname they gave him, because the little hair he had was of all manner of colours, but his real name was Rennie—who had the letting of the house, and he, taking the key with him, accompanied us.

“ We visited every room, leaving *that room* till the last. When we came to it, Rennie, who being naturally anxious to secure a tenant, had assured us that there was not the slightest foundation for the awful reports concerning it, nevertheless declined to enter, broad daylight as it was; so Wilkie and I went in without him. It was a bedroom; but, as I shall presently have fitter occasion for describing it, I shall now only say that the floor was bare, except that on one part, near the bed, there lay a piece of old carpet. Upon removing that, large stains of blood were distinctly visible.”

Here he was interrupted by Janet, who inquired—“ Who was the person murdered, and by what means ?”

“ Suffice it to say,” replied the narrator, “ the victim was his own niece. She was young (scarcely eighteen) and was said to be beautiful: the temptation to the crime was a large property, between which and her destroyer she unhappily stood.”

“ And by what means did he commit the deed ?” asked Janet.

“ Janet,” said Sweeney, “ the fact that the atrocious deed *was* committed, is sufficient for you to know: for I doubt whether the revolting details of crimes of this nature are altogether fit to meet a woman's ear. But to go on with my story.

“ We mentioned to Rennie what we had discovered. He would have persuaded us that they were natural stains in the wood, but they were not so. He then said he would have those boards removed and replaced by new ones, if I would hire the house. He offered it at so very low a rent that I was at the point of closing the bargain, when Wilkie prevented me, saying,

“ ‘ Don't buy a pig in a poke, man,’—those were his words. ‘ The house is well enough, but then, the *material point*—and that can only be settled in the dead of night. Now, I tell you what, Andrew; I think that you with a good stout cudgel in your hand and Nowce at your side’—Nowce was the name of a large Newfoundland dog of mine, as courageous and as strong as a lion. Poor fellow !”

Here Sweeney shook his head and sighed.

“ Well; ‘ you with a good stout cudgel in your hand, and Nowce at

your side, and I,' Wilkie went on to say, 'I, with a brace of pistols loaded with slugs in my belt, will be a match for the fiercest ghost in all Scotland; and for any *man* who may be trying his tricks upon us, we'll spoil his sport for the future. Now, make it worth my while, I'll get leave of my captain, and watch with you to-night.'

"I asked him what he meant, and he proposed that I should provide a good supper, a quart of whiskey and pipes; 'and that,' said he, 'would fortify us to outface any visiter, no matter of what kind, that might break in upon us.'

"As I said before, I was at that time young, stout, and fearless, so I readily assented to his proposal—Rennie undertaking to furnish lights, together with a fire and plenty of wood to keep it blazing."

"Would that you had told me of your intention," said Mrs. Sweeney, looking up from the needlework upon which she was employed: "you never should have set foot across that threshold!"

"Would that I had!" said he; "but I mentioned it to nobody, nor did the sergeant—both suspecting, that if we made any confidants, some trick might be tried to alarm us. At ten o'clock, carrying with me a basket containing provision for a comfortable supper, and with Nowce trotting at my side, I called for Wilkie, as it had been arranged between us.

"Upon reaching the house, where we expected to find Rennie waiting for us, according to promise, we perceived it to be in total darkness; for although *those windows* were not fastened up on the outside, as they have ever since been, the inner shutters were closed. We knocked several times, and receiving no answer, proceeded to Rennie's. He was at home, and excused himself for not having been at the place to receive us, by saying that he had suddenly been taken ill; but, the truth was, he was afraid to go there at night; for, upon asking him whether we should find the room made comfortable for us, it came out that he had gone there just before dark along with two men, whom he had sent up (for, as before, he would not venture into the room himself), with wood to make a fire, and who had hurried away as soon as they had done so. He told us we should find a kettle and a large jar of water, and everything we could wish for; and, giving a lantern and the key to Wilkie (for I had to carry the basket, which was rather heavy), he wished us good night; and looking at us, with just such a look, as I have often thought since, as if he never expected again to see us alive, said to me, he had no doubt we should come to a settlement about the house on the morrow.

"Having let ourselves in, our first care was to bolt and bar the street-door, so as to secure ourselves against any attack from without. We were going upstairs, when we missed the dog; so we had to unbar the door again. We found him outside, and with something between a whine and a growl, looking upwards at the windows. As he would not come in at my call, I was obliged to drag him in by the collar—in short, to drag him all the way upstairs, step by step, he continuing to whine all the time. Wilkie followed with the basket and lantern, for Nowce would not have allowed anybody but me to do with him as I had done. When we came to that room—"

"Then you forgot to fasten the street-door again?" said Janet, inquiringly.

"No," said Sweeney; "before proceeding upstairs, we took good care to secure it as before.—Well; the room-door was open, and dismal enough did that room look, for the two candles on the table had not been lit, and the fire was nearly out; so the first thing we did was to light the candles, and throw on fresh logs; and by help of an old pair of bellows which Rennie's men had left there, we soon got up a blazing fire. After taking each of us a pull at the whiskey, we looked about us. It was a large square room which, as well as everything in it, was in a dirty condition, for, till that day, it had not been opened for many years. A large fourpost bedstead stood in one corner; the hangings, the mattresses, and everything else had been removed—in short, there was nothing but the bare bedstead. The only furniture was a table, a few old-fashioned, high-backed, leathern chairs, and a large heavy chest of drawers which stood near the door and opposite to the windows. The room was wainscoted from the ceiling to the floor, like this we are in, only the panels were handsomely carved—at least, so far as we could make out the pattern for the dust and dirt that had accumulated in it. The fireplace was high and wide and deep, and the mantelpiece was carved with heads and flowers. There were no curtains to the windows, and the shutters were closed. But what made the room look most dismal of all was the ceiling, which was almost as black as ink. We locked the room-door, and—"

"But where was the dog?" inquired Janet; "did he remain outside?"

"I was just going to mention him," said Sweeney.

"To my mind," said his wife, "the conduct of that poor dog has always appeared the most mysterious part of the whole affair."

Sweeney continued:—

"We locked the room-door, and shoved the heavy chest of drawers close up against it, so that no one could possibly come in that way. We then walked round the room, carefully feeling the panels, so as to satisfy ourselves there was no opening in the walls. All this time Nowce followed me about, keeping so close to me as absolutely to touch my leg, and whining all the time. Thinking there might be a trap in the flooring, we next tried that all over—all but where the old piece of carpet lay, and, somehow, neither of us had courage to move *that*. As we approached it, indeed, Nowce howled fearfully. Wilkie and I just looked at one another, but neither of us spoke. Wilkie then went to one of the windows, and opened the shutters; I followed; and the air that came upon us through the broken panes was not unpleasant. The night was pitch dark; the chimes of St. Paul's Chapel had just struck the quarter-past eleven, and as we looked down the long street which was opposite, there was something melancholy—to us, at least—in seeing the lights in the different windows extinguished, one after another, till none remained, except, here and there, one in the chamber of some solitary student. Fearful of attracting the attention of any passenger towards the house, we closed the window, and sat down to supper, fully resolved to make ourselves comfortable—Wilkie taking his seat at one side of the table (which we had drawn close to the fire) with his face *opposite* the bedstead—mind that, Janet—beside which lay *that piece of carpet*; while I placed myself at the other, con-

sequently with my back towards those objects. The dog lay down at my feet, but he was restless.

“‘It is clear there are no openings of any kind in the room except the door,’ said I, ‘and that we have secured.’

“‘I am afraid of no *man*,’ said Wilkie, drawing his pistols from his belt, and, after examining the primings, placing them upon the table and close to his elbow—‘I am afraid of no *man*—and for the rest—’ And as he spoke these last words he smiled.

“We set-to with hearty good-will upon the provisions I had brought. I placed some meat before my dog, and it struck both Wilkie and myself as remarkable, that, though he had not been fed since early in the day, he would not eat, but that he would drink as often as water was given to him. He had all along lain at my feet with his head towards the piece of carpet, and, as time advanced, his uneasiness increased, and every now and then he uttered a low moan.

“The clock struck one. I took the kettle from the hearth and mixed for myself a third glass of whiskey-and-water, and desired Wilkie to do the same.

“‘Andrew,’ said he, ‘I’m an old soldier: this third glass will be just enough to keep us warm and comfortable; but, after it, we must take no more. Though I expect no visit from a ghost, we *may* have work to do with something more substantial; so let us keep our heads cool and our hands steady for the occasion. Any other time you’ll find Robin Wilkie your man for treble the quantity.’

“We had been talking about Moggie, for the sergeant knew of our intended marriage, and that was the only subject I could talk about at that time, and the minutes passed rapidly on. The chimes struck the first quarter-past one—the second quarter—the third!! when, at the very first *stroke* of that bell, Nowce sprang, with one sudden and single bound, from my feet to that carpet, and dragging it from the fatal spot, gave a howl so long and so melancholy, that for the moment we were like transfixed by it. Soon recovering ourselves, we rushed, each with a pistol in hand, to where the dog stood, thinking that his quick ear had discovered some noise which had escaped our attention, and that some opening was *there*. We examined the boards with the greatest care, but they were all fixed and immovable. We replaced the carpet, for what was beneath it was not a pleasant sight to look upon, and returned to our seats *as before*. Nowce slowly followed me, and again placed himself at my feet. He trembled violently, as if shaken by an ague; moaned, and, looking me piteously in the face, his head suddenly fell. Poor fellow! There he lay, senseless and immovable!

“Neither Wilkie nor I spoke a word. Each sat, silently grasping his pistol, awaiting the next stroke of the clock. Every second *now* till the *appointed hour* appeared to us an age. My eyes were all this time bent downwards upon poor Nowce. The first chime sounded for two!

“Now, mark me! It is not for me to speak of my own courage, but I may say that Wilkie was a brave man, for such had he shown himself in many a hard-fought field. I have said that the first chime sounded for the hour of two!”

The voice of the narrator faltered as he proceeded :—

“ Wilkie, in a voice that sounded to me unlike his own, suddenly exclaimed, ‘ Andrew ! ’—I looked up at his face—large drops of sweat rolled like rain from his brow—his eyes were glaring upon *that spot* :—I needn’t have turned to look ; the expression of his countenance would have been enough, plainly telling, as it did, how fearful was that which he was gazing upon. I slowly turned my head, and (O ye powers ! let me forget it !) I there beheld—”

His voice was choked with emotion—he gasped for utterance. His wife, though she had often heard the dreadful tale, at this point of it threw down her work, and hid her face in her hands ; while Janet, intensely interested, with outstretched head, and eyes riveted to those of the speaker, listened with breathless attention.

The narrator, making a strong effort, at length proceeded—

“ I turned my head—towards—the fatal spot—and there BEHELD——”

He was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at the street-door : in one minute the welcome voice of Mc Squills was heard in the passage below, and in another, the worthy doctor was in the room. We need scarcely say, that in her delight at the arrival of her friend, Janet forgot everything about the house and its awful history ; so we, like herself, remain in ignorance of the termination of the adventure.

The first salutations over, the anxious doctor proceeded at once to satisfy himself, as well by inspection, as by inquiry, touching the true condition of Janet. After a few consolatory expressions to her, he desired to know when supper would be ready ; for, as we have seen upon a former occasion, he was not unmindful of his creature-comforts. The meal soon made its appearance ; and Mc Squills, by his frequent attacks upon the good things which, with true Scottish hospitality, were plentifully spread before him, proved that his journey had done no injury to his appetite. Whiskey-toddy, and chat upon various subjects with his entertainers, and with Janet concerning former times in London, carried them on to a later hour than was consistent with the habits of any one of the party ; and when, at length, they retired for the night, no allusion had been made to either one of two disagreeable subjects—Mr. Quiddy, or THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

*** The exact similarity of the conclusion (if so it may be called) of this story to that of one which appeared in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, induces the author to state that the former was written many months ago.

CHAP. XVIII.

JANET DIES—HER VARIOUS (DIS)QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE CHARACTER OF A HEROINE ENUMERATED—DOCTOR MC SQUILLS, P.P.C.—HIS PARTING WISHES TO QUIDDY.

THAT night Janet slept longer and better than she had done for a considerable time past, and in the morning awoke refreshed. It was well that it was so, for it enabled her to take part in a long, but necessary, conversation, in private, with the doctor, which it might otherwise have been beyond her strength to endure. When, at its termination, Mrs. Sweeney went into the room, she was startled at the expression of

their countenances, each so different from the other's, that it was hard to conceive that the same topic had engaged the two parties; for while Janet's exhibited cheerfulness almost amounting to joy, the doctor's was clouded with grief. The text would have been sufficiently intelligible to the good 'woman, without the following little commentary from Janet, who, holding out her hand to her, said, with a smile so sweet as to impart a kind of beauty to a face which we never have classed among the beautiful—

"Well, Mrs. Sweeney, I have but a few hours longer to be with you. God's will be done! and may He bless you and yours for all your kindness to me."

There was no expression of regret at relinquishing life thus early, for she felt none. That which lends to life its dearest charm, love, the life of life, had been suddenly and rudely extinguished in her bosom, and the flame was never to be revived. We may here repeat what we have said before, that in affairs of the heart there is no accounting for taste: but so it was.

The truth is, that Mc Squills finding Janet's case to be utterly hopeless, and drawing more rapidly to a termination than even the letter which induced his visit had led him to expect, thought it right to tell her so. This he did with great feeling and tenderness. She received the announcement with resignation equal to the composure with which as we have seen, she presently afterwards communicated it to Mrs. Sweeney. There were but two circumstances, doubts about which oppressed her mind:—Might she direct the disposal of Mrs. Sander-son's property (for she never really considered it as her own) as she thought she *ought* to do? and, if so, would her will be strictly fulfilled when she was no more. The doctor solemnly assured her that she might rest satisfied upon both points.

"Then I am *quite* happy now," said she. "Raise my head a little, if you please, sir, and take the paper which you will find under the pillow."

Mc Squills did as she desired, and drew from beneath her pillow a paper in the form of a letter, sealed, and addressed to himself.

"And what is this letter to me about, my dear child?" inquired he.

"It isn't a letter," replied she: "that's my *will*, if you please, sir. I made it as soon after my accident as I was able to write; but, be sure you don't open it till it is all over with me."

As she proceeded at once to inform him of the principal contents of the document, this restriction must have been dictated by her natural good taste and delicacy: she had made a trifling bequest (accompanied with an earnest expression of kindness and gratitude) to himself.

Feeling at this moment no inclination to excite a smile at the expense of poor Janet's style and orthography, we shall suppress the "will"—(which was, in fact and in form, a *letter* addressed to Mc Squills, beginning with "Honerd Sir," and concluding with an assurance that she should for ever remain his dutiful and grateful servant)—merely observing that it was drawn up with an intrepid contempt of legal forms and technicalities, and in terms which would have perplexed the attorney's-office-drilled mind of Mr. Grubb, by their very clearness and simplicity.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Mc Squills; "leave it all to him! I'm clean amazed!"

"All, sir," replied she; "all except those few pounds to buy some trifling remembrances of me for my friends here, and their children, who have all been very kind to me; and—and one other trifle to another friend. It has always been my intention to do so, if I found I might, and if I should die before him."

"What!" again exclaimed he; "notwithstanding his treatment of you, my guid lassie?"

At this allusion Janet closed her eyes, and for some minutes remained silent, while a slight tremulous motion was observable about her mouth. At length she spoke again.

"It is for that very reason, sir. But for *that*, *he* would have had the property, not I: I'm *sure* he would. I have always looked upon myself as having stood in the way of his good fortune, and have been sorry for it—very; but I did not do so purposely—I couldn't help it."

"And can it be possible!" said the doctor; "can it be possible that you still—"

Ere he could utter the words "love him," he was interrupted by Janet who, snatching his hand, said, with an upturned look, and in a tone of solemn earnestness—

"What I have done, I have done from a feeling of justice—strict justice; nothing more—nothing more—nothing more, on the word of a dying girl. But say no more about it. I never spoke upon this subject to any living creature before, except Mrs. Sanderson—and even to her, little—seldom: I have now done with it, as I shall soon have done with everything else in this world—for ever."

Exhausted by the effort which this conversation had cost her, she soon fell into a light slumber. Mc Squills remained at her side, watching her as she slept, and, ever and anon, drawing the back of his huge hand across his eyes, and muttering, "Puir lassie!—puir lassie!"

From this time she became gradually more and more enfeebled, but, happily, she was entirely free from pain. She was perfectly calm and would occasionally speak, though rarely but when spoken to. Sometimes she would say, in a scarcely audible tone, "How happy I feel!" while a faint and momentary smile would disturb (if it may be so said) the fixed serenity of her countenance. The good Mc Squills was seldom away from her, although his aid could now avail her nothing.

On the third day, towards noon, she grew restless and uneasy, for she had not slept during the whole of the preceding night. Mc Squills was in the room with her. Janet beckoned him towards her and motioned to him to bend his ear to her lips, for she could not speak loud enough to make herself otherwise heard. He did so.

"Doctor," she said, or rather whispered, "I think I could sleep if you would take my hand—and sit by me—and watch me while I sleep. I *wish* you would. But don't let go my hand."

He did as she desired. She was presently asleep and slept peacefully for about an hour. Suddenly she opened her eyes as if awaking from a dream of a by-gone event, and murmured, "It need not have been so, Phineas—but it is all your own fault."

In a moment she was asleep again ; and thus did she remain for two hours more.

All this time Mc Squills continued to hold her hand in his ; and although cramped and in pain from sitting so long in the same position, the good-natured doctor abstained from making the slightest change in it from the fear of disturbing her by so doing. At half-past three precisely she, once more opened her eyes—then slowly closed them again, and turned her head a little upon her pillow—so little, indeed, as to be scarcely perceptible—and died.

It was some time ere Mc Squills relinquished his hold of her hand. At length he did so ; rose ; bent his head over the poor girl, and pressed his lips to her forehead, which was already icy cold.

Mrs. Sweeney having come at his summons, he silently pointed to the couch on which lay Janet ; and without uttering a word, his head resting on his bosom, he slowly and mournfully quitted the room.

Rest thee, Janet Gray !

We have not pretended to present this poor girl as a heroine, in the old and hackneyed, yet (oddly enough at the same time) *Novel* sense of the term. She was unfitted by many circumstances to sustain so interesting a position : her character was not an incongruous compound of incompatible qualities ; she was not addicted to hysterics, even upon the *slightest* provocation ; nor to fainting-fits ; nor to torrents of tears which, in their Niagaraian copiousness and impetuosity threaten to exhaust, and leave for ever desiccated, the very springs of grief. Again : she never knelt in silent prayer to implore forgiveness for a penitent “ floricide ” who had too late bethought her of the sin of ruthlessly wrenching a rose-bud from its parent stem ; she never wearied with apostrophes that beautiful and very patient sufferer, the silvery and resplendent orb of night ; nor was she subject to those afflicting eruptions of oratory by which (if applied to that purpose) a spinster Cicero might haply command the tears, if not the twopences, of the black-man-cipatresses of Clapham and Hackney. No—she was a simple, truthful, direct, kind-hearted, affectionate girl—nothing more ; and, for her person !—to deal gently with it, her portrait, though done by the best milliner-painter of the day, would certainly not have been allowed a place in the forthcoming number of the “ *Monstrosities of Beauty*.” To complete her disqualifications, if more be wanting, she died, not of a broken heart, but from the consequences of a broken limb. But, such as thou wert—once more—Rest thee, Janet Gray !

Mc Squills’s own immediate business in Aberdeen was the disposal of *the house*. Standing in the way of some projected improvements, a much larger sum was offered to him for its removal than he could procure for it as a habitation. With this proposal he gladly closed, and the building (greatly to the comfort of the neighbourhood, and more particularly to Sweeney’s, who made a vow never again to speak of it, or of the awful circumstances connected with it) was doomed to instant demolition. With the product of the sale in his pocket, the doctor looked upon himself as a rich man ; and having followed poor Janet to her grave, he returned to London, resolving to relinquish his profession, and pass the rest of his life in ease and comfort.

We left Mr. Quiddy busied in the search of a house : we find him, at the time of the doctor’s return to London, preparing to remove into

one suitable to his purpose, in Mark-lane, Fenchurch-street. The situation was neither pretty nor pleasant : it would not have attracted the attention of a Capability Brown, a Nash, or a Decimus Burton ; but as Quiddy contemplated it with an eye directed rather to the main chance than the picturesque, we must not quarrel with him for his choice. It was spacious ; its rooms were well adapted both for the stowage and display of the heterogeneous commodities which were constantly coming into his possession, by what means we have seen ; and, besides a counting-house, it afforded apartments sufficiently commodious for his own dwelling. We have before alluded to his intention to abandon his paltry commerce in the nasty, or, as it is termed by the more imaginative, the “fragrant” weed, and undividedly to devote his energies to his more profitable operations ; so, accordingly, he disposed of his little plantation at Hackney, and his snuff and tobacco in Cow-lane,—all, all, even to those master-productions of the combined arts of sculpture and painting, the black-boy, and the Highlander.

We are all by this time sufficiently well acquainted with the character of Mr. Quiddy to render it unnecessary to repeat what he did say, or to describe what he did *not* feel, when the recent event at Aberdeen was communicated to him : as a good-humoured friend of ours, to whom we have once already alluded, would in his Frenchified English express it, “That goes without to say” (*cela va sans dire.*) For the same reason we shall abstain from troubling ourselves with what he said, or with what he really felt when he was made acquainted with the fortunate result to himself of that event :—it added certain hundreds to the previous acquirements of his “sheer industry,” and that point was the all-absorbing one with our hero.

Of all the disagreeable operations which in the course of his long professional career the worthy Mc Squills had been called upon either to perform or to witness, the most harrowing to his own feelings, the most repugnant to his kindly nature, was the payment of the legacy to “Meester Queedy.” His own last words to the legatee, when he had fulfilled his executorial duty, will best speak to that point. Having received Quiddy’s signature to the discharge, which he (the doctor) had taken care to have drawn up in rigid legal form, he looked him full in the face, and putting the document into his pocket said,

“There.—And noo, Meester Queedy, I hae but just this to say to ye. Three circumstances are wanting to mak’ this office in the least a pleasure to me :—Old Nick for a banker ; the siller in his hands ; and I sending you with a cheque upon him for the payment o’t. And so, good—and so *be dom’d to ye*, Meeste—Queedy.”

In pursuance of his resolution to retire from his profession, Mc Squills sold to his assistant his furniture, fixtures and glass bottles, together with what is called the “goodwill” of his business—in the case of a retiring attorney it would, we presume, be the *ill-will* to be disposed of. Of his stock of drugs he made him a present. This was a munificent gift : for though intrinsically not worth five pounds, it might, when converted by the aid of the nearest pump into physic, be fairly estimated at a hundred. This done—

“Dr. Mc Squills, *P. P. C.*”

Let us shake hands with the worthy doctor at parting.

Now vanish Mr. Quiddy, tobacconist, of Cow-lane, Shoreditch, and

reappear as Phineas Quiddy, merchant (and, of course, Esquire) of Mark-lane, Fenchurch-street

CHAP. XIX.

A SHORT CHAPTER WHICH, TREATING WITH PROFOUND PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHARACTER AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE QUIDDEIAN SYSTEM OF TRADE, INVITES THE READER'S EARNEST ATTENTION.

THREE years have elapsed, and behold our "Merchant" at the age of thirty, possessed of just so many thousands of pounds.

We will not hypercritically inquire whether Mr. Quiddy was justified by the nature of his dealings in assuming the style of "merchant:" whether that term in its true, old-English, honest, honourable, and let us add, dignified sense, could be fairly applied to him; whether, indeed, it was not degraded by such application. But how, otherwise, could he be properly described? He was not a silk-mercier, and nothing more; he was not a leather-seller, and nothing more; nor a laceman merely, nor a linendraper, nor a hosier, nor an India-warehouseman, nor a Coventry-warehouseman, nor a Nottingham warehouseman, nor simply a dealer in hats, or gloves, or shoes, or—in short, he was not one, but Legion; and to have described himself by all the various and multifarious branches of his business would have been troublesome and inconvenient. Some comprehensive term, therefore, that would embrace all, or most of, the branches of his business was requisite. We could have suggested one, and that perhaps the true one—*haberdasher*; but applied to a man already of thirty thousand pounds, and with the prospect clear before him of multiplying those by ten, it would have been, to say the least of it, *ungenteel*. Well; except in so far as it regards the integrity of the English language, and the injury done to it by a habit of calling things by wrong names, it does not much signify: so, since merchant he styled himself, why, merchant let him be.

"The great man in Mark-lane," as Mr. Quiddy was now commonly called by the small tradesmen in his neighbourhood, had, ever since his arrival there, been to them a subject both of wonder and alarm. Though their profits had not been large, they, for the greater part, had hitherto contrived to maintain themselves and their families respectably and in comfort; but small as were their gains, they now found that, in their several ways, not only were they undersold by Quiddy, but that in many cases he charged less for his wares than they must have cost the manufacturer.

Now, the tie that binds the purchaser to the shopkeeper is seldom of so refined or disinterested a kind as to induce the former to pay him a shilling for a commodity if he can purchase it of any other for the twentieth part of a farthing less; and the power of that tie, small as it is, diminishes in proportion as the advantages offered by that other increase. The consequence of this pitiable, but common, infirmity was, that gradually the oldest and best customers of those small tradesmen abandoned their shops for the *Emporium* of Quiddy, leaving them and Ruin to stare each other in the face. Still they went on wondering how it was that the great man could continue so materially to undersell them (knowing how small were their own profits) and yet manage to keep, as they expressed it, his head above water.

"Wonder," says Johnson, "is the effect of novelty upon ignorance;" nor was it till they were enlightened by a practical illustration of the causes of that startling phenomenon that their wonder ceased. This explanation, sooner or later, the greater number of them received.

Our profound and extensive acquaintance with mankind has led us to the discovery of what we consider to be a fixed and immutable principle in human nature; and since we do not recollect it to have been ever before publicly propounded, and in set form, by any other philosopher, dead or alive, our vanity may be excusable if we claim some credit for its originality. It is nothing less than this: No man likes to be ruined, and would not be if he could help it. Now, operated on by this principle, those minor tradesmen when they saw ruin approaching, took measures to avert it. Those measures were of greater or of less wisdom according to the quantity of that material which they severally possessed; but, generally with them, temporizing—fighting against time—was the rule of conduct.

Venturing a bold comparison, we will say that an English man of business is, individually, *at the least*, as tender of his credit as the Americans, as a nation, show themselves to be of theirs; and he will sacrifice all, to the very last, in order to maintain it. When, therefore, either through his own mismanagement, or owing to adverse circumstances, he finds himself in difficulties, he will struggle on in the hope, however slender of overcoming them, rather than expose his condition to the world—and every one has a little world of his own—till, in the end, bad has become worse. Whether this be the wise course of proceeding is therefore more than doubtful, but it is almost invariably the case with an embarrassed man, of any rank or class, and more especially if he be also an honourable and a sensitive man, that he will continue the secret and soul-depressing struggle, hoping, and still hoping that something, however unlikely to occur in the common course of things, may present itself in his individual case to extricate him. After all, in a country essentially commercial like England, where credit is the mainspring of commerce; where the very life-blood of credit is punctuality of payment; and where failure in this latter respect involves loss of credit, and probable ruin; it is not much a matter of astonishment that men in business should sometimes have recourse to expedients and contrivances (questionable though they be) to prolong that credit upon which little short of their existence depends—for, as we have before said, no man likes to be ruined.

It has been recommended to those who find Time heavy on hand, to imp his wings with a promissory note, for which they foresee a very reasonable chance of their being unprovided at the expiration of its term: by this means the progress of the old gentleman is said to be accelerated amazingly. And so was it found to be by our small tradesmen. Ere the establishment of the all-grasping, all-devouring Quiddy in their neighbourhood had, by diminishing their business, reduced their gains, they could look forward unflinchingly to pay-day: *since* that untoward event, the two, three, or six months' date of their "promise to pay" seemed to be contracted to a span; and Time, instead of approaching as heretofore, at a sober, gentlemanlike pace, appeared to hurry towards them with a fifty-lamplighter power of speed. The period was a season of terror to them—of anxious days and sleepless

nights. Still were they doggedly bent upon not being ruined—if they could help it : so, to meet their approaching and pressing engagements, and thereby uphold their credit a little and a little longer, in the delusive hope that “ things would take a favourable turn,” they were compelled to sell their commodities, in sufficient quantities, for considerably less than it had cost to produce them ; and Quiddy was always a sure and ready-money purchaser. And thus, one by one, were they enlightened by a practical solution of the great Quiddian riddle which had for so long a time baffled their conjectures : and thus did Quiddy, the Monster-Haberdasher of *his* day, swallow up all the small fry of haberdashery that came within his reach.

Now it is entirely away from our intention to amuse ourselves, and at the same time stupify the reader, by perpetrating a treatise on a branch of political economy ; but we will ask one question :—

“ Is the Quiddeian system of trade as it has here been explained—or, to speak out and speak truly, *exposed*—a wholesome system ?”

Answer—by a Quiddeian :—

“ Certainly it is. For although it is ruining and gradually sweeping away a large and respectable class of people, the industrious and contented shopkeepers of small capital, it serves to aggrandize and bloat with wealth, eight, ten, or a dozen, of us meritorious Quiddys : *ergo*, the system is a wholesome system.”

“ But one more question :—Does not the system *occasionally* offer facilities to frauds upon the manufac—?”

“ Hush ! I have told you that the system is beneficial to the Quiddys, and that answer ought to satisfy any reasonable inquirer.”

“ We are satisfied.”

We think it not inexpedient in this place to recal attention to the words which occur just at the opening of our first chapter :—

“ *Nothing* is a term sufficiently intelligible : were it otherwise, there be thousands who could explain it, with Johnsonian precision, by simply turning their pockets inside out. But we apprehend that *Sheer Industry* is not of so definite a signification, and that (at least in the cases we have mentioned) it must mean industry—and something more. As to what that something more may be, we may perhaps be somewhat enlightened by using the career of Phineas Quiddy as our lexicon.”

To this end we have hitherto traced with some minuteness the progress of our hero, and in the same manner explained the means whereby he had converted *his* nothing into thirty good, substantial thousands of pounds. Having shown how the scrubby, selfish, low-minded, and low-principled shopboy had accomplished this wondrous transmutation, we might here take our leave of him : for since it is (to say the least of it) as obvious that “ money will make money,” as how from nothing may be made something ; it may without further explanation be understood how Quiddy, with so broad a foundation of wealth to build upon, should have gone easily on, piling thousand upon thousand, until he had become one of the wealthiest men in the city. Unless, therefore, any circumstance worthy of particular notice should occur, we shall return to him no more in his money-manufactory, but just glance at his conduct in the new position to which wealth has entitled him to aspire.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON.

BY AN ETONIAN.

CHAP. I.

Rosalind.—A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; often to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques.—Yes, I have gained experience.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

CONSIDERING that many of my predecessors *in arte scribendi*,—or, in plain English, the art of scribbling—have usually thought proper to say something of themselves, as the proem of the *quid sequitur*, I propose to follow in the same beaten track. Newton, Milton, the Bard of Avon, all the worthies of olden times, nay, those exalted characters who have taken an airy flight from this world at Tyburn-tree and the more modern Golgotha, the Old Bailey, have all been celebrated by their biographers. My intention is, not to wait for posthumous fame, but to blow my own trumpet.

For the information then of those who honour these pages with a perusal, I shall briefly state my parentage; which though not encircled with the splendour of a coronet, and those flattering distinctions which the world generally attaches to the scions of nobility—though no eagle hovered over my cradle to augur future greatness—though no prophet foretold my exaltation to a prebendal stall, or some snug living (for I fear he would have been a lying prophet), still was my birth, as far as worldly consideration goes, somewhat above that of the common herd of mankind.

My father was a Proctor of Doctors' Commons, and was the lincal descendant of the renowned admiral,* who sooner than lead a life of inactivity when his country's battles were to be fought, entered into the service of the usurper Cromwell, and, as is well known, conquered Van Tromp in the celebrated engagement, in which the arrogant Dutchman lost his life.

My name it is needless to mention, for whatever Englishman knows it not by this time, must be little versed in the history of his native land. His father had been what in those days was termed, a *squire of high degree* (a character almost out of date in these degenerate days), and was possessed of considerable property

* An anecdote is extant among many others respecting him. When he obtained the command of the English fleet, he procured the command of a ship of war for one of his brothers, imagining that he had as much courage as himself; but in the first action, his brother deceived him, by showing the greatest cowardice, and keeping out of the reach of cannon-shot. He immediately sent him to England.

"I have deceived myself," said he to his officers; "my brother is not made for war: but if he cannot show face to the enemy on board a ship, he can at least be useful to his country at the tail of a plough."

He intrusted him with the cultivation of his estates, and left them to him when he died.

in Yorkshire: he was, moreover, the lord of two manors, near to Wallingford, in Berkshire; but from a system of great extravagance in his hunting and canine establishment, was compelled to dispose of the greater part of his *broad acres*, and in the general wreck (by persuading my father to join in cutting off the entail) the two manors had wings and flew away. The same unfortunate mania for spending money was inherited by my father, and again by his son, too truly verifying the old adage, "What is in the bone"—and from what I can understand, at the time of his marriage with my mother, he had scarcely anything else but his business as a Proctor; but *that*, owing to the few who then followed the profession, was attended with great emoluments, and united to that of his matrimonial dowery, enabled him to live in tolerable affluence.

The beautiful village of Upton in Buckinghamshire, situated somewhat more than a mile distant from our great storehouse of education—Eton College, *the great school*, the *protégé* of royalty—was the place of my nativity in the year 1791; my father renting a very pretty cottage *ornée* in the above retired village, where he might have said, in addition to the house, with Horace,

Modus agri non ita magnus;
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his fuit

An event of such importance occurring to the community at large, it was necessary that something remarkable should take place, which was nothing more nor less than the loss of the coachman's hat, in the urgency of his haste on one of the carriage-horses, to procure the attendance of the medical adviser of the family—Dr. Macqueen of Eton; as well as that of another circumstance which befel my most excellent father, in making the experiment of a nearer way than that of the common footpath, finding himself immersed nearly to his chin in one of the ditches which intervene between Upton and Eton. With these two untoward events, symbolical perhaps of those which have already overflowed the writer of these lines, the birth of him who was to prolong the old admiral's race took place, and he has done it effectually.

The years of infancy passed off like those of most children, during which time I sustained the greatest loss which can befall a child, that of a beloved mother, and soon succeeded by the decease of an only brother, who was named after his ancestor. When I was considered of sufficient age to have Latin and Greek flogged into me, I was sent to the neighbouring village of Slough, to the especial care of a Mr. A—, or I might say with greater propriety, that of Mrs. A— (as I went as a *sansculotte*), to undergo the drudgery as well to tutor as to pupil, of learning my A B C: from thence I removed with him to Langley Broom—no inappropriate name for its owner, who wielded the birch with a most powerful arm. If

flogging was an evidence in favour of his attention to his pupil's proficiency, no one could have been more solicitous, nor with greater justice have been termed the "Prince of Floggers," than the above-named pedagogue. He certainly brought his pupils forward, as well as acted upon them on the *reverse*: no *drone* would he willingly allow in "Langley Broom Academy for Young Gentlemen," eminently displayed as those letters were on a gibbet shaped board, under which the entrance from the high road ran across the heath to the house of learning; and if there was one boy *drowsily* inclined, be assured that he had no *honeyed* life of it.

At eight years of age I was entered at Eton—that little world of life and happiness—and was placed as was then considered high for my years, in the *lower Greek*. At this time my father left Upton, and constantly made Doctors' Commons his place of residence for many years.

Though I lost the near neighbourhood of my father by his removal, still was it amply compensated by the kindness of my maternal grandfather, who resided at Ankerwyke House, only five miles distant from Windsor—not far distant from the Bells of Onslow, a romantic public-house, and directly opposite to the far-famed Runnymede. Upon the grounds attached to the venerable old mansion was a majestic yew-tree, under which, among the old inhabitants of the hamlet, the tradition was, that the celebrated signature of England's liberty—the Magna Charta—extorted from King John by the independent barons, was there signed by that hitherto tyrannical prince; and under whose boughs it was also said that another scene was acted, that of the courtship of the then gallant Henry with Anna Boleyn.

It certainly was one of the finest specimens of that almost antiquated species of tree, that is anywhere to be found in this country; and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was then supposed to have been used. How frequently in the holiday have I, together with my cousins, and perhaps a friend from Eton, whom with my grandfather's permission I had invited to pass a few days with us, given the old gardener the slip; and then, by placing our sentinels, have we received the peaches, and the various productions of a luxuriant garden, handed over to us by our confederates on the other side, and enjoyed a noble feast, seated on the branches of this noble tree. Here, ensconced among its foliage, we bade adieu to the cares of school, regardless of all except the present pleasure.

It sometimes escaped our usual foresight to erase certain foot-marks which had been made in our depredations when crossing the borders; but as we had entered into a holy alliance and were nearly of a size, *nobody* did it, nobody knew anything about it; and unless the injustice of punishing all for the sake of finding out the guilty was used, we were tolerably sure of coming off clear. But we were *once* detected, and that in a most unlooked-for manner.

For several days we had, like the Indian chiefs, held a palaver, the intent of which was, how we should manage the exportation of a large bag of apples, which we had dislodged from sundry fine trees in the orchard, to our desks at college. At last it was finally resolved by the captain of our band, that we should go to one of my grandfather's tenants, and with his compliments beg the use of his taxed cart to convey us to school on the following day (the carriage being engaged elsewhere). Of course a ready assent was given, and we said that we would call in the morning for it. Having bribed the groom to drive us, and that very early in the morning, we soon reached our dames with the fruits of our purloining; so far all appeared to go on well, but by the sequel it proved otherwise; for as old Nick, or some other mischief-making fellow would have it, my grandfather unfortunately went to the parish-church of Wyraydisbury on the following Sunday.

At the expiration of the service, as he was the esquire of the place, the farmers and others waited to make their salaams to him in the churchyard, the usual resort of the village loungers, for a short period before and after the service. Among the number was our goodnatured taxed-cart-lending farmer, who after sundry remarks, doubtless as is generally the case with them on the wetness of the season, or the ruinous low price of corn, and hoping that his honour was well, blundered out that he was much pleased in being able to oblige him with the use of old Rose and the cart to take Master Henry, and the other young gentlemen, and the apples to school.

I afterwards understood that he heard the story of the apples and the cart with perfect composure apparently; for when excited by anything, and in this case there was just reason, he was generally what would be termed a violent man. But this calm was the precursor of a storm in what proved a *Red Sea* to us.

The truth soon flashed upon his mind; and it being a heinous offence—forgery of his name and abduction of the apples—a note was despatched to Dr. Langford, the head master of the lower school (which note was conveyed by the identical groom who drove us, and ignorant of its wrathful contents), requesting that we should be severely punished, which was as duly honoured by the acceptor; for we made expiation for our offence on the block in the lower school, as is the case always when put in *the bill* by the assistants for neglect of the lessons, or any scholastic faults; then punishment inevitably follows.

Should I enumerate all the various tricks practised at home, they would lengthen out too much my “*Recollections of Eton*,” or according to our clerical phrase, would be beyond the *limits of this discourse*; suffice it to say then, that an apprenticeship at Eton did not tend to diminish them.

A few words in this place as a description of Ankerwyke House, now levelled to the ground, may not be uninteresting. *Fuit Ilium*.

It was an ancient nunnery of vast extent, and approached from the village-road by a noble avenue of cedars and yew-trees, which imparted to it that gloom, which mostly environed the houses of the religious societies of those days of centuries back. To us boys an indescribable awe was excited in our minds, when traversing its long and shadowy chambers; and frequently even in mid-day have we dreaded to explore its upper rooms, where the refractory nuns were accustomed to be confined, and where the iron rings in the wall recalled to the mind the harrowing punishments which too often in those times were inflicted on the deluded inmates of monkish ignorance and barbarity. Not one of us youngers would have volunteered to have ascended to those upper rooms after nightfall without a light, on any account.

This foolish dread originated, I imagine, in a scheme of the servants, who to deter us boys from trespassing on their orgies in the servants' hall, used to give out that certain noises were heard at night—that chains rattled in the cellars, and that the ghosts of nuns, displaying their unearthly shapes were then to be seen. At any rate their desired object was gained; the great hall, and the long and dreary passage from thence to the servants' hall, were not traversed except by compulsion or mandate from the governor, and then with fear and trembling. With all this mixture of boyish fears, the days were the happiest; and though long gone by, and the place of them levelled to the ground by a new proprietor, an Indian nabob, whose estate adjoined, and who purchased the property when my grandfather left it; and though this venerable fabric was destroyed with almost sacrilegious hand; and the only reason given for this spoliation was, that an interesting ruin might be visible from his own (to our thinking gewgaw) modern mansion.

I mentioned the great hall, which was of course the entrance to the house, and situated between the dining and drawing-rooms, and was about forty feet long, with lofty stone windows, in several compartments of which were some beautifully-enriched specimens of painting; more particularly family arms, bishops and their croziers, and nuns praying to their ghostly fathers. It was often the scene of frolic to us, when a wet day would not allow us to have our sports externally—battledore and shuttlecock, leapfrog, in short, anything to while away the time, was enacted in the great hall.

From my grandfather's high official situation, of which more anon, he was frequently in the habit of receiving many presents, such as turtles, the finest Madeira, &c. Upon one particular occasion, a merchant of London, who had received great kindness from him in the time of the war, presented him with a pipe of very particular Madeira, which for the sake of convenience at the time of its arrival, was oddly enough deposited in one corner of the hall—no great ornament certainly (although I wish I could gratify my eyes with such a sight in my own house now)—still

there it was. Some few days after its arrival, a ball was given, but on what particular occasion, if any, I know not. But among the visitors, I well recollect the hero of Acre, Sir Sidney Smith, as well as the great vocalist of the day, the inimitable Dignum.

At the conclusion of the dancing, previous to supper, all went to that old English meal with the exception of Sir Sidney and us young Etonians; we were so delighted with his frank and sailor manners, that like burrs we stuck to him. His object in staving away from the supper-table was to have some fun; and sailor-like, when all were seated in the supper room, he recalled the fiddlers, and having sent for the cook, scullion, maids, and all spare hands, hornpipes were introduced and kept up merrily, until a move began to take place among the more aristocratical part of the old nunnery guests.

While this display of the light fantastic toe, as well as heavy heel of the old cook was going forward in the drawing-room, we were not idle in the old hall; for having mounted the pipe of Madeira, we personified jolly young Bacchus to perfection. But in the midst of our fun (for we were rolling this said pipe backwards and forwards, considering no doubt that we were as effectual to its improvement as a voyage to the East Indies and back), what should greet our eyes—certainly not longing ones—but the opening of the door, and my grandfather preceded by the butler, escorting Lady A—— to the drawing-room. If our hair could have been transformed into porcupine's quills, the transformation would not have been tedious.

The pipe externally was a dead calm in a moment, whatever might be the internal commotion. We saw sufficiently from the lighting up of the old man's eyes that we were in the wrong box, and without waiting for any further explanation, we, like old foxes, stole away. In the morning, previous to my grandfather's appearance, he not being a very early riser, we obtained the ear of Sir Sidney, who willingly petitioned for us, and to our delight the storm blew over. A few words respecting my most excellent and generous grandfather. For some service performed for Admiral Keppell, united to an intimacy with the minister, William Pitt, he had obtained the lucrative situation of Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, a situation which in the time of war produced upwards of twenty thousand pounds per annum. As I had the good fortune to be his favourite grandson, I frequently experienced the fruits of it. He it was that sent me to Eton, and was at the sole expense of my education. Many of my schoolfellows may recollect, and at that time with no small feelings of envy, when his carriage, with two beautiful black horses (and sometimes four) was drawn up at Barnspool-bridge, adjoining my dame's, on a Saturday afternoon, to take me home to Ankerwyke; and when, perhaps, on the Monday morning following driven by the groom in the chaise, with the old long-tailed gray, I made my appearance previous to eight o'clock school, laden with a basket of fruit, and an accompanying present

of sweetmeats from the aged housekeeper, with whom I always made it a rule to be on the best of terms. In short, in such favour was I with the old lady, that, as I advanced in school, I seldom found my trunk, on returning from the holidays, unoccupied with sundry bottles of wine, the discussion of which of an *after four* was no disagreeable affair.

Attached to the old house was a very large wood, tenanted by a noisy republic of rooks, not one of which would my grandfather, on any account whatever, permit to be destroyed. They seemed to be the presiding deities of the place. It was the source of much delight in the stillness of a summer's evening to observe the sable cloud winging their airy flight from a distance to the well-known *seats* of their ancestors, sated with their excursions on the farmer's corn-fields. Previous to retiring to roost, the sound was absolutely deafening to the ears of any stranger; battle after battle was waged, some more fortunate or earlier arriver at home having possessed himself of some favourite branch, till at length as the sun began to sink into the west, so did their ruffled tempers subside into a calm though now and then interrupted by a solitary *cau*, indicating the too near neighbourhood of a brother rook.

In front of the house was a most beautiful lawn, separated by a field from the majestic Thames, at the extremity of which a tall flagstaff was erected, on which the jack of Great Britain waved, indicating to the neighbourhood, like that of his royal master, George III. at Windsor, that its owner was in *residence*, and which was always lowered on his departure for London.

CHAP. II.

High in the mid-st, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus his ample front sublime uprears.
Placed on his chair of state he seems a god,
While sophs and freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunders shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools.

BYRON.

It will not now perhaps be amiss in this place, nor void of interest to many who were participators in them, to relate a few of the pastimes with which our vacant hours were employed, interlarded with some of the devices which found their origin in the brains of the Etonians. Two-and-thirty years have now elapsed (truly I may say *more fluentis aquæ*) since my resignation came; though it is, more properly speaking, the resignation of a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge: a day most anxiously looked for, when the boy leaves his nursing mother, Eton, and puts on the *toga virilis* at Cambridge. Still many things are as fresh in my mind's eye as if acted but yesterday. The impression made

on the youthful mind is seldom effaced by time or distance. My Eton recollections carry me back to the day of my initiation at my Dame's, when having dried up my tears on leaving my kind patron, and after having been presented to the head-master of the lower school, Dr. Langford, I was entered as an Etonian. A new comer was soon found out, and as soon was I encompassed by a crowd of boys, supposing that on my *first* entrance I had *plenty* of cash : which like a recruit's bounty-money, soon found *plenty* of customers. One thought I might as well use it for his benefit, with old Mrs. Carter and her cake basket at the corner of the school for Soc. Another thought that old mother *Bo* had some excellent tarts—*Bo* being an abbreviation for Bovingdon, who went by the very inelegant name of *Gravy Eye*, solely from having an eye which was over watery. At any rate her tarts were very good, and held in great esteem, and she was not very importunate in dunning for her bills after the holidays, a very saving quality in an Eton shop-keeper. In a short space of time, after having *bled* pretty freely, I recollect one of the upper boys at my Dame's asked me my name and surname. Having been previously instructed by some *kind* friend, I said, "*Pudding and tame, ask my Dame, and she will tell you the same,*" which was immediately answered by him with a tremendous box on the ear. I was then highly honoured by the mandate, "Well, sir, you shall be my fag. What are you staring at, you stupid ass? You will have to get my rolls and butter from mother Coker's (a well-known name to all old Etonians). You begin to-morrow morning, mind sir; and see that my clothes and shoes are properly cleaned." I was well aware beforehand that to *kick* would be of no benefit, and therefore I submitted with a good grace, and from being a tolerably active, and not sulky disposition, I soon met with kindness, and even indulgence from my *boy*master, he fagging others to save me. Consider me now on the morning of the next day, with my new books all fresh from the bookseller's, (destined not long to remain so) with all my thoughts of home still lingering on my mind, making my *entrée* in the lower school, where in awful grandeur its superior ruler had just taken his seat. To me the vision of a cauliflower wig was almost, if not quite, a perfect novelty. In addition to the awful dignity of the wig and its wearer, the often-tried block near to the master's right hand met my sight, greeting one with whom within a very few days an acquaintanceship was to take place. In short, so very sudden was our intimacy to have begun, that had it not been for the usual indulgence granted to those who incur the displeasure of the master, that very day would have seen me kneeling as a culprit. The case was this, and a hard case it was : As I was sitting at the end of a form, the boy next to me said, "That fellow at the other end has been laughing at your red collar, send this piece of orange-peel at his head."

I, not thinking much about it, and irate at the idea of a boy ridiculing my smart jacket, dismissed the orange missile, but with so bad an aim, that it went close to the awe-inspiring wig of the

head-master. Upon being questioned who had done it, and after having been nudged by the prompter of the act to say, "*I did it, sir,*" at the same time looking at me, as much as to say (as well as to inform the master) *you did it*, I directly said, "*I did it, sir,*" upon which I was ordered up for punishment. All necessary habiliments being removed, and kneeling on the block, while two boys stood behind it, holding my arms and clothes, and grinning all the time, I awaited the fatal stroke, when one of them said to me, "Say it is your *first fault*," which I immediately did. The birch instantly fell from its upraised posture, and I was quickly returned to my place on the form. As soon as school was over I challenged the boy to fight me for the trick he played upon me, and repairing to the playing fields, with my heart all but leaping out of my mouth, I set to with my antagonist, and, although the challenger, in the very first round, from a most untoward blow on my mouth, I ran off, saying that I had gotten a very bad toothach. So much for the first day of entering school—so much for my *first fault* through another's means, and so much for losing my first battle.

I was entered in the lower Greek, as I before said, which was considered very high for my years, only eight, and consequently was under the particular superintendence of the head-master. With all the solemn dignity attached to the cauliflower, it would frequently be the exciter of a titter among those who viewed its variations. Sometimes in the heat of explaining or castigation, or some other cause, this identical wig would get displaced, and instead of the frontal part being directly on a parallel with that part of the human form commonly called the nose, it would perhaps be paying its devoirs to one of the eyes, and then the effect was truly ludicrous.

I was now become a regular Etonian, up to anything. I recollect the first *liberty* I got was from the present head-master of the lower school. As I made my *entrée* with a blue jacket and a red collar, from some little whim of my grandfather, owing to its being the same as the Windsor uniform, I was christened *Black B—*, with a blue coat and a red cape.

As to hunting small birds in the hedges with leaded sticks, leaping the common ditch, giving a duck a slight poke on the head with a stone, making old Pocock the farmer at the corner of Cutthroat-lane sometimes minus a few eggs, amassing almost a little fortune by boss and marbles in the school-yard, upper and lower fives, ringing or knocking at the dames' houses on our return from five o'clock school to our own dames, taking advantage of a dark night of course for our rather hazardous freak, in all these, *cum multis aliis*, I had become *au fait*—a regular professor.

On one particular evening, how well do I recollect being caught as completely as if I had put my foot into a man-trap. Being at my old sport, one very dark night, I placed my hand as usual to have a knock and a run at old Mrs. Hexter's, when lo! to my utter dismay, just as my hand was about to claim old acquaintanceship

with the cold iron, I found myself pulled into the hall with no slight force, and from thence very quietly escorted to the parlour, for an optical scrutiny of my dreadfully alarmed features by the aid of a candle, where I soon found, to my annoyance, that my captor, or capress, was the dame herself, a large powerful woman, and followed by her bodyguard, the cook and chambermaid, to witness my capture as well as discomfiture. In this durance vile I cannot compare myself in any better simile than to that of a shrimp in the claws of a lobster. After a severe lecture, admonitory of the future, a promise on my part never to do so again (though with the full determination to take my revenge on the first opportunity), and having propitiated the good old lady by going down on my *marrows*, I was released from my temporary imprisonment. With all my spirit of revenge during the time of my incarceration, I never could screw up courage to knock at the door again—therefore I was as good as my word—I kept my promise.

The mention of dames recalls to my mind a little affair which was very annoying at the time to one of them, a Mrs. * * *, who lived not very far from the Christopher. She was what is termed a regular pincher, an *Eluesian* lady, and such not being relished by the boys who were under her care, they determined to *brozier* her,—an Eton phrase for eating up every morsel of the dinner,—and according to the language at Cambridge, preached a *clearum*.* It was soon accomplished, and the old lady, finding that all her scanty store had vanished, was compelled to send for a supply of chops to make up the deficiency. But that would not do. More was called for, and though often told, “Sir, you have not picked your bones clean,” it would not do. The consequence of this brozierung act was, that her patience was exhausted, and she laid a complaint before Dr. Heath, our respected head-master of the upper school, who, I presume from a previous knowledge of her parsimonious character, only lectured the gourmandising culprits, and omitted the punishment due to them from having fallen under the old lady’s displeasure. This was the only instance in which I can recollect castigation not following on the heels of complaint.

They certainly were rare eaters, as a boy once construed in school *tempus edax rerum*—*time is a rare eater*. At any rate it is a very unjust thing to stint the boys in regard to plenty of wholesome food, as the dames are well paid for their sustenance, and in a few years are enabled, by prudence without parsimony, to amass a sufficiency to retire in comfort. In short, from the general respectability of the ladies who superintend the boarding-houses at Eton, such a thing seldom occurs. I think I may state that Mrs. * * * was almost a solitary instance in that particular. At my own dame’s, the excellent Mrs. Hunter’s, we fared remarkably well. On the Sunday our usual dinner was a boiled round of beef, roasted chickens, and plum puddings, and I do not recollect that it was ever varied in any respect.

* A Latin sermon previous to taking a Doctor’s degree.

A STRANGE PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES
WELFORD, ESQ.

CHAP. VI.

En quittant ce qu'on tient, on est souvent déçu.

THEATRE ITALIEN.

THE world will scarce believe it, but certain private friends of ours, trespassing rather too far upon the privileges of their intimacy, have ventured to call in question the credibility of this our veracious history. Most persons who have lived any time in the world, must have had a sufficient share of that particular variety of the genus friend, which is qualified by the epithet of “d—d goodnatured,” to form some notions of what the race are capable; and those, more particularly, who have dabbled in printing ink, must know that they are the very hotbeds of felonious criticism. No author, therefore, of the slightest experience will expose his MSS. to *ame qui vive*, before publication, well knowing the intolerable nature of the flood of friendly hints, kindly suggestions, and well-meant advices, with which such imprudent exposures are uniformly attended. All our experience, however, had not prepared us for the *outrecuidance* of the self-sufficient *friends*, who in their ignorance have ventured thus to touch us in our tenderest point. The main fact of our narrative, forsooth, is impossible; no man could live under a double identity: there is no room for two on the pineal gland, and our hypothesis therefore is at war with every principle of metaphysical truth; “ay marry, and profane too”—the sciolists! the cox-combs!

From such insinuations we appeal to our own readers—to the readers of the *New Monthly*. They will acknowledge that nothing is more common to humanity than a double identity. Does not every man that breathes, live under the influence of two principles. In the words of Pope,

Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain.*

Or, as Swift more familiarly expresses it, the flesh and the spirit are engaged through life in a ceaseless game of leapfrog, now one uppermost, and now the other;—with this only difference, that the flesh when it is uppermost is exceedingly prone to be tyrannical, and “rides with a huge pair of Ripon spurs” (which, by the by, may have had some-

* Dobson's elegant translation of this passage happening to be under our eye, we cannot resist giving it to the reader:

Vis gemina humano regnat sub pectore, Calcar,
Cuique sui dat amor, Ratioque adjungit habenas.
Murus habet: ciet una, attemperat altera mollis:
Utque suas pejus meliusve obit utraque partes,
Hinc bona proveniunt, fons ducitur inde malorum.

See SPENCE'S ANECDOTES, Appendix.

thing to do with the recent appointment of a bishop, especially charged to take care of that town and its vicinity).

Again, we have an apt instance of duality, in the distinction so frequently drawn between the public and the private man. It is a received axiom, that the public half of a minister or member of parliament may be insulted with every offensive and degrading imputation, without giving the slightest tarnish to the honour of the private half :— which would be utterly absurd, if the two were not under the governance of separate independent living principles, each respectively irresponsible for the actions of the other.

In the lawyer also we have a manifest duality ; his professional honour and honesty being very different things from the honour and honesty which are merely personal. Nay, when he puts on his wig and his gown, he shifts altogether his identity, and becomes mixed up with his client, as perfectly and entirely as Welford was with the unlucky Marquis.

Lastly, and not to wear the matter to rags, we have the familiar case of the androgynous union of souls coupled in matrimony. If a bachelor be justly characterized as a single man, the victim of wedlock must be a double man, though language has not yet so qualified him. The wicked wits, it is true, aver that when the soul of the wife prevails, the spirit of the man is exorcised and expelled ; and that all husbands might avail themselves of the excuse of Adam, saying after him, *fœmina quam dedisti mihi dedit, et comedi*.* But what will not a wit advance to carry his jest ? A wife's back may be sometimes turned ; and the veriest Jerry Sneak that ever lived, when he gets to the ale-house, knows that he has a soul which he can call his own ; and is ready to cry with the ghost-ridden Macbeth,

Why so, being gone, I am a man again.

As to any imputed contradictions to metaphysical principles, we care not for our critical friends ; and we confidently ask them when they ever heard of such a thing as a metaphysical principle, that possessed as much claim on their conviction, as would warrant its being set up as an authority against the least plausible of assertions. “ I like him the better for being a dancing-master,” says Justice Woodcock of his son-in-law ; and so we say, if our action be hostile to any metaphysical axiom, we think all the better of it for its hostility.

But it is very good of us to stand thus arguing the matter, in a case independent of all argument ; for after all, *non meus hic sermo*, the adventure is none of our invention, “ we tell the tale, as ’twas told to us,” and are not bound to find all the world in a saving faith. The fact of the case is, that Welford is our authority, and we cannot conceive how any critic can presume to know more of the matter than the man himself : we can, moreover, pledge ourselves for that gentleman's habitual truthfulness, although he *has* studied at the Temple ; and we might indeed go bail for every word he told us, if the matter required any pecuniary warranty. “ *Croyez le si voulez ; si ne voulez, allez y voir*,” *messieurs mes amis* : and so let us proceed with our tale.

The Marquis of ——— was decidedly wrong in giving way, as he did,

* See Burnet's *Archæologia*.

to petulance, in his interview with the money-lender; for even if he had to deal with a man less susceptible than Holdfast, such petulance must have cost a pretty sum in the way of additional premium; besides, it was contrary to all precedent. In every transaction of life, it is a rule that the wider a disagreement becomes between the high contracting parties, the more solemn must be the asseverations of consideration and respect of their several protocols. In the Marquis's case, the indiscretion was the greater, because it had both a perspective and a retrospective consequence. It not only cut off the supplies for the future, but involved also the double trouble (as Falstaff wisely calls it) of refunding.

When the young man talked so confidently of a payment on the morrow, did it enter into his calculation that the money could only be raised at so short a notice by means of the noble Duke's, his father's, endorsement; and that his actual relations of amity with His Grace, were no guarantees for a ready consent in that quarter? There was indeed, at the time, a man very well known on town, who did a good deal of business in the desperate line, and who advanced money in cases far more unpromising than that of the Marquis; but then, as the Marquis was among those who eventually do pay, and therefore are made to pay not only their own debt, but that of some hopelessly bad customer also, the usury was dreadful to think of. Besides, this was his first appearance in that character, and he shrank from the disgrace of dealing with a known and disreputable usurer.

Heavily, then, did he repent the hasty engagement he had made, if that would have been of any avail; but whatever other merits repentance may possess, it is in general too much of a slow-coach virtue, to be very effectual in "mending matters." It may do a deal of good to the subject, but the accidents it is in the habit of leaving pretty much where they were.

It did not abate the bitterness of this disappointment, that the Marquis had seen the new Welford in the act of receiving money; for though use had already given a decided preponderance to the aristocratic over the plebeian animating principle, inasmuch that it was beginning to usurp an exclusive influence over the thoughts and actions of the transformed youth, and to lead him to regard the eidolon (or whatever it was that moved and looked a living Welford) with the indifference of an ordinary personage, yet that mysterious being could not actually appear on the stage (if we may so speak) without exciting some recollections connected with the change.

At such moments, the Welford half of the partnership *would* make its presence felt. For an instant, therefore, when the absorbing interest of the altercation was beginning to subside, the Marquis found leisure to acknowledge, that a love of rank and wealth had occasioned the metamorphosis he had undergone, with all its consequences, and to feel how completely the result had disappointed expectation: he envied and almost hated the new Welford, as Welford had once envied the Marquis, for his good fortune: and he heartily wished the devil, or whatever it was that had worked so miraculous a change, *at* the devil, for his officious obedience to an idle and unconsidered aspiration.

The young man then, thus harassed and mortified, returned homewards in what, by a *lucus à non lucendo*, is called "a very pretty tem-

per:" and in truth it might well irritate a man of his expectations to be refused a little ready money. In this credit-giving and speculating land, if to get into debt is the *facilis descensus averni* of the poorest devils, it is, *à fortiori*, to the heir of a rich duke a regular railroad concern; and we doubt not that in stating this point of our history, we draw more largely off the credulity of the "knowing," than if we had crammed into our hero's body as many souls as it is said there may be angels dancing on the point of a needle. All we can plead in favour of our veracity is, that the true is not always the probable, and we admit that this particular truth is doubly suspicious.

Unused, then, to the absolute want of money, the Marquis was at war with himself and with all mankind. Preoccupied, therefore, with the world within himself, he was not aware of how or where he was driving,—until he was aroused from his reverie and recalled to attention by the loud yelping of a dog, which had contrived to get between his horse's legs, and had nearly thrown the animal on his knees. As it happened, however, the dog alone was thrown; and before he could recover his legs, the wheel had passed over his tail, which, as Lord Foppington says, "put him to most exquisite torture." If this had happened to any human being from among the English million, he would probably have been more than half consoled on beholding the coronet painted on the offending vehicle; if he were not indeed rather pleased than offended at a circumstance which brought him into contact with a lord, while it assured him pecuniary remuneration for the accident. But a dog, who, you know, is only an irrational animal, has no such philosophy in his composition; and so he resented the injury by a most unsophisticated yowl.

It is one of the benefits of taking your dog into the streets of London, that it affords frequent occasions for those comfortable quarrels so congenial to the disposition of your sulky, fire-eating Englishman, and such was the owner of the dog in question,—a major in the army, of considerable fighting notoriety. To take act and part with his dog was this gentleman's immediate impulse; and the wound in his dog's tail of course produced a sympathetic injury to the master's honour, only to be healed by a walk "upon the daisies." The altercation between the parties was short but sharp; and it ended in an exchange of cards preparatory to an immediate meeting. The gentlemen then separated with the customary polite bow, *de part et d'autre*.

Here was another striking instance of the gregarious tendency of misfortunes; but *à quelque chose malheur est bon*. If the Marquis was to be shot on the following morning, he could not be called on to settle with Mr. Holdfast at noon, nor to read in the evening papers his own case of *crim. con.* done into ridicule by the penny-a-liners, for the edification of "all those whom it might [not] concern." At all events, there was something like relief in the change of annoyance, and the poor man was rather composed than disturbed by the circumstance. Resuming, therefore, his reins, he, after a moment's reflection, turned his horse's head towards the residence of Lord B——.

It was now just the high change hour for London visiting; cabs and led saddle-horses were paraded before the houses of reigning beauties, and roomy coaches, with fat cattle and fatter coachmen, slept at the doors of dowager dignities. On the sunny side of the squares, striped

awnings flaunted in the wind, and on every side the balconies breathed all Araby from their well-filled mignonette-boxes. At Lord B——'s doors, however, there were none of these tokens; no dowagers' carriages obstructed the pavement, and the awnings reposed in their cases over the closed windows, while the porter, with a couple of livery servants in their undress jackets, were discussing a newspaper at the open door;—all things which bespoke the absence of the family, to any observer not too much preoccupied to notice such signs of the times. The Marquis, however, was not of these, and he dashed to the curbstone like one certain of instant admission. He was, therefore, himself not a little pulled up by the "not in town" which arrested him in his descent.

"Not in town, Harris?" was his lordship's interjectional reply; "when did they go?"

"This morning, my lord;—rather unexpectedly I think, for there was no word of leaving home yesterday, and my lord sent for posthorses only this morning at breakfast."

"Any message left for inquirers?" asked the Marquis.

"None, my lord."

"When do they return?"

"Can't say, my lord."

"No letter or message for me?" was on the tip of the Marquis's lip; but he was too habitually on his guard against "a show up" before domestics, to give the thought further vent; so leaving it to time to clear up the mystification, he returned towards home at a slow and deliberate pace; not acknowledging the salutes he received by the way for that most sufficient of all possible reasons, because he did not observe them.

"Yes, yes," he at length soliloquised, "it's all plain enough. This business with the attorney has got wind sooner than I expected, and they've taken Leonora out of the way; though, on second thoughts, perhaps, it's more probably a mere huff at my stupid neglect of the proprieties, of which my lady has doubtless made a formal complaint to the Duke, bringing down on me this morning's letter of remonstrance."

The doubt thus raised, again made the Marquis attentive to externals; and he sought in the countenance of his acquaintance as they passed, for indications of their possible knowledge of the pending divorce. He might as well have left it alone, for his lordship's friends were of too high-bred a class to betray any such knowledge to him, had they possessed it. The matter, indeed, was too commonplace for comment, even if their intimacy was sufficient to warrant the touching on so delicate a subject. The Marquis, therefore, arrived at home with his anxiety unsatisfied and unabated.

On entering the hall, he was met by his own valet, who, in presenting to him two letters, took occasion to request him to step for a moment into an adjoining apartment, before he proceeded further. Mechanically obeying an invitation, which under ordinary circumstances would have provoked a sharp interrogatory as to its cause, the Marquis broke open the seal of the first letter that presented itself, as he followed his valet. The epistle was from an entire stranger, a Captain Wildfire,

and dated from the United Service. It was the usual communication, enclosing a formal introduction from the asserter of the dog's wounded tail, of his friend the captain, and requesting on the part of that gentleman an early reference to his lordship's *friend*, for the friendly purpose of making arrangements for the approaching duel. It concluded by observing that as his principal must leave England to-morrow to join his regiment, he, the captain, would have the honour of remaining at home till nine o'clock to receive his lordship's communication.

The next letter was from the Duke, announcing his intention of returning to town that day to dinner, and desiring that he might be honoured with five minutes' conversation with his son, as early in the course of the evening as convenient. It enclosed another letter, addressed by Lord B—— to the Duke, requiring an immediate explanation of the Marquis's prolonged absence from B—— House, and stating the writer's intention of removing his family to the continent, unless matters were satisfactorily explained, and the proposed marriage brought to a speedy conclusion.

During the perusal of these letters, the valet had remained at a respectful distance, waiting the moment when his master should be at leisure to afford him the *mollia tempora fundi*. That he had something important to communicate, his master, he thought, must infer from the very unusual fact of his presuming to detain him in his progress to his own apartments. But the Marquis was so wholly absorbed, that he neither was aware of the continued presence of the valet, nor gave a thought to the exact room he himself might happen to occupy at the moment. Annoying and vexatious as were the circumstances in which he was involved, he was less dispirited by their accumulation, than embarrassed by their jarring claims on his immediate attention. The encounter would admit of no delay. He had his "friend" to select and to seek, and in an hour's time the object of his preference, whoever that might be, would have left home for dinner, and be irrecoverably lost till long after Wildfire's peremptory nine o'clock. On the other hand, his habits of deference towards the Duke, his father, and his knowledge of that nobleman's austere and dignified *hauteur*, forbade the thought of so grave an offence as the slighting his appointment. He was yet also without ready money to meet engagements of honour, which must be settled at Crockford's on that evening, and he had his own attorney to consult about Holdfast's affair for the morning.

Mechanically turning towards the window, as he debated the immediate course he must pursue, he was running over in his mind the readiest person to select for despatching with the requisite haste the business of the duel, when he observed from the window the Duke riding slowly up to the house. His Grace was in the act of descending from his horse, and of giving it to the groom, apparently with some directions which detained him for an instant at the curbstone; in the brief interval which thus elapsed, a hackney-coach drew short up, nearly upsetting the horses and the attendant groom on the person of the astonished nobleman. Before jarvey could descend to officiate at the portal, the door was pushed open from within, and forth bounded, with unwonted agility and eagerness, no less a personage than the injured husband of the frail and tender Caroline. If his descent was uncere-

monious, still less so was the unapologizing haste with which he seized the stiff old Duke by the button, and claimed his instant attention to griefs, which it required no great stretch of fancy on the part of the Marquis to anticipate.

To the peer his father, the communication was evidently less intelligible; *obstupuit, steteruntque comæ*, would be too cold an expression for the unmingled and unutterable surprise which overspread his whole countenance and bearing;—a surprise so intense as to be absolutely *naïve*.

The Duke was (for one of his cast and condition) a man of an enlarged comprehension; and without being exactly a Laplace, he could take in hypotheses of much complexity and range. As a member of the cabinet, he was accustomed to calculate with effect the many contingencies that might turn up in the combinations of European diplomacy. As a debater, he successfully anticipated every imaginable phasis that might be given to the evening's discussion, and was ever ready with his reply. But that any man should dare to accost him uninvited, to take forcible possession of his arm, and enter into a protracted and a passionate conversation with him in the street, had never for an instant entered into his chapter of possibilities: still more, that such a man should arise in the person of an attorney—the occupant of a hackney-coach—was a perfect mystification, only to be compared to the feats of the Extatica herself.

This first expression of astonishment was, however, as transient as it was unmistakable. The cold, calm, distant loftiness in which it promptly subsided, was as promptly succeeded by every token of anger and even of rage. The eyes flashed fire, and the flushed countenance shone as if burnished in the golden sunlight; till suddenly turning to a deadly pallor, as the attorney's narrative proceeded, the old man staggered towards the hall, audibly exclaiming, "Here!—in my house!!—under my roof!!!—impossible! You shall, however, be satisfied, sir; come in and follow me."

The Duke and his invited passed together through the hall, and mounted the great staircase; when the Marquis, no longer spell-bound to the window, turned away, and encountered the staring features of his valet, who scarcely less astonished than his master, had infinitely less command of countenance to conceal his emotions.

"O my lord, my lord!" he exclaimed in undissembled consternation.

"What is the meaning of all this?" returned his master, "and why did you bring me here?"

"Oh dear, it's not my fault, thank God! but it's all about the lady, I'm certain sure it is."

"What lady?"

"The lady who came here half an hour ago, and insisted on seeing your lordship."

"Seeing me? Well, I was not at home, and she is gone, I suppose? Who was she, and what did she want?"

The Marquis, like *Hubert* in the play, was not "wont to be so dull," but at that moment he wanted the will, still more than the power, of rapid and certain inference.

"I don't know who she is, my lord," replied the man. "All I know

is, that she told the porter she was here by your lordship's desire—at your appointment, and that she *must* await your return."

"Great God, 'tis as I feared; 'tis Caroline, who has fled from her home and come here; perhaps, too, on her husband's villanous suggestion. You didn't let her stay, I hope?"

"I was not in the way, my lord, and Edward showed her up to your lordship's dressing-room, where she now is. It was about that I wished to speak to you, before you went upstairs.

Among the many novelties which grace the literature of the present day, is an original observation about the one drop which overflows the cup; a drop which usually falls into it about the "eleventh hour" of its filling. Now the lady's love-passage from Bloomsbury to — House was that "celebrated" drop; and the Marquis's cup of bitterness overflowed with such a splash, that it completely overpowered him. Uttering a very theatrical "d—nation" (Heaven forgive him), he snatched up his hat, and bolting into the street, very fairly took to his heels, as fast as those heels could carry him.

CHAP. VII.

Good life be now my task, my doubts are done.

Dryden.

It was not dignified—it was not aristocratic—it was scarcely gentlemanly thus to "break out into a gallop," but after all, lords *are* human, and humanity *will* err. Had the Marquis's flight from — House been witnessed by any one above the condition of the muffin-man and potboy, who happened to be passing at the time, besides the volumes of scandalous comment it would have excited in every club from Crockford's and White's to the Garrick, it would have been a decided loss of caste. Fortunately, nobody that was anybody did witness it; and *de non apparentibus*—you know the rest.

On turning the corner of the square, the noble lord slackened his somewhat too plebeian hurry, and (in the language of the mathematicians) suffered his pace to become slower in the duplicate ratio of his increasing distance from the point of departure. But it was not till after a long and devious course through street and square, that he succeeded in resuming his self-possession and his breath; and the town was beginning to leave the parks, and the streets to thin, when his ears were saluted by the stunning tantararara of the newsman's horn (for the act against petty nuisances had not yet passed; and boys still trundled their hoops unmolested, dogs drew their own provender unrebuked, while the church-bell had not then the monopoly of tin-*innu*abulary announcement). These ear-splitting blasts were intermingled with confused vociferations of something that went to the tune of "Great, important, and bloody news," alternating from both sides of the gutter, in a duet between two copartner performers.

Whether the news thus promulgated were the downfall of the Chinese empire, or the accomplishment of Mr. O'Connell's long-threatened repeal of the union, the excited young man would not have paused to collect, nor indeed did he waste one single thought on the matter; but

on approaching the scene of action, he could not shut his eyes to a large sheet of paper, which was borne "all round my hat" by the principal news-vender. Upon it was written in very legible characters, "Crim. Con.—Noble Marquis and Member of the Devil's Own, not far from Lincoln's-inn :"—the work either of the scheming attorney himself, or a practical joke of some political opponent.

On receiving into his innermost senses the import of the inscription thus addressed to his eyes, the startled Marquis was again driven from the "even tenour of his way." In the course of his flight from the chapter of accidents which had awaited him in his father's mansion, he had mentally reviewed their import, and satisfied himself as to the immediate exigencies to which they would give rise. He was therefore already on his way to seek, in some one of the many clubs of which he was a member, for the friend in need who was to pilot him through his affair of honour. Let not our fairer readers be shocked if we add,—and at the same time to get his dinner. The Marquis was, on the whole, a man of sentiment; and what is more, as much open to annoyance as any other spoiled child of fortune: but let what will happen, a man must dine; and when that man has been brought up in the *beau monde* school of high aristocratic indifference, he would rather choke than blow up the suspicion of a weakness.

The "untoward" revelation of the evening papers, however, shook even his constancy; and he had not nerve to face the scrutinizing gaze of the dinner-room. The thought of what he must there encounter, gave a new current to his movements; and he turned abruptly to seek a neighbouring shooting-gallery, and to blow out his brains,—the usual resort of high-spirited young gentlemen, in moments of difficulty, and tried far less disagreeable than those by which the Marquis was now oppressed,—though, fortunately, the idea is not quite so often followed up to its consummation. In the present case, to be sure, the deed might be considered less excusable, inasmuch as the party was not warranted in taking so great a liberty with a person which he could scarcely call his own; but then the Marquis had latterly thought much less frequently of his dubious identity: besides, men are not apt at such a time to be nice on minor points of morality. Excusable, however, or not, bang would have gone the pistol, had it not occurred that Captain Wildfire was making preparations for saving the trouble of suicide; and men of fashion, as we have already hinted, hate trouble of all sorts. Sobered somewhat by this recollection, the Marquis left the shooting-gallery to its uninterrupted solitude, and sought a coffee-house for the purpose of penning a note to his intended second, begging him to hasten to Wildfire's appointment, and to proceed at ten o'clock to a certain obscure hotel he named, in order to report progress. This note despatched by a ticket porter, he again quitted the house. He had made up his mind not to return to his father's till the duel had "come off;" and to pass the interim at the hotel in question, as a place least likely to give occasion to any unwelcome intrusion.

This being decided, his next step was to seek the residence of the usurer, whom we have already mentioned,—a fellow known to the whole world of fashion by the sobriquet of the Jew Tinman, bestowed upon him on account of his readiness in advancing the current coin, at the shortest moment, to all on whom he could in any remote degree rely

for ultimate payment. To be caught in the fact, at this man's door, however useful, was not exactly agreeable; and it was with feelings of double annoyance that the Marquis, on reaching it, heard a well-known voice hailing him from the window of a yellow chariot, and calling loudly on the coachman to stop.

"Draw up, coachman, quick—stop, Alfred, stop," cried a very elderly but very lively old lady; "open the door, John, and do you come here, Alfred, like a dear. Nay, you needn't bolt. I want you most particularly, and the Tinman will keep till to-morrow, I suppose. There, that will do—shut the door and drive on."

"But, my dear madam," replied the Marquis, on entering the carriage (very much bored, though not a little relieved by the interruption that withdrew him for an instant from the host of annoyances which were gathering thick around him), "I am just now most particularly engaged, and have an appointment which—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the petulant lady, "you fine men always have; but I'm not going to take possession of you for the day. I'm in for a lark, and want your arm. Five minutes, and you are free—and here we are, by the by. Now give me safe conduct into this temple of mystery, and then, if you are bored, off and away."

The carriage drew up at a house of very ordinary appearance, in a street of no great pretension. "Alfred" gave his arm to his vivacious *protégée*; and they ascended together one of these dirty, ragged-carpeted stairs, which usually distinguish the third-rate lodging houses of imperial London. The next moment he found himself in a crowded room, and was hustled into the centre of a miscellaneous group by his active and enterprising companion.

The apartment was of the smallest dimensions; but though the day had been unusually hot, no open window mitigated the oppressive closeness. Notwithstanding the large assemblage, a dead silence prevailed, and every face was fixed on a foreign-looking personage, with a countenance calm, though sly,—a demeanour imposing and grave—and an eye dark, brilliant, and fascinating, almost as the serpent's. His discourse, or whatever else he had been about, had been suspended by the entrance of the new arrivals; but the impression that he had made on his auditors remained unaltered and unabated. In the crowd there was a large preponderance of females, with faces strongly marked by curiosity, mixed with much hysterical alarm. Of the men, some looked mystified, and some only stupid: while here and there might be seen a countenance expressive of much disgust and indignation. In the middle stood a pale-faced, sickly girl of some fourteen perhaps, with an earnest physiognomy, not however wholly free from traces of childish *espérances*. Her eye followed the lecturer's every movement, as if awaiting some signal.

The Marquis, forgetting his impatience in the strangeness of the scene, did not avail himself at once of his permission to retire. But before he could well take account of what was passing around, an headach, which had gradually stolen over him, though as yet scarcely noticed amidst the rapidity of his movements and thoughts, became, on his sudden change from the open air, so intensely painful, as to impede all consecutive thought. He had fasted since morning, and was weak and exhausted. Sick, therefore, and faint, the room seeming to turn

before his eyes, he made an effort to escape ; but before he could effect his purpose, he sank, with a deep sigh, senseless and motionless to the floor.

How long the Marquis remained deprived of consciousness, he knew not ; but when his perceptions returned, he was seated in a chair that was placed in the middle of the room. There for a long time he remained silent, inert, and incapable of duly co-ordinating the testimony of his scarce awakened senses. He saw before him as he lay,—he scarcely knew whether in reality or in a dream,—the same promiscuous crowd which was assembled when he fainted ; but in some strange way, the forms gradually took a more definite and world-like shape, till they acquired an intense reality that was absolutely painful.

Among the multitude thus brought into distinct evidence, he gradually recognised all the personages who had been mixed up with his recent adventures. There was the counterpart of Holdfast, conversing with a great city physician. There was Lord B. holding in his hand a stop-watch ; while the professor to whom he was talking, showed the precise features of the owner of the dog, the Marquis's opponent in the approaching duel. Immediately opposite was the Duke of ——— in close confab with Lady Leonora ; and next to her sat, what seemed to be hims If!—at least there sat a Marquis of ———, a precise duplicate of the Norman oval face, which the bewildered young man had so recently viewed on his own shoulders, with a doubt and surprise only to be exceeded by his present astonishment and consternation.

He gazed around for a moment, and again half-closed his eyes ; his head reeled, and his thoughts relapsed into a dreamy vagueness. Another short interval elapsed, and once more raising his languid lids, he perceived seated close by his side the young girl who had seized on his attention on his first arrival. Before her stood the professor, fixing her with his evil eye, and passing his hands slowly before her face. At this moment the universal attention was centred on the group. As the operator proceeded in his strange movements, the subject of experiment sank in sleep. The man then desisted from his manœuvres, and taking Lord B.'s watch, applied it to her stomach. Instantly the girl declared aloud the hour, which was marked on the dial, and a low murmur and clapping of hands from the female part of the bystanders, testified their approbation.

To the back of the slumbering patient, and between her shoulders, was then applied cataplasm-wise, a page of printed matter ; when she began to repeat with hysterical volubility a passage, which she was sed to read from it by a *vis à tergo*, that put the natural theology of the eve completely out of countenance. This second miracle was received with applause louder and more unrestrained than the first :

Qualunque assurdità, purché sia nuova,
Al popol piace, il popol l'approva ;

and in this respect the great are more truly people than the people themselves.

The scene which thus passed before the young man's eyes, seemed to touch some latent chord of association ; for he started suddenly on his legs, and stared around with an anxious and inquiring glance. The conviction of his own true identity now seized on him. He was no

longer the Marquis, no longer sinking under the accumulated effects of his own vices and follies, but plain Charles Welford of the Middle Temple—"lord of this presence, and no land beside"—free from all illusions, and restored to perfect self-possession, and to all the rights and immunities attached to his own individuality.

After all the discontents and envies incident to humanity, there are few who would really like to exchange their personality for that of the best conditioned other person in the world; and it was with an emotion of gratitude and delight, that Welford found himself safe at home again in his own skin. But with this consciousness there was mixed a confused suspicion, that he also had been the subject of the *Hocus Pocus* he witnessed,—that he had made himself the *pendant* of the too celebrated Miss Okey, who had been reading, as the Hebrews wrote, backwards. By degrees he recalled his own misplaced ambition, his morbid love of fashionable notoriety, and his resolve to avail himself of the passing rage for magnetism, in order to figure before the *beau monde*, by taking the chair, which had already been occupied with immense *éclat*, by noble lords and gallant guardsmen.

The conviction was too mortifying, and while all eyes were turned on his half-roguish sister in mysticism, he seized the opportunity to spring to the door, and fled. The few who noticed his exit, made way for him, as for a mad dog. Only one seemed interested about him, and that was Fred Leslie, a fellow-student in the Temple. Following him downstairs in considerable alarm, Leslie seized his arm, and hurrying him into a hackney-coach, concealed him from the gaze of the crowd collected at the door. For some time both observed an unbroken silence as the coach trundled on its way, till Leslie, at length, striving to rouse his friend from the stupor that still oppressed him, exclaimed,

"Well, old boy, you have sufficiently exposed yourself for one day; and you have paid well too for your peeping; for, by Jove, I thought it was all over with you, you lay so dead. And all this for what? for the sake of making a sensation, and scraping acquaintance with your predecessor in folly, the Hon. Captain Silliman."

"Right," replied the crestfallen Welford; "but there is this moral to be—"

"Oh! hang your moral. Profit by your experience for once in your life, and you will *then* perhaps not have made a fool of yourself altogether in vain."

Welford did profit by his experience, in so far, that he never again took a direct part on the magnetic stage: whether his experience availed him equally in curing his love of fashion and fashionable association, it were hazardous to assert. Men are not easily cured of inveterate habits; and there is nothing in our general acquaintance with our dear countrymen, to favour an affirmative inference. They are constantly receiving far more severe lessons, political and social, than Welford's; but we do not observe that their mania for lords and "the likes of lords" has on that account materially abated.

LEBANON IN THE SUMMER OF 1841.

THE pinguid tameness of the Delta of the Nile, and the rock and sand of the Libyan desert, had given me an insatiable thirst for mountain scenery. Lebanon, if not the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, is certainly the land of the mountain and the flood; so without more ado, I sent my baggage on board the Lively packet, and bade adieu to Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and Waghorn's Oriental Hotel. As I prepared to ride down to the quay, a crowd of broken-winded and broken-limbed donkeys were driven up, whose owners vied with each other for my patronage.

"Ride my donkey, sir; there's a beauty, sir; go along like one d—d fine steamer."

Well, the Alexandrian school of rhetoric is not extinct. Here is puff No. 1, Class A. I ask the gentle reader if the combined eloquence of Mr. Robins and Mr. Tattersall could go beyond this?

I got on board the Lively as she was weighing anchor, and we slowly floated out to sea. Out of sight of land, I had no resource but the society of Lieutenant Grog, an officer of the old school, who thought that a warm heart and a warm stomach were identical. He washed away the bad humours with plenty of Hodgson's pale ale, and then washed away the ale with plenty of brandy-and-water.

"Bless my soul and body," said he to me; "what a pleasant thing it would be if we could warm our coppers without having to cool them again!"

And sure enough wherever the said coppers were situated, they had, by some chemical process, communicated all their colour to his countenance.

Two days' easy sail brought us to Mount and Cape Carmel, which the lieutenant, who had obligingly undertaken to refresh my geographical reminiscences, designated with great solemnity of manner, as the "Flamborough Head of the Holy Land." A fresh breeze springing up, we scudded across the bay to St. Jean d'Acre.

"You see *them* brown walls with the thickly-strewn black spots. Every time I pass this spot, I think of old England."

"Yes," said I, musingly, as visions of naval glory floated before me.

"Not the roast beef of old England," rejoined the lieutenant, "but the plum-pudding; and that dome at the top stands for all the world like a sprinkling of sauce."

To describe the eloquence of my cicero on passing Tyre and Sidon, is a task I must defer to another opportunity; suffice it to say, that I disembarked at Beyrout.

I detest Beyrout as a residence—it is one of the most *klein städtisch* places in the Levant; give me the gay drama of European life, or plunge me for a while in a vast and sombre eastern capital. But then what a field for a painter? Why do not our artists come hither in crowds? Italian land-scape is almost overdone. I easily perceive that Lingelback, who was not much of a draughtsman, acquired his reputation from the intrinsic brilliancy of his Levantine subjects. The

Marina here is worth a Jew's-eye to an artist. A straggling apology for a quay, composed of broken shafts and capitals of the ancient Bergetus, the battered and shattered Turkish Castle which once was connected with the land by a causeway. As the sun sets, you have the golden seas of Claude, and the grand mountain sweeps that Gaspar Poussin loved to paint. Then what a variety of character and costumes. The slovenly Turkish sentinel, and the pistoled and pitti-coated Albanian, the mountain muleteer with his caravan, and the tidy English man-of-war's boat's crew. And for interiors, oh for an Ostade or a Teniers to portray the cavern-like Greek wine-shop, with its disorderly inmates *en pleine ribotte*, or a De Hooze for the retired courtyard of a Levantine family, where the sunlight plays fiercely on the mosaic pavement, and softly rebounds to the furthest recess of the alcove which forms the charm of the Syrian houses.

I started from Beyrout, and began slowly to ascend the ridges of Lebanon. I was mounted on a horse of the country, and followed by a baggage-mule, both somewhat indifferent to the stimulus of whip and spur; so finding the so-called road to be the bed of a torrent, Allah Kerim! I resigned myself to their pace. After some hours continual ascent, we reached a wretched chalet, dignified by the name of a Khan. Three men, who proved to be Georgian Turks, were sitting in front, and asked alms of me. They were Hadgis, who had come all the way from Dughistan, through Armenia to Aleppo without accident; but between this latter city and Damascus, they had not been so fortunate, and one of them taking off his turban, showed me a fresh sabre-cut across the head, which he had received in the vicinity of Horus, where they were plundered. They were on their way to Beyrout, expecting assistance from the Russian Consul, and the trifling quantity I gave them procured for me an abundance of salaams and benedictions. Horus and Hamah were always ticklish districts, even under the non-rule of Ibrahim Pasha; and it was only by means of strong detachments of African Bedouins that the road between Damascus and Aleppo was kept open.

My muleteer was a Druse; I asked him if he was an *akkal* (wise man), or a *djahil* (ignorant). He confessed being the latter, but hoped soon to pass from the state of an uninitiated to that of an initiated Druse; and feeling a desire to see more of this singular people, I accepted his proposal, that we should pass the night at his own village, which was two hours off the regular road. We turned to the right, always ascending, and on reaching the summit of a pass, we saw a stupendous avenue of precipices, forming a valley that lay at our feet; and the difficulty of subjugating such a people as this became at once evident.

When I saw the descent that was to be made before crossing the valley, I immediately jumped from my horse, and determined to be the last to scramble down. Much as I had seen and heard of sure-footed mules, no *tour de force* of the most distinguished pupil of Ducrow or Franconi, seemed more extraordinary than the manner in which my horse and mule effected their descent; they looked, paused, felt stone after stone, resolved and re-resolved at every step. My poor Rosinante was, according to the slang of the house, evidently thinking on his legs, and as for the mule, I expected every moment to see him tumble heels

over head. On reaching the bottom of the valley, I found the rocks to fill up two-thirds of the perpendicular; the grumbling of a primitive-looking mill, added to the wildness of the scene; and had I not known that security for Franks exists throughout Mount Lebanon, I should have fortified my courage by keeping my pistols on half-cock. Then came the ascent which was very steep, but tolerably smooth; intersecting terraces carefully formed for the vine and mulberry, by a species of escarpment, easily available for defence in case of attack. As the Druses drink no wine, the vines are cultivated for the sake of the raisin, which in Lebanon is very good.

On reaching the piece of table-land on which the village was situated, the *flancurs* turned out *en masse*, and followed me to the house of the muleteer, which seemed to be one of the best in the place. Like all the others, it was built of square trapstone, without mortar, plastered inside with mud. On entering, I found it to be remarkably clean, with nothing to offend any of the senses. The inner apartment was laid with mats, and carpets of coarse gray hair-cloth; but one article of furniture caught my eye which might have belonged to a house of higher pretensions. This was a baby's cradle, elaborately inlaid with mother-of-pearl.* In the middle of the apartment was the fireplace, which consisted of a block of stone about fifteen inches high, very curiously chiselled, with two niches in the side, and being cut smooth on the top, if occasion required, three or four *goblets* or *stoupans* could be placed on it while the trout is available for roasting. This is a very economical method of providing fire, as a trifling addition of fuel is necessary when the stone is once heated.

When my mule was unloaded, and my host had placed my carpet at the upper end of the apartment, I held a sort of levee of the villagers; for as soon as they heard that I was an Englishman, the room was filled with the Akkabs sitting next me, and the Diahls keeping at a respectful distance. I soon found that the idea that all Europeans know something of the healing art, was prevalent in the company. One old man had an eye very much inflamed, and it required no depth of skill to tell him that he ought to keep it as much as possible out of the sun. The turban is certainly an excellent covering for the head in hot climates, and preservative against strokes of the sun. How many European lives are sacrificed to a disregard of what the practical experience of ages points out as the territorial division of costume. Next to the covering of the head, the covering of the body, with the ample folds of an oriental sash, is conducive to health.

To every traveller in Egypt and Syria, we would say, "gird up thy loins," which being interpreted is, "preserve yourself from fever and dysentery." The turban, however, is incomplete, for it leaves the eyes too unprotected. The prevalence of ophthalmia in these countries, although attributable to exposure to night air, to the fine sand of Egypt and the chalky dust of Syria, must be very much increased by the insufficiency of the turban to protect the eyes from the rays of the sun

* There is a long covered bazaar in Damascus almost exclusively devoted to the manufacture of three articles, which every bride brings with her, these are the said cradles; high-bridge pattens similarly inlaid, and linen chests, which are very curiously carved, and resemble those made in Holland about a century ago.

The broad-brimmed, flat, black turban of the Jews seems to be the best covering of the head in use in Syria.

But to return from this digression to my levee : I found myself compelled to feel the pulses, and pass in review the tongues of about twenty people. This faice I went through with the greatest gravity imaginable, and then a general conversation ensued. I was overwhelmed with questions about England, and my host pointed to a couple of muskets hanging from the wall, evidently of the Brummagem stereotype.

"*Ma fee ferdeh-el yom*," "No poll-taxes now," and "Long life to the English," resounded through the apartment.

Desirous of seeing something of the neighbourhood before sunset, I adjourned the sitting, and proceeded through the mulberries to one of the precipices I have above described. On the lip of the yawning chasm was an immense boulder-stone, which seemed ready, with the slightest impetus, to thunder to the bottom. But what was my surprise on seeing several of the lads jump upon it, with a laugh they set it in motion, and I saw, for the first time in my life, a rocking-stone.

The sight of a Frank in this secluded spot was, I perceived, sufficient to interest the females in the neighbouring cottages, and the roofs of the nearer houses were covered with women and children. Most of the young people had an open expression of countenance; one, however, who approached and spoke a little broken Turkish, was tall, sunburnt, and had acquired a cunning expression. This young gentleman had been drawn as a conscript, and served in the army in Egypt, and subsequently at Marash, under Ibrahim Pasha. On entering the mountains, I seemed to have left behind me Levantine trickery; but this fellow, from his sinister remarks and sly winking inquisitiveness, showed that his camp-training had made him the blackguard of the village.

I then returned to the house of the muleteer, where I found a calf standing at the door, and my powers as a hakim were again in requisition. With the utmost gravity the mouth of the animal was opened, and his forefoot lifted up. What was the matter with the poor beast I could not tell. I was, however, greatly amused on finding that the elevation of the foot was to enable me *to feel his pulse*. I was, however, compelled to admit my ignorance of the art, science, and mystery of cow-doctoring.

My host gave me for dinner a pillaff, a broiled chicken, raisins, and coffee. After sunset the room was again thronged with villagers, and I renewed acquaintance with the Akkals. I was asked if there were any Akkals in England?

"Yes, many," said I. "Have you any Djahils?"

"Yes, by far too many."

Being in a humour for a joke, I said that we had three sorts: those who were wise, those who were not very wise, and those who were ignorant. On hearing this, silence was imposed on all the rest of the company.

"A Druse! a Druse!" said several; and on further inquiry, I found the report that the Druses conceive some resemblance to exist between the religion of England and their own, to be by no means fabulous. One old Akkal here whispered to me, that when the Djahils went away, we should have a great deal of conversation; and asked if

I had any books, on which I pulled out a worthless guide to the Levant, looking as gay as cloth and gilt-letters could make it. He kissed it reverently, but of course could make nothing of its contents. It was handed round and kissed by others. However, as I was apprehensive of getting into some scrape, I told them I was no Druse, but that the English were great friends of the Druses."

"Yes, yes, you are a Druse," said one man who rose up, and put his two forefingers together, which in the East is the sign of alliance and friendship; adding in an under tone, "Do you English drink of the dog?"

He was checked hastily by an old man, who said,

"Don't you hear that he is not a Druse. Why do you speak so unguardedly?"

The words made use of, as far as my ears could catch, were *yashrub el kelt*, but they might have been *yashrub el kulb*, which means "drink of the heart." I, however, can give no explanation of what was meant by this question.

The night was pretty well advanced when we separated, and I could with difficulty resist their entreaties that I should stay some days with them; several of the elders having promised to entertain me in their best manner.

On the following day I descended to the Bekaa, or Cælo Syria, which lies between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. These mountains appear to have been by some organic process washed bare and then laid deposited in the plain; nothing so bare, red, and inhospitable, as the appearance of these ranges from the Bekaa, and nothing more naturally fertile than the Bekaa when viewed from Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, stretching far and wide, a little Lombardy, of which Tyre was probably the Venice. But this great alluvial valley which formerly teemed with population, is in many places almost as deserted as the Campagna of Rome. The miserable villages still visible are few and far between, while extensive districts, which by mere scraping of the earth, and directing over it the numerous brooks that flow from the hills, might produce excellent wheat, are abandoned to the goatherd. If ever European colonists settle in Syria, I should think the Bekaa the most eligible situation, as it is much more protected from Arabs, and much nearer the sea than the Hauran, and if cultivated, much healthier than the coast districts.

Malaka stands on the brow of one of the hills of Lebanon. It was here that Ibrahim Pasha retired after being defeated in the hills by Commodore Napier, and awaited the reinforcements which Ahmed Menkli Pasha brought from the north. A few pleasant gardens have been laid out at Malaka, on the very edge of the Bekaa, just sufficient to show what a sea of vegetation it might become, were security for property to exist, and were there hands to distribute the water over the plain. The change from the oppressive monotony of the plain to the mountain air and scenery of the valley was most agreeable.

Leaving to our right Malaka, in which the plague was raging, half an hour of continual ascent brought us to Zaide, which is rather romantically situated on the edge of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which is a stream shaded by the ash and the poplar. There is some good pasture-land around the town. The soil of some of the hills to

the north is rather chalky, but this harsh feature of the landscape is subdued by the general boldness of the outline, and the far-stretching verdure of the Bekaa, of which a fine view is obtained.

On the following morning I went to visit the Archbishop of Zahle, who according to the custom of the Greek catholics of Syria ranks next to the patriarch; the latter had been for some time in France collecting money for the brethren in Syria.

The archbishop, a stout gentleman of about fifty-five years of age, received me in a very friendly manner, and asked me to spend a day with him, which I declined. Our conversation was sometimes in Arabic, sometimes in Italian, which he spoke tolerably well. He said that this country was under great obligation to the English, and expressed a hope that when the Great Powers terminated the Egyptian Question they would take into consideration the situation of the Syrian Christians.

I assured him that as far as England was concerned it was quite evident that Her Majesty's government was convinced that the rule of the Sultan would become consolidated in proportion as an approach was made to good government; and that he himself could scarcely be more desirous than the English of seeing the people contented.

"Cast your eyes downward," said the archbishop, pointing with his finger to the Bekaa, "and what do you see?"

"A vast and fertile plain, with few inhabitants, and little cultivation."

"Behold the generosity of God and the bad stewardship of man! And now," continued the prelate, pointing to the town of Zahle, and the environs I have described, "cast your eyes around you and see the roofs under which dwell five thousand people, those steep and barren hills, where the scanty soil is painfully scraped into terraces; while in the wilder recesses, there are men who live only on the herbs that grow in the crevices of the rocks. Why is it thus? Because men prefer poverty and security to sowing that others may reap."

During our conversation various priests dropped in from the different monasteries, who certainly looked very lean, and reminded me much of the lay-brother in the "Duenna." To make a Father Paul out of them would have required

Three single gentlemen rolled into one.

They all kissed the hand of the archbishop, and addressed him with the word "Saidna," or "Our Lord." The eldest sitting on his carpet, and the others, according to rank, sitting or resting on their knees near the door. After partaking of coffee and cake we took our leave.

The situation of Zahle is very healthy, but it is not so well built as some of the other towns in the mountains; in fact, it is a large village. It contains three thousand Greek catholics, the rest are principally Maronites and orthodox Greeks. Of Mussulmans, there is a solitary family.

Quitting Zahle, we wound by a precipitous road to the source of the river, and continued to toil upwards through alternate beds of wild flowers and patches of snow, until we had reached the summit of the first ridges, where we were rewarded with a delightful view of Cælo Syria,

of Baalbec, and of Anti-Lebanon, with Gebel-Sheikh. To the south was the Druse country, and above us the craggy peaks of Saunin.

Having been riding the day before under a broiling sun over the monotonous Bekaa, I felt all the exhilaration that such scenery produces. But what I had yet seen of Lebanon was far from justifying the epithet, "Switzerland of the East," which some travellers have applied to it. The forms are grand and imposing, but I miss the rich drapery of the Alps and Apennines, the velvet of the verdant slopes, and the ever-varying luxuriance of the hanging woods.

Central Lebanon is much more like Invernesshire than the canton of Berne. Yet the pure air and the refreshing streams are peculiarly grateful to those who wish to escape from the fevers of Damascus and the stifling heat of Beyrout.

We dined in a chalet immediately under Saunin, and a bowl of the curdled milk which the Turks call *yaourt*, and the Syrians *lubban*, mingled with water, formed a most refreshing accompaniment to the contents of our provision-basket. The name given by the mountaineers to a chalet of this kind is *bas ishturce* contracted *basshirra*, a buying and selling, although nothing but bread and *yaourt* can be bought; and the nature of the chalet consisted of an immense skin-bag of this said preparation of milk, and the never-failing Brummagem musket hung up on half cock.

We now approached one of the most singular fastnesses I ever beheld; the mountains formed a vast bowl, the edge of which was formed by perpendicular crags, the only passage to the plateau above being by a passage in the rocks about ten or fifteen feet wide, which looked like a doorway cut by human hands: a mountain torrent foaming for ages through the slit, had widened and deepened it to its present proportions.

I have already related the feats of the mules, but here it was with the greatest difficulty that they managed to ascend. As I threaded this singular pass, I gradually perceived that the wall of rock to my left had been regularly parapeted and loopholed to a great distance, and that the defenders of the pass, without exposing themselves to any risk, could completely annihilate any body of men that attempted to force it. On clearing the rocks we found ourselves on an extensive piece of table-land, which appeared to be very good, and the sight of a couple of ploughs and oxen at this height, which could not have been less than between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea, reminded me of the descriptions of Circassia.

We now crossed into the valley of Fakria, and I alighted on a most unexpected object. As we began to effect our descent, I perceived large constructions which from the solidity of the masonry were evidently Roman.

I asked the ignorant muleteer what this was. "Kula kula (a castle)," said he; but although no columns adorned the edifice I perceived a corner-stone which had evidently formed part of an architrave; so without more ado I scrambled up, and making my way into the interior, found it to be a vast well or crater of blocks of stone, shafts of pillars, capitals, and cornices.

Here was a discovery for a cockney rambler! a Roman temple of

the Corinthian order, eighty yards long and forty yards broad, in one of the wildest recesses of Lebanon. No statue or inscription was visible, I am therefore ignorant of the name of the deity to whom this temple was raised. The stones were evidently quarried out of the very spot on which the temple stands, and there are two buttresses of rock which are still untouched.

As I regained the road, piles of stones showed me that I was traversing the ruins of an ancient city of some extent; and a fragment of Cyclopean causeway, which for some distance was as perfect as it may have been eighteen hundred years ago, added to the interest of the scene.

Leaving Mazzera to our left, we crossed the last of the high ridges of Kesrouan, and came down upon a village close to a marble quarry. I had separated from the mules and had to pass close to a flock of sheep, when my Frank dress attracted two immense white shepherd's dogs, which I had the greatest difficulty in beating off with large stones. These dogs were very like wolves, and peculiar to this part of Lebanon.

By a considerable *detour*, I arrived at the hamlet where we were to pass the night, which was situated on an impetuous mountain-stream. A few ash and mulberry trees which caught the last glance of the sun that set behind the Littoval range, gave a friendly aspect to the place, which formed an agreeable contrast to the snow and rock we had left behind.

As I crossed the primitive bridge that spanned the foamy waters, and approached a decently-built house, with the intention of asking leave to spread out my bed, I indulged in pleasant anticipations of a sound sleep after the fatigues of the day; but out came, from behind a wall, a sunburnt peasant with hardset features, who held up a thick stick to bar my advance, and repeated quickly the words "*Asbur, asbur.*"

I instinctively drew back and put my right hand on my pistol.

"What do you want here?"

"I am an English traveller in search of a place to pass the night; and now, who are you?"

"I am a *guardiano di sanita*. This is the village of the plague, and that is the house of death and mourning! Tarry not here."

"Alas!" said I; "in that case your hospitality might cost me more than I should be willing to give. Good night."

I slowly continued my route till the hamlet was out of sight, and the river a faint line, almost indefinable in the dusk.

I bivouacked on the hill-side; but the village of the plague reappeared in my dreams; the ash and the mulberry were dismal and blue, and the wolf-like dogs kept watch on the bridge, munging their howl with the sullen and wrathful roar of the waters.

On the following day I passed the scene of Napier's victory over Ibrahim, which is usually designated the Battle of the Hills. The situation is high, but barren and uninteresting. On reaching the pass towards the west, the whole of the coast of Kesrouan was visible; the hill of Ghazir at my feet, to the left the bay of Djouni and Zouk; further south, the promontory of Beyrout, with the town and shipping, mere specks on the landscape. The mountains of Kesrouan, rise so

abruptly from the sea that the effect on the spectator when looking over such an expanse is both novel and pleasing: the sea fills up at least a third of the visual perpendicular.

The descent upon Ghazir is between verdant terraces which shut out all collateral objects; the birds sing sweetly in the here abundant foliage, and as I looked on the broad and soft blue Mediterranean thus beautifully enframed, I thought my eyes greeted the Indian Sea which Bernardine St. Pierre so admirably describes in his "Paul and Virginia."

Of the precipitous descents we had made, this was by far the longest, and I was compelled repeatedly to rest.

"Derb mala'on," said the muleteers, as they found that in attaining what appeared the bottom of the valley, another and another descent was to be made.

The neat white houses of Ghazir, which seem so high from the bay of Djouni, now appeared at our feet. As the muleteers were inquiring of a cottager the best road by which to descend, an old man came out and asked me if I could give him any information regarding the introduction of twelve per cent. customs-duties; adding, that if they were carried into effect, the mountain would be ruined.

This abrupt apostrophe showed me that much excitement existed on the subject, and my conclusions were subsequently amply confirmed. I could give him no news which could satisfy his curiosity; and he communicated to me the unpleasant intelligence, that in consequence of the existence of plague at Beyrout and in various parts of the mountain, a *cordon sanitaire* had been drawn around Ghazir, which I had intended to make my head-quarters in Kesrouan.

So, sure enough, when within a quarter of a mile of the town, we were stopped by the guardians. I was in a great rage as I hung myself on a piece of smooth rock under a tree, and awaited the result of a message to M. B., secretary of Prince A—— of Ghazir, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

M. B. requested me to come down to the prince's garden; coffee and sherbet were served, and he expressed his regret that the cordon existed, but that the prince would allow me to perform quarantine in his country-house. After expressing my thanks for this unexpected kindness, I accompanied an officer to the said house, from which there was a delightful view of the sea and the coast. The officer promised to send my baggage. However, a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, before one of the grim-visaged guardians came, and requested me to follow him, so I found myself again at the cordon, the stone sofa, and the shady tree.

Being curious to know the meaning of this, I found on inquiry that several sheikhs had gone to the prince, and insisted that I should either perform quarantine at the cordon, or leave the town. It appeared that Prince A, who is a nephew of the late Emir Beshir, and the wealthiest man of the province, being proprietor of Djouni and neighbourhood, had been for several years governor of the district, and was now at daggers-draw against the governor who superseded him; and that the latter who is a sheikh, and styles himself a marchese, had objected to my performing quarantine in the said house, in all probability because the prince had consented. However, a third proposal came that I

should perform 'seven days' quarantine at Djouni, which I accepted, as the youngest son of Mr. B. was inspector of the lazaretto.

Half an hour of descent, and then an hour's ride along the shore brought us to Djouni, where I dismissed my muleteers, and where the very obliging treatment I received, amply made up for the wretchedness of the accommodation. My bed and carpet were spread out in a large grain warehouse, but my confinement was quite the reverse of being irksome, for in the company of a guardian I was allowed to walk about the fine broad beach, with the amphitheatre of the Kesrouan for a background.

My first visit was to the British camp of Djouni, where I found the lines that had been formed remaining perfect. Ripe barley waved over all the camp, in the middle of which rose two wooden monuments to a Mr. Luscombe, midshipman, and a Mr. Boyle, purser of the *Edinburgh*. An inhabitant of Zouk Mikayl said that the proprietors in this neighbourhood complained bitterly of having received no compensation for the mulberry-trees which were cut down to facilitate the operations of the English and the Turks. I pointed out to him the deplorable financial embarrassments under which the Turkish government was labouring, and expressed a hope that they might speedily be able to take these claims into consideration.

It cannot be denied that the position of the Camp of Djouni was admirably chosen for the purpose of keeping up a connexion with the mountains from a spot which could be covered by the fire of the ships. An abrupt rock on the north renders access difficult; while any fire opened on it from Zouk, which in some measure commands it, would be promptly answered by the covering force.

The brow of the hill of Zouk Mikayl is occupied with pleasant gardens and mulberry plantations; the view of the country behind from the highest part of the town, is fine; the lower ranges of Lebanon are agreeably diversified with wood and pasture, with here and there a hamlet and a convent. I have spoken of the absence of foliage and verdure in High Lebanon. There is, however, no want of it here. From the sudden rise of the land and consequent diversity of climate, the eye embraces the vegetation of the north, and of the tropics in singular approximation. The hardy pine forest waves with the cool breeze on the brow of the hill; while down on the sea-shore the graceful date-palm reminds one of the Egyptian or the Barbary coast. Djouni itself is nothing but a depôt of grain from Egypt and Jaffa, and of salt from Cyprus. Three brigs, besides smaller craft, were unloading when I was there. Warehouses are used for the grain in winter, but in summer the pyramids of wheat and barley remain on the sea-shore.

One day I was a good deal startled on rising from a nap, by a loud cry from one of the guardians; on turning round, I perceived a serpent coiling itself among the interstices of the stone-wall of the grain warehouse. The boy with great presence of mind seized my walkingstick, which he inserted in the hole in the wall, and thus "bruised the head of the serpent," until he dropped lifeless on the floor. It measured above a yard in length; and at the thickest part of the body, between three and four inches in circumference.

The Emir and his attendants having been absent at the great meeting of the mountain chiefs at Ain Aneb, now returned and encamped

on the beach. My quarantine being out, I was invited to join the party. We squatted round a large wicker-tray, amply furnished with Arab dishes. The moon shone bright on the dark-blue sea, while the light of the lamps gleamed on the picturesque pistol-butts and dagger-hilts of an outer circle of swarthy-visaged retainers, half-fighting, half-serving men. However, their demeanour was the reverse of servile. Turkish servants occupy a very different position from that of the same class in Europe; they often put in a word, and although always respectful and mindful of the disparity of their situation, think themselves entitled to do so, even when standing at the bottom of a room with their hands crossed. These Lebanon men went a step beyond this; in fact, they seemed almost hale-fellow-well-met with the Emir and the sheikhs who attended him, and bandied jokes with them in a style which to me, an European, seemed the acme of free and easy.

Furnished with a certificate of having duly performed quarantine, I reascended to Ghazir, somewhat annoyed at the time I lost. What a curse this is! every one who has remained sometime in the Levant, finds out that the real pest of the East is not *plague* but *quarantine*. Nothing more completely shows the hollowness of the pretended reforms of Turkey. Instead of adopting *sanatory* regulations, and allowing no accumulations of filth, commerce is obstructed, without a single result being attained. There has been no plague in London since it was burnt down in 1666, and the liberation of Europe from plague is no doubt owing to the widened streets, and the extension of pavement and drainage, as well as increased comfort, and the general cleanliness which ever follows in the wake of wealth and luxury.

Quarantines between one country and another are sufficiently annoying, but cordons within one province for fiscal and political purposes are in the highest degree irritating. Even admitting the necessity for it to exist, an oriental quarantine is a perfect farce. The Turks have no fear of contagion, and quarantine is kept only in appearance. Nothing is more easy than to evade the vigilance of Turkish guardians, because quarantine requires strict attention, and the people of the East "*canna be fashed*." The Lazaretto inspectors, a class of men composed of the offscourings of the Italian and Greek ports (the Arab sub-inspectors are exceptions), having procured their places by intrigue, make it their study to retain them, by showing to the Turkish authorities, that besides paying their salaries, the Lazaretto produces a surplus revenue. This object is attained by putting the greatest number of ships in quarantine, no matter from what Levantine ports they may come, and commerce is thus taxed to an immense extent. Only lately arrivals from Cyprus were put in quarantine on a vague rumour of plague, while the disease was ravaging the coast of Syria.

And the said quarantine is called by Smyrna editors and Italian medical charlatans, one of the reforms of the empire, although it has annihilated the free trade, which was almost the sole good institution of Turkey. By a peculiar fatality, Europe has given the East the inconveniences of her civilization, and dignified them with the name of reforms. Tight breeches! a dress considered indecent in the East, and unsuited to the climate—quarantines!—and to crown the whole, a passport system! I have just been reading the ordinance of this police scheme, and cannot help admiring the *redoublement* of effrontery with which

the scribe, in his preamble, recites the advantages that this system has conferred upon Europe, and lauds the benevolent intention of the Sultan in extending it to his subjects. As if the Kurds and Bedawees, who are not afraid to attack an escort of cavalry, could be deterred from plunder by a visa or a seal, while the honest, peaceable traveller will be exposed to annoyance and delay. Is it surprising that a reaction has taken place in favour of the *ancien régime* of Islamism, and that the Turks now detest the very name of European reform?

Ghazir is perhaps the pleasantest summer residence in Lebanon. It is situated far above the sea on the brow of a hill; it is therefore cool and breezy in the hottest summer months, and is in the very middle of the Kisrouan range and the Maronite country, which was the focus of the late revolution. Besides cool pure air, it enjoys a very romantic situation, being in the middle of an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, partly covered with wood, and watered by brooks in all directions, running water being in this country considered the greatest of all luxuries. It is rather a large village than a town, every house being surrounded with mulberry-terraces, here and there enriched by the orange and the lemon, which appear to prosper in this situation. It is now the month of July, and the mornings and the evenings seem as cool as those of England. I can even take my walk at midday without inconvenience.

Soon after my arrival I went to see the Emir at his palace, which is in the highest part of the town, and towers over all the country. Sitting at his verandah, he can distinctly see all the promontory of Beyrout, with the town and shipping, and all the Bay of Djouni at his feet, and a rugged mountain-landscape in the opposite direction. The palace is not quite finished, and I found the Prince under an artificial shade of boughs, squatted on a Persian carpet. After sherbet and coffee were served, he sent for his daughter, and presented to me a little princess of nine years of age; her tarbouche was strung round with Gazzis, a silver collar encircled her neck, from which were suspended an antique cross, and a very curious-looking locket of fine gold filagree-work, enclosing the four gospels, written in a Lilliputian character. She was unencumbered with stockings, but her ankles were surrounded by rattling beads of silver.

The two sons of the Emir soon made their appearance, the eldest being uncommonly corpulent, although only fourteen years of age. They both spoke Turkish fluently in addition to their native language, but were unacquainted with any European tongue. The Emir himself is the nephew of the Emir Beshir in Malta, and in his uncle's time held the post of governor of Ghunzir; but the revolution having given great power to the sheikhs, an ancient family of the name of Habesh, which is widely ramified in the neighbourhood, has now obtained the superiority. The old Emir Beshir was much hated and feared, his eldest son, Kasim, is little spoken of. The second, Halil, is an excellent soldier; but I perceive that in the mountain his third son, Amin, is the general favourite.

The dress of the women here is singular, but the reverse of graceful, always excepting the body robe, which fits well, without the unnatural compression of the waist which is so common in Europe. The principal peculiarity is the horn which proceeds from the crown of the head to

the length of one foot and a half, while that of the princess, the wife of the emir is two feet and a half in length. This gives the women somewhat the appearance of *Cauchoise*. Those who do not wear the horn have an ornament stuck on their *tarbouche* which closely resembles the *haube* of the south of Germany. The corniferous are not always the despised of men: to say nothing of the peculiar cap of the *doges* of Venice, I have lately seen an antique coin on which was represented the head of some Syrian monarch, with a superb pair of ram's horns. Another peculiarity here is that of the plaited hair, which does not stop at the waist, in the Swiss and Levantine fashion, but extends almost to the heels, terminating in silver beads or tassels, which make a rattling noise as the female walks.

The dress of the men is the same as in the other parts of the mountain; the poorer classes seem to be fond of the *abay*. In church the backs of the men look like a Turkey carpet. The people are upon the whole well dressed, although there is none of the dandyism of Damascus, at which city almost all the striped silk stuffs are manufactured. The environs of Ghazir being almost entirely covered with mulberry terraces, the exclusive occupation of the people is the preparation of silk for the Damascus market. The mules load with silk in going, and the return load consists of the manufactured stuffs and a few other articles, such as carpets. Almost all the corn consumed is brought from Egypt and Jaffa, as the Hauran corn, although cheap and good, cannot stand the expense of land carriage. Every day's experience convinces me that the construction of a road from Damascus to the sea-coast would more than anything else cause the resources of both the interior and the coast to be rapidly developed.

There having been a feud between the Emir and the sheikhs of the town, I did not consider it prudent to call on them immediately on my arrival; but the Emir having made up his differences with the reigning Emir Beshir, a sort of reconciliation took place between him and the actual governor, the sheikh Habesh. The house of Habesh is very ancient, and numbers in Ghazir and the neighbourhood about fifty families, so that it is a sort of clan. The four brothers who are at the head of the house are men of great personal courage, but very poor; it was from their military qualities, not to mention a certain tardiness in the Emir to join the English in the first instance, which procured for this chief the appointment. One must mix with these people to have a proper idea of the terror with which the Egyptians had inspired them. They had seen Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha break successively every element of opposition in Syria, the Sultan defeated again and again, the fierce Mussulman pride and bigotry of the Akaber of Damascus, Aleppo, and other towns effectually curbed, the mountains disarmed, and the very Bedouins of the desert overawed and tributary—add to this the facility and masterly promptitude with which the late revolt had been put down, and the ignorance of what the new system of steam naval warfare could effect, and it will not be difficult to account for hesitation on the part of the Emir. One of the chief men of the town asked me the other day if, in case of a combination of the forces of France and Mehemet Ali, they could not march into Yemen, and from thence conquer India; but before I could dispel his illusion I had to explain that the Red Sea intervened between Egypt and Yemen, and

the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf between Arabia and India, to say nothing of our strength in that empire, and the inferiority of Egyptian to Indian troops.

I found the two sheikhs in one of the commonest dwellings of the town, surrounded by Maronite priests. There were no carpets, and the furniture was not better than that of a decent labourer's cottage in England, certainly a wonderful contrast to the gilded saloons of a Damascus sheikh. The first question asked me was what I supposed to be the intentions of the Five Powers with regard to Mount Lebanon. I did not well know what to answer, and said I supposed that the mountain must concede a little, and the Sultan would also be counselled to give way on some points.

I was not long in perceiving what were the wishes of the sheikhs, which appeared to be the establishment of an oligarchy composed of men of their own class, in lieu of the power possessed by the Emir Beshir. The late revolution and war having taught the chiefs of Mount Lebanon their force, all the old jealousy of the sheikhs has been called out against the house of Shehab. *Hureeg* (liberty) I perceived to be a word often in use among the people here. In answer to some questions regarding the European constitutional monarchies, I pointed out the danger of sudden transitions from absolute government to liberty, and adverted to the frequency of the failure of republican and constitutional systems, arising from their not having been historically developed, from the ignorance of the science of government, and from the jealousy and ambition of the leaders. As I am on the subject of politics I may as well state that the freedom of speech which exists in the most despotic countries of the East is made full use of in Mount Lebanon. With my notions of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, legitimacy of the Sultan, loyalty to the Sultan, &c., I was somewhat staggered to hear the style in which this monarch is talked of in the Maronite country. The Christians have an intense hatred of all Mussulmans and still more of an Osmanli Mussulman; nor have they even a particle of that deference which the Christians of European Turkey and Anatolia never fail to show to the authority of their first temporal magistrate.

I received one day a visit from the Emir, who conversed gaily for above an hour, when a man entered, and engaged with him in earnest conversation. I rose and went to the other end of the room, to chat with a young sheikh who had taken up a German "*Life of Prince Milosch*," and was examining his portrait and a map of Servia. I had at first some difficulty in making him understand where Servia was, and to show how little these people know of what is going on in the northern parts of Turkey, he expressed surprise and curiosity when I told him that Prince Milosch was a suzerain of the Sultan, like the Emir Beshir, and reigned many years over a Christian province, with nearly a million of inhabitants. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the prince dashing the chibouque from him into the middle of the room, and rising hastily. He went into the next apartment, whither he summoned a Maronite priest, and others of his suite. When he returned to take leave he saluted me coldly, and seemed absorbed in thought, while his attendants and servants followed, whispering and looking significantly at each other. I was not long in learning that the prince

had received bad news. The Druses of the house of Abou Noked had forcibly seized his principal estate which is situated in the Bekaa and yields about 1300*l.* per annum, being about the half of his income. I lately read in the *Journal de Smyrne* the following passage :

“ Les lois organiques de l'empire prennent tous les jours des développemens semblables à ceux d'Europe. La civilisation de la Turquie est certes loin d'être de niveau avec celle de nos voisins d'aujourd'hui ; il faut remonter quelques générations pour retrouver des parallèles.”

The profound and *spirituel rédacteur* evidently means that they have arrived at

The good old rule, the simple plan
That he should keep who has the power,
And he should take who can.

As I become better acquainted with the community in which I live, I am much amused with the feud between the two factions or families ; traits and circumstances frequently carry me back to the legends of the Scottish borders, which Sir Walter Scott has so magically brought home to every man's fancy.

It would appear that the house of Habesh had been for four centuries in possession of large districts in Kesrouan and ruled paramount in Ghazir, but by division of inheritance, and by the heads of the house wishing to keep up appearances, the substance had been consumed in the maintenance of a superfluity of horses and retainers. The Habesh say that it was through their family that the father of the prince (who was brother of the late Emir Beshir) was brought to Kesrouan and settled in it, and they repeat the Arab proverb,

Koolma t'ughroos fee'l jeunan yenfa'te
T'ughroos ebn adein yekla'k,

which being interpreted, is, “ What you plant in your garden will yield fruit ; but plant a (son of) man and he will supplant you.”

It would appear that in the prosperous days of the house, several members of the family had European orders of knighthood, and were presented at the court of Vienna. One day a rusty charter-box was opened in my presence, and letters patent of the Emperor Charles VI. were produced with great pomp, besides one as late as Joseph II. with the holograph signature of that monarch.

On the other hand, the Emir is justly proud of belonging to the house of Shehab, the most illustrious Arab family extant. They have been established about 700 years in Syria, and although the majority of them have embraced Christianity, they have not forgotten their near relationship to Mahomet, and are aware of the consideration which this gives them throughout Syria. The Emir so far from having run through his property has been every year buying more, while the others have been *ausgebentelt*. He is not the man to spend money in the wassailings of the lazy vermin of the hall, but as times are ticklish, as the valour of the sheikhs in the last revolution has caused public opinion to be very much divided, when he sees a stout young man, he gets him to leave the mulberry-trees, and gives him a gun and a sword, and thus he is gradually surrounding himself with trusty retainers, and may some day supersede the sheikhs in the government.

What a glorious drama Sir Walter Scott would have made out of the

scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations of this country! What a crowd of incidents! what an array of character! The bold, warlike clansman of the mountains; the chief and his dependents; the rival houses; the intriguing Maronite of the palace; and the secluded herb-eating monk of the hill-tops. The Motuaily chieftain, gallant and gaudy, bristling with arms and prouder of his Arab charger than himself—the haughty slothful Osmanli. The sleek fanatic Mussulman of Damascus, and his timid cunning Christian fellow-citizen. Then come the gentlemen of the road—the Bedawee chief, the cateisan of the East; the deserter from the Nizam turned highwayman; and lastly, the wretched Nowar, who in Syria has all the traits of his brother gipsy of the Pusta, of the Bunat, of Temeswar—half thief, half hawker. His wife leaves him: days, weeks, months elapse, at last she returns, and he asks not, “Where have you been?” but “What have you brought?”

We strongly advise Mr. Cooper to try his hand on Gebel Druse, to leave the far West, to come to the East, and cast a furtive glance on the mysterious ritual of this singular people. Never mind rigorous accuracy of drawing, that would require years of study. There lies the palette of brilliant colours awaiting the hand of a master.

Just as in feudal ages in Europe, the church now asserts her superiority in temporal as well as in spiritual matters in Lebanon. The proudest member of the most warlike hill-tribe trembles before the high blue turban and long beard of the priest. The “men of the book” are lawyers as well as theologians, and every man considers his temporal as well as his spiritual interests most likely to prosper by blind submission to the priestly will. The confessional is, moreover, used as a political engine to the fullest possible extent. Nothing escapes this searching tribunal; for it is a greater crime in the eyes of the people to omit confession of a fault than to commit the fault itself. The power, therefore, which France might have wielded from her protection of the convents and the clergy, had M. Thiers pursued an honest, consequent, and common sense policy, may be more easily imagined than described.

The majority of the clergy are, however, the reverse of Jesuitical, they are mostly simple people, very poor, very charitable, as far as their means go, and very ignorant; their knowledge extending only to an acquaintance with the Nahoo. Much time is also wasted on the Syriac language to the exclusion of more useful attainments. Even those who know the Nahoo well, are ignorant of Arab science and literature from the expense attending the purchase of manuscripts.

I visited a convent of some reputation in Kesrouan, and the first question asked me was, whether the English believed the sun to move round the earth, or the earth to move round the sun. Having answered that we considered the sun as the centre of the solar system, he rejoined that that was impossible, and cited the history of Joshua. I was then asked if the English believed hell to be in the centre of the globe? To this I answered, that the precise situation of hell or heaven in the universe were mysteries which man on this side of time was not permitted to know, as a great deal of the Scripture was evidently allegorical. He, however, shook his head, and said that the existence of hell in the centre of the globe was a dogma of the catholic church, and

that when Christ went down into hell after his crucifixion, he passed through the surface of the earth to the interior.

The few who know Italian, or are magistrates as well as priests, are of course better informed.

One day I made an excursion to Dair Mohallas, a Maronite convent, which occupies a very lofty situation on Mount Afs. A small space had been artificially levelled between the convent and the church, and a few forest-trees planted here, gave additional coolness to the situation which was open on all sides but one. On approaching, I perceived the superior and two other priests seated on a carpet laid out on the grass, occupied in reading, and a finer spot for study could scarcely be conceived; with verdure in the immediate neighbourhood, an immense sea-view below, and the fantastic forms of the mountains around, some approaching a perfect cone, others sloping, and granite ribbed like a huge animal in repose.

The superior is a magistrate, learned in the law as well as in the Nahoo, and instructs young priests who follow his footsteps. The code in Mount Lebanon, except in affairs of the church, and offences cognizable by the ecclesiastical courts, is precisely the same as in the Mussulman provinces of the empire, and the law-books studied are these most in vogue in Damascus.

The superior, after stating that a son inherited the same amount of property as two daughters, asked me regarding the laws of Europe in this respect. When I had given him the broad features of the laws of various European countries regarding the division of inheritance, he expressed great surprise at the law of entail, and thought it very unjust.

There is now no organized government in Lebanon, but while the Druse and Mutualy districts are the scenes of murder and rapine, every part of the Maronite country is perfectly safe, this is attributable to the immense moral power of the clergy.

There is a curious mixture of religion and superstition among the people. When a man passes a church, he takes off his tarbouche, which according to Oriental custom he never doffs, either without or within doors, not even in the palace of the Emir Beshir, and having kissed the side of the door, crosses himself.

I sometimes sit for half an hour before sunset in the high airy garden of a sheikh, and enjoy the breeze that plays through the lemon-grove. The company is occasionally numerous, and the jest and laugh go gaily round, but as the solemn hour of evening approaches, and the sun sinks behind the Mediterranean, the Moghreb bell of Mar Antonius faintly tolls across the valley, the laughers look grave, the talkers are silent, the children fall on their knees, the old men bare their bald heads, the stout soldier drops his sword, and all are absorbed in prayer for several minutes.

Heaven preserve these beautiful mountains from being drenched in the blood of a counter-revolution. No man can have a more sincere desire than the writer of these remarks to see France in her true position and in close alliance and amity with England; but it makes one's blood boil to see Frenchmen straining every nerve to replunge this country into a civil war for no other reason in the world than because England proved herself to be a "friend in need," and "a friend indeed."

WANTED A FATHER, A MOTHER, AND A FEW SISTERS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

ANY family in easy circumstances, and of habits by no means strict, that may be disposed to adopt a young man of a gay turn of mind, and of tastes not over-particular, would find the advertiser an acquisition. I offer myself without the smallest reservation to any sensible couple, out of the "genteel" circles, who may be desirous of possessing an affectionate son full-grown, and beg leave to rush into their arms at the shortest notice, and without further ceremony. I am perfectly ready to give my unknown sisters a fraternal embrace all round, on the spur of the moment; and am prepared to escort every one of them to the play, to see the pantomime, on the first night of my introduction to the domestic circle.

The fact is—for I'm candid to a fault, and hate all circumlocution—I have just, like Norval, left my father's house, and don't mean to return to it. I arrived at man's estate, the only one I'm entitled to, several hours ago; and intend to exhibit considerable discretion for my years, in living upon seven-and-sixpence while I can. It is all I have—and the waiter's bill is not brought in yet. The world is all before me—plenty of "ways," but no "means."

However, go back to the Grampian Hills, in ——— street, ——— street, Portman-square, I never will. Old Norval (with all reverence be it spoken) wants to be Lord Randolph, and can't. I have the profoundest love and veneration for the family, root and branch;—no son was ever more filially framed;—but the poet tells us of notes by distance made more sweet, and these are the notes that must pass current between us. All parties will be comfortable apart, but that continual struggle of theirs to hold up their heads would have throttled me. I have been unnaturally "genteel" all my days. I have been playing the part of young Master Somebody from childhood, and never dared to be myself until this very hour. I have been brought up in fetters, crippled past endurance in moral belts and social back-boards. I'm a victim to gentility.

I hardly know where to look for a lodging. All the apartments for single gentlemen that meet my eye—whatever the district may be, Pimlico or Spitalfields—are "genteelly" furnished. Catch me in such quarters!

Now I say, my fine reader, don't start off with the idea, that because I have run away from the paternal domicile, I must necessarily be a bit of a vagabond. It is possible, I hope, to be the possessor of three half-crowns only, without being a scamp; and a young fellow at my time of life may abandon the "bosom of his family," without becoming a proselyte to vagabondism; making of tradesmen's books a flight of steps to a position in society that commands a distinct view of the Insolvent Court in the foreground, with Brixton Mill in perspective. And mind—you will make a grand mistake if you assume that, because I'm a rather off-hand performer with my pen, and don't call you

"candid" or "gentle," or anything of that sort, I'm either rude in speech or vulgar in my taste. Refinement has its flash dictionary as well as coarseness; and to my thinking, the slang of gentility is quite as stupid and disagreeable as any other. With those who are of opinion that

Starch makes the man, and want of it the savage,

I stand no chance; and if they should agree that plain English is a language never to be spoken to ears polite—why, I'm 'dumb, that's all.

The leopard cannot change his spots, and if he could, he would only make himself uglier. What a finikin-minikin would my affectionate sisters have made of me by this time if I had but let them. I should have cut a figure rather more quizzical than Moses Primrose did, when *his* darling sisters fitted him out for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins—dressing him up, in short, for the Jenkinsonian sacrifice beyond all probability of escape. How I used to laugh, to be sure, even though a little scrap of a boy, when the dear prim creatures, just two or three years older than myself, turned up their pretty genteel-looking eyes at certain indications of a *genius* for the gutter, which at that period I manifested. How they used to warn me that I was never upon any pretence to put my hands in my pockets, and laboured to convince me that there were no such things as breeches. How the refined and sensitive young things would preach against *mat'les* and hardbake; insisting, with a genteel shudder, that *bounce-about* was vulgar, and eating bulls'-eyes an ungentlemanly practice.

But as I have my way to make in the world, and appearances are against me, it may be wise to set out with a distinct picture of the grievance I have had to endure in ——— street, near the square. Six words will describe it. It is imaged to the life in a trivial incident that happened but yesterday.

A nice plump specimen of a natural country cousin, the daughter of a plebeian farming relation of ours, had come up to town to find out for the first time what was meant by a Christmas in London: and in upon us she burst (her maiden morning-call in the metropolis), with cheeks horribly rosy, eyes shockingly inclined to sparkle, and a mouth so vulgar as to smile without the smallest disguise as she spoke. There sat my three sisters in buckram—more than a match for Falstaff's four men in ditto. (Haven't I caught it though, often enough, for being so fond of those coarse low plays of Shakspeare! Oh, no, not at all!)

Well; the buckram didn't frighten Lucy Farmer; she began, and she went on—so naturally, that it was quite dreadful—about where she was going, and what she was going to see, all agog to inspect every curiosity in London, Aldgate-pump, and St. Paul's among the rest.

"Of course my sisters had seen St. Paul's? Of course they had—often and often? Been up to the top! Ah! how delightful to live in London, and be able to see such wonderful sights every day in the year!"

"No," remarked the eldest of my sisters, with great dignity, "we

have never seen St. Paul's, Miss Farmer;" adding, "but of course we have seen engravings of it."

Miss F. opened her eyes, looked incredulous and amazed.

"Never seen St. Paul's! only pictures of it! and you living all your life within a short walk of it! Ah, come now, you *are* taking me for a simpleton."

My sister doubtless felt disgusted beyond expression; but the gentility of her nature prevailed. There was no touch of scorn, but merely a consciousness of superiority, in the low and quiet tone, and the easy condescending dignity with which she explained,

"No, we have never been to St. Paul's—it is *too far east*!"

Lucy Farmer's stare diminished at this; and her face assumed an expression equivalent to the meaning that used to be conveyed by the word "anan;" but I laughed—outright—in the very faces of the trio in buckram. Yet I ought not to have laughed; for they only told the truth. They had always lived within three miles of St. Paul's, and never *had* been in it;—it was too far east! Well, upon second thoughts, I think I ought to have cried; but somehow that Lu, though I hadn't seen her since I was a boy, had put me into such spirits!

It strikes me that the feeling so naively expressed by my fair sisters must be the same, ridiculous as it seems, that influences the whole family of fashionables, who rise almost at midday. They are shocked at the idea of seeing the sun in the east. They would not behold the daybreak for the world—it is so far east! Do they select vulgar people only to represent her Majesty at Constantinople? This is a point that requires consideration in the polite circles. But to resume.

That horrid haw-haw of mine will never be forgiven while the world stands—never. I could have committed no offence more heinous. I was always from a child forbidden to laugh—it was only low people, they said, who laughed in that loud manner—but somehow I had a natural turn for this vulgarity, and often have I, after a lecture, stolen away, clapped my hands to my sides, and had my fit out. They once took me to see a pantomime, and scolded me for three weeks afterwards, because by my laughter I attracted the notice of the party in the next box.

Of course we rarely went to the play—indeed never; the genteeler theatres were expensive, in the boxes; and when, in the innocence of my heart, I once proposed that we should all go into the pit, where we should get capital places by starting before the doors opened, there was such a convulsion—— I think the "medical attendant," as he was called, was sent for. Henrietta fainted, I know; and poor dear mamma wept bitterly at this fresh symptom of the innate depravity of my spirits. Such degeneracy they were wholly at a loss to account for, but each in turn undertook to lecture me on this infamous project for disgracing my family; until, my patience exhausted, I couldn't help singing out, "What a row about nothing at all!" and amidst a general scream was sent off to bed, with the awful intimation that my great-uncle, the general, should be written to on the subject, and *he* would talk to me. My father said afterwards that he should not object to my being taken to the theatre, if they would dramatise "Lord Chesterfield's Advice to his Son."

But that was nothing : never shall I forget the evil day, when on my return home from school after a few weeks' absence, I sprang upstairs and frightened my sister Susanna, by giving her an affectionate chuck under the chin, which I could very well reach, crying out at the same time, with all the lungs that love could lend me, "What, Sue, my old girl!"

The shock was tremendous. I turned pale myself this time at the consequences of my low and boisterous attempt at endearment, and for a few moments fancied that I should certainly be transported for life. A shell thrown into the quiet drawing-room could not have exploded more fatally. One fell into fits one way, and another another. All had assembled in one group, prim as pigeons, and my salutation acted like a shot. My reprimand, however, was light; for the hysterics left them little strength, and I was off to school in a fortnight, before the effects of the shock had entirely subsided.

As for dinner, instead of bringing me solace to my youthful feelings that stone soup brings to the pining prisoner, it was always a time of trouble for me, and an ordeal which I almost dreaded to go through, in consequence of the extreme precision and formality of the family arrangements. I can't say that my sisters ever administered in so many words, the injunction conveyed in the "New London Spelling-book"—"Eat with your knife and fork, and never lick your plate"—nor did they inflict upon me the companion-warning, "Never put your knife into the salt, for it may foul the rest"—because I flatter myself these were *too* superfluous; but they certainly did try to instil into my rebellious mind, from my earliest years, the spirit of certain other regulations for which successive generations are indebted to the nice discriminating views of those profound disciplinarians, the Vyses and Dilworths. I think they may be cited in these terms:

"Never seat yourself at table until *every other person* in the room is seated," and,

"After dinner, *put one hand in the bosom of your waistcoat*, and let the other *fall gracefully on your knee*." (With liberty to change hands regularly every ten minutes.)

Here we have the spirit if not the letter of the family laws.

"Charles, do not crumble your bread in that manner, but break it gently."

"Charles, I am sorry you should ask for more fish—you know how *impossible* it is to take fish twice."

"Charles, dear, you should never speak upon such subjects (I had only remarked that I was very fond of pickled pork) while the servant's in the room."

Once, when I was about fourteen, knowing no better, I sent up my plate, saying, "I should like a bit of fat;" when they all laid down their knives and forks, looked at each other, and cried, "Well!"

Mamma with a deep sigh, said, "It was very shocking to witness the strange manners of the dear boy;" and my father asked me, "If I thought I was dining with the Esquimaux."

After dinner, Henrietta, the youngest and fondest of my sisters, put her arms elegantly round my neck and wept genteelly, saying, "Dearest Charles, what must the servant have thought of you! *Fat is for our inferiors.*"

The servant, by the way, was a gray-headed old veteran of seventy-two. Other people can count their beads of gentility on the roly-poly buttons of a bit of a boy, to open the door and wait at table; but *my* family could not maintain their rank among the truly genteel without the aid of a regular old file, half deaf, and wholly useless, even when first engaged; but then he had the appearance of having been at least half a century in the service of the family—whereas he had probably been five years; being taken on when he *could* just crawl, and retiring when he could not, to make way for an equally venerable retainer cast off for inutility. Anybody can imagine how the house-affairs are carried on under this system; but they cannot so easily conceive the spite and jealousy which the gray-headed veteran excited among the neighbours in — street, near the square. They could easily pardon the little display attached to a mere brass-buttoned boy; but they could not forgive the vastly increased respectability attached to the octogenarian retainer of an ancient family; nor, it must be confessed, could they restrain their ridicule when at the end of another five years they found out the trick. Extra gentility is deucedly apt to get quizzed—but it never finds that out in time.

Now with all this pretension there is a plaguey number of disagreeables on the score of scanty allowance. The truth is, that the flocks on the Grampian-hills are not fat sheep, and the revenue in — street near the square, is not equal to the maintenance of high state and dignity. But why hand round the golden chalice when there is nothing but water in it? The maxim in our family is to serve up a half-starved, shabby mutton-chop upon silver. Though we had but gruel for supper, we had it unexceptionably served. Manner was always looked to, and not matter. There was no objection to my drinking a glass of porter upon occasion, because it is cheaper than wine; but happening one summer's day to remark, with a fine natural taste, that I should vastly enjoy a draught "out of the pewter," I was summoned up-stairs, and tenderly informed that the inherent profligacy of my mind was becoming fatal to the peace of my family, and that all the blood of all the Howards would fail to purify mine from the taint it had contracted. Affectionate, to be sure! Well, and I *should* have liked a draught out of the pewter—I don't deny it.

Mind, I mustn't have it inferred that they were not affectionate. Oh, no. My revered parents doted upon me, only my clothes sometimes smelt of tobacco-smoke when they embraced me; and I was impressively warned that if I even dared to dream of smoking a cigar in the house, I should break my poor mother's heart, and bring my father's brown wig in sorrow to the grave. My sisters, I am sure, loved me as tenderly as starch could love a brother. Poor souls! How they did cry when they felt thoroughly convinced that I should come to some disgraceful end, because, in a moment of enthusiasm, I said, "By jingo!" The loose exclamation, "Blow me tight!" has swept them from my presence like a whirlwind; and if I could but have listened when fast asleep, I should have heard them sobbing in concert, or performing a sort of triangular sigh—until two in the morning. Oh, yes, they were affectionate—but they were so infernally genteel.

Saying anything to please them, attached to me as they were, was

impossible. Returning from a stroll over Wimbledon Common, I quoted the poet's well-known line, having

Whistled as I went for want of thought.

"Hush, my darling Charles," whispered Susanna; "oh never do such a thing; whistling is so very low."

Then, I suppose, want of thought is gentility itself.

But although affectionate to me, I cannot say that they overflow with tenderness for others. Their notions of elegance always stand so confidently in the way of their ideas—emotion, strong sympathy would take the starch out of them too liberally—it would discompose them altogether, meads, braids, ringlets, feelings, and worked-collars. The story of your poor grandfather perishing in boiling lead, would only elicit from them a quiet and rather plaintive "indeed!" and if you were to tell them that your dear little infant had sprung out of its nurse's arms into the crater of Vesuvius, as she was just leaning over the edge to let it look down, they would merely remark that such things were very distressing!

Over a nice book now, when alone, they would let out their feelings sometimes a little more, and I have known them to enjoy a good cry from sheer sympathy; when the heroine's lamp went out in the middle of a subterranean passage, or her lover, the proud young baronet, caught her in the act of pickling onions—or anything of that sort. But generally they read only tales of fashionable life, with the addition of Sir Charles Grandison, which they go—through!—regularly once a-year. How they would relish the reading—if such things were to be got at out of the British Museum—of those letters which Richardson received from his genteel correspondents, abusing Tom Jones! I'm monstrously fond of Tom Jones, you must know. Haven't I caught it, neither, for reading that too;—and for saying bits from the "Beggars' Opera" about the house! Oh! that was high treason; so I used to hum some scraps over quietly when the carriages were going by, and the noise prevented me from being heard.

Now, you know, this was a kind of life which nobody could expect a lad of my spirit to bear, an hour after he had left boyhood behind him. What the deuce was it to me that I was the favourite and the darling of the whole family. More liberty and less love, say I. They were so fond of me that they must make a fool of me. They took such care of me, that they must insist on my being miserable. I was never brought up to any profession. Trade was of course so entirely out of the question, that it never obtained the honour of a thought; and Macgregor would sooner have seen his sons turned into weavers, than my father would have seen me a citizen and scale-maker. Some genteel professions wanted money which he had not, and others wanted qualities which I had not; and so, as his prevailing characteristics were, procrastination and a polite and gentlemanly reliance on the decrees of fortune, I was brought up to be nothing, on the chance of somebody, at some time or other, purchasing for me a commission in the guards. I wish I may get —; but the phrase is interdicted; low, very low.

Accordingly, I have at last bolted, as I felt I must do ever since yesterday morning when I laughed at their refined repugnance to "the

east," and also at pretty Lu Farmer's bewilderment. As the day advanced, matters became worse. They wanted to make a call, couldn't walk, and were evidently begrudging the expense of a "fly," having already exceeded the small weekly allowance.

"Why can't you get into the omnibus?" inquired I.

If you had seen the looks they darted at me! They flung the window wide open in December, as if I had proposed to them to get into an oven.

To-day (Christmas-day) the water has risen to boiling heat. There was a very small, very select party assembled. My sisters sat like the three graces—but in buckram as usual. Now let anybody who never lived in — street, near the square, imagine a *genteel* Christmas-party. Fancy, if you can, what it is to spend your Christmas *genteelly*. Never was there anything so dreary. Why, if I had barely mentioned the word "*miselto*," I suppose salvolatile would have been in requisition all round the room. I wonder they didn't revive the snapdragon with which, when I was quite young, they celebrated our Christmas; when we were called up to the flaming fun, in regular order, one after the other, and were permitted to draw forth a single raisin quietly, when we went and sat down again till the summons, "Now, Charles, dear," was issued again.

I do think the proceedings to-day were duller still. To have got any fun out of the most frolicsome of the set, would have been like trying to romp in a strait-waistcoat. After a genteel silence of twenty minutes, a middle-aged young lady, who sat next to me, looking at the portrait of an old gentleman in half-armour that hung over the chimney-piece, ventured to surmise in a low voice, that it was an ancestor of ours "of course." Now "of course" it was hung there to create that very impression; and I knew it was expected by my family that my answer would be, as usual "it is so *surmised*;" but tired of the dead calm, I thought I would give it a little shock by letting out the truth—that it was just as likely to be the portrait of an ancestor of the lady herself, having been picked up at a sale for five-and-twenty shillings not long ago; adding, "A nice bit of painting of the kind it is; if it wasn't for the armour, we might pass it off for Grandfather Judd, who was boatswain to Boscawen, or some other worthy of bygone days. I don't know which, but I know this was his backy-box." Taking at the same time from my pocket an old-fashioned affair, in which I treasure a scrap of 'cnaster for sly occasions.

The sensation this produced could hardly have been greater, if I had drawn out a live badger. Seeing Henrietta's head droop, and fearing she might be "going off," I instantly returned the precious family relic to my pocket, instead of handing it round for inspection; and starting a subject quite unexceptionable, not very ill-timed on a Christmas night, inquired of the prim lady in middle-life, if she was not *very* fond of dancing; relating to her a curious incident which occurred last winter at the Opera (this was a subject which I thought at least would suit), where one foggy night the house became filled with so dense a vapour, that the audience could hardly see the stage, and one of the dancers threw her legs about so high, that at length she got her feet stuck fast in the fog!

Like young Marlow, I was in for a list of blunders. This story was worse than all. The ladies rose *en masse*—that is to say, the whole

seven of them—in resentment of an unparalleled outrage on the refinements and gentilities of society; then as they all crowded with exclamations of distress round Henrietta, poor thing! I caught the indignant stare of my sire, looking like that animal from which, as Shakspeare informs us, no milk is to be expected. I saw that it was all over with me—that my trial of gentility was passed—that I stood condemned without benefit of Christmas; and as my father, quitting the room, motioned me to follow him, to hear a two hours' lecture on a Christmas night, I did follow him—as far as the outside of the door. Then as he went upstairs, I went down; and in two minutes I was upon the wide world, riding in an omnibus, free as air—or fog, as we should rather say in this country. And now there's my story without a word of garish.

I know they'll advertise for their darling immediately; and the notice will run—"If C——, &c. who left his home, &c. will return &c., an arrangement will be made with his disconsolate sisters, by which he will be enabled to smoke three times a week in the back area." But as they will be sure to send the advertisement only to the more fashionable prints, it is not very likely that I shall ever see it; and if I should, the proposal will be in vain. No; having just glanced at the heads of my story, I here renew the offer with which I started. Any judicious pair, well-to-do, and without male incumbrances, will find me worthy their attention, warranted town-made, and with a capital stock of filial affection on hand.

As I said before, I'm not particular. There's a touch perhaps of my grandfather; the old boatswain about me; and I shouldn't at all object to an offer from Rotherhithe, or some such district as that. I should prefer such a locality to the grand squares, and the genteel streets that run out of them. I'm not at all nice or expensive in my tastes—don't care much about wine, a glass or two of sherry would be enough. I could manage a cut of corned-beef, or some such thing, at breakfast—shouldn't mind an early dinner, if preferred by the family—a few cigars I must stipulate for, and perhaps a glass of whiskey-punch with the old boy when he didn't care for the Sherry. I think there's nothing unreasonable in all this. And it's a settled thing that I should keep nobody sitting up for me at night—I hate giving servants that trouble, it disarranges all their doings the next day—no, I should always take the key! Now, I do think that's accommodating. But I should stop at home some evenings, of course, for I like putting my feet on the fender of a winter-night, with a quiet cigar, and a sip now and then—or a rubber with the old people, if they have set their hearts on it. I'm quite agreeable. And be it understood beforehand, that I make no conditions—no absolute conditions—about a snug corner in the will. I leave that to time. They may cut me off with a mourning-ring, and I won't be offended. Let it be Liberty-hall on both sides, that's fair.

I write this from the Pewter-Platter, in Cripplegate, where, out of the way of the gentilities, I am finishing my Christmas evening, solitary, but not feeling alone, over a moderate measure of toddy. I shall have something left out of my seven-and-sixpence in the morning; when, if I could only get hold of plump little Lucy Farmer, I'd take her to see the Thames-Tunnel—although it's "so far east!"

INEDITED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the advertisement to his edition of Swift's works, printed at Edinburgh in 1824, speaking of the additions he had been enabled to acquire, states, "The editor has obtained the advantage of consulting several of the original letters of Dean Swift, and even adding to the number, two or three not hitherto published." Here, the writer has some cause to exult, that he has obtained five, hitherto inedited and unknown, and affording some new illustrations in the life of that distinguished man.

By a singular fatality, Swift, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours and interest, never could obtain either a church living or preferment, but in Ireland, to which country he seems not to have had any particular liking, or desire of residence. Swift, who in 1699 had gone to Ireland with Lord Berkeley, as his chaplain and private secretary, was supplanted in the latter capacity by a Mr. Bushe; and to appease his chaplain, his lordship presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, with the addition, in 1700, of the prebend of Dunlavin. At Laracor, Swift's life was clerical and regular; the facetious humour of his clerk, Roger Coxse, seemed to render the place agreeable to him; he formed about his vicarage a regular garden, smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks by its side. Thus wore on what may be considered the happiest time of Swift's life, passed in the society of Stella, and in the retreat of his willows at Laracor; varied by frequent excursions to England, and a ready reception into the society of the great and the learned. The celebrity of the anonymous "Tale of a Tub," notwithstanding the impenetrable silence of the real author, obtained for Swift, long before high-churchmen acknowledged its merit, the friendship of the opposite party, with whom he coincided in temporal, though not in ecclesiastical politics. These were Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Pembroke, and Bishop Burnet, among the statesmen; and among the wits and the learned, Addison, Steele, Pastoral Philips, Anthony Henley, and Tickell.

From such a connexion, it cannot be matter of surprise that Swift, who in 1707 had been an active member of the Irish convocation, while deputed to England in 1708, to solicit the remission of the first-fruits in Ireland to the Irish clergy, in the same manner as had been granted in England to the English clergy, should be endeavouring to obtain ecclesiastical preferment in England, or what was to him of equal importance, the appointment to the proposed bishopric of Virginia. Swift, in his letter to Governor Hunter, dated London, March 22, 1709, broadly hints—"I shall go for Ireland some time in summer,

being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here, so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia." The scheme appears to have been that Swift should have had the power to ordain priests and deacons for all the British colonies in America, and to parcel out that continent into deaneries, parishes, and chapelries, and to recommend, and to present thereto. Swift seems to have entertained serious hopes of acquiring this dignity, but was doomed to disappointment; the bishopric was not established. Baffled in these hopes, Swift was still entitled to look for preferment, through the interest of those in power who had professed themselves to be his friends, and who about this time had themselves been respectively promoted. Lord Pembroke was named High Admiral; Lord Somers, President of the Council; and Lord Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with whom Addison went over as secretary; and it is evident, from the pains Swift took at this period to assure Archbishop King that no preferment which he might receive from the government should lead him to flinch in his attachment to the interests of the established church; that with their advancement, his hopes progressed, and those hopes were based on Lord Halifax's interest with Lord Somers, to procure for him the prebend of Westminster, then expected to be soon vacant by the supposed approaching dissolution of Dr. South. The affair of the granting of the first-fruits to the clergy of Ireland, was, by the underhand manœuvres of Lord Wharton, precluded taking effect; and, irritated by the duplicity of his supposed friends, and the hapless result of his mission, he quitted London for Ireland, but was delayed by sickness on the way, and on his partial recovery, addressed to Lord Halifax the following hitherto unpublished letter:

Leicester, June 13, 1709.

My Lord,

Before I leave this place, where ill health has detained me longer than I intended, I thought it my duty to return your Lordship my acknowledgments for all your favours to me while I was in town; and at the same time, to beg some share in your lordship's memory, and the continuance of your protection. You were pleased to promise me your good offices upon occasion; which I humbly challenge in two particulars: one is, that you will sometimes put my Lord President [Somers] in mind of me; the other is, that your lordship will duly, once every year, wish me removed to England. In the mean time, I must take leave to reproach your lordship for a most inhumane piece of cruelty; for I can call your extreme good usage of me no better, since it has taught me to hate the place where I am banished,* and raised my thoughts to an

* Swift always considered his residence, amid his willows at Laracor, as an almost insupportable transportation; his body, with the habits of a country clergyman, might be there, but his soul had ever a longing lingering look towards England. He is said, on taking possession of his living at the vicarage

imagination that I might live to be in some way useful or entertaining, if I were permitted to live in town, or (which is the highest punishment on papists) anywhere within ten miles round it. You remember very well, my Lord, how another person of quality in Horace's time, used to serve a sort of fellows, who had disoblged him—how he sent them fine clothes and money, which raised their thoughts and their hopes, till those were worn out and spent, and then, they were ten times more miserable than before. "*Ilac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno.*" I could cite several other passages from the same author, to my purpose, and whatever is applied to *Mecenas* I will thank your Lordship for accepting; because it is what you have been condemned to these twenty years, by every one of us *qui se mêlent d'avoir de l'esprit*. I have been studying how to be revenged of your Lordship, and have found out the way. They have in Ireland the same idea with us of your lordship's generosity, magnificence, wit, judgment, and knowledge in the enjoyment of life: but I shall quickly undeceive them, by letting them plainly know that you have neither interest nor fortune which you can call your own; both having been long made over to the corporation of deserving men in want, who have appointed you their advocate and steward, which the world is pleased to call patron and protector. I shall inform them, that myself and about a dozen others kept the best table in England, to which, because we admitted your lordship in common with us, made you our manager, and sometimes allowed you to bring a friend; therefore, ignorant people would needs take you to be the owner: and lastly, that you are the most injudicious person alive; because, though you had fifty

of Laracor in 1700, to have walked thither from Dublin *incognito*, and tradition has recorded various odd anecdotes of his journey: among others, the following:

There were three inns in Navan, each of which still claim the honour of having on his route entertained him, who became afterwards so distinguished a personage in Ireland. It is probable, that he dined at one of them; for it is certain that he slept at Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn of that town, still extant on the English model, and as regards capaciousness and convenience, it would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited on him himself at table. Belcher's attention seems so far to have won upon Swift, that it induced him to enter on some conversation.—"You're an Englishman, sir?" said Swift. "Yes, sir,"—"What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, sir."—"An Englishman; and Jonathan too, in the town of Kells! who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family,"—"Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, sir; and I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould."—"Have you long been out of your native country?" "Thirty years, sir."—"Do you ever expect to visit it again?"—"Never."—"Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, sir; my family is my country."—"Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: you are then reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing."—Swift paused in deep thought for a minute, and then, with much energy, repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute.—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—"The English settlers are more Irish than the Irish themselves!"

times more wit than all of us together, you never discover the least value for it, but are perpetually countenancing and encouraging that of others. I could add a great deal more, but shall reserve the rest of my threatenings till further provocation. In the mean time, I demand of your lordship, the justice of believing me to be with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient, and most obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Pray, my lord, desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf, for he has a prebend of Westminster, which will make me your neighbour, and a sinecure in the country; both in the Queen's gift, which my friends have often told me would fit me extremely; and forgive me one word, which I know not what extorts from me; that if my Lord President would in such a juncture think me worth laying any weight of his credit, you cannot but think me persuaded that it would be a very easy matter to compass; and I have some sort of pretence since the late king promised me a prebend of Westminster, when I petitioned him in pursuance of a recommendation I had from Sir William Temple.*

Superscribed—

For the Right Honorable

the Lord Halifax at his

house in the New Palace Yard, in
Westminster.

Addison, who had gone to Dublin in April, this year, to assume the office of secretary to Lord Wharton, the newly-appointed lord lieutenant, returned to England in a few months; and in October following, was the instigator of the annexed letter from Lord Halifax to Swift, as an answer to the preceding; and which, as Sir Walter Scott observes,†

* Sir Walter Scott has clearly elucidated this incident in the Dean's life.—“Four years of Swift's happy and quiet residence at Moor-park, were terminated by the death of Sir William Temple in 1699. He was not unmindful of Swift's generous and disinterested friendship, which he rewarded by a pecuniary legacy, and with what he doubtless regarded as of much greater consequence, the bequest of his literary remains. These, considering the author's high reputation and numerous friends, held forth to his literary executor an opportunity of coming before the public in a manner that should excite at once interest and respect. And when it is considered that all Swift's plans revolved upon making himself eminent as an author, the value of such an occasion to distinguish himself could scarcely be too highly estimated.

The experiment, however, appeared at first to have in a great measure disappointed these reasonable expectations. Sir William Temple's works were carefully edited, with a dedication to King William; and at the same time, a petition presented for Swift, reminding his Majesty of a promise made to Sir William to bestow on him a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. Swift has expressed his belief, the Earl of Romney, who promised to second this petition, did in reality suppress it; and the King, when he ceased to reap the benefit of Temple's political experience, was not likely to interest himself deeply in his posthumous literary labours. After long attendance at court, Swift's hopes of promotion therefore disappeared, and the principles of the revolution which Swift most certainly professed, did not prevent his regarding King William and the “glorious memory” with very little complacency.

† Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. xv., pp. 348—349.

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coming "from Lord Halifax, the celebrated and almost professed patron of learning, is a curiosity in its way, being a perfect model of a courtier's correspondence with a man of letters—condescending, obliging, and probably utterly unmeaning." The autograph is in the Upcott collection.

October 6, 1709.

Sir,

Our friend, Mr.^c Addison, telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I, are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you, and upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend.

I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

HALIFAX.

These expressions were sufficiently flattering to Swift,* who replied to them in the following hitherto unpublished letter:

Dublin, November 13, 1709.

My Lord,

I cannot but pity your lordship's misfortune in being a great man, by which disadvantage you are never qualified to receive such letters as you write; but instead of them, only tedious expressions of respect and gratitude, wherein you are generally deceived too; for I believe it is with gratitude as with love, the more a man has of it at heart, he is but the worse at expressing it. Such reflections as these were occasioned by the honour of your lordship's letter: and what is yet worse, I am afraid I have discovered through all your lordship's civilities, that I have some share in your favour—and God knows what deductions a man may draw from them, though he had no vanity to assist him. I ever thought it a mighty oversight in courts to let the *honnête homme*, the *homme d'esprit*,

* Swift, notwithstanding the apparent obsequiousness of his solicitation of remembrance by Lord Halifax, appears to have felt acutely the mortification of neglect. On the fly-leaf of a small printed volume, entitled "*Les Poesies Chrétiennes de Mons. Jolivet*," Swift wrote, "Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only favour I had ever received from him or his party." He also endorsed the back of Lord Halifax's autograph letter of October 6th, here printed, in these words: "I kept this letter, as a true original of courtiers and court promises," and in the printed copy of Mackay, or rather Davis's *Reflections on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne*, after the commendation of Lord Halifax, as "a great encourager of learning and learned men; the patron of the muses, and of very agreeable conversation;" Swift added, and his autograph is yet extant, "His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another!" How different is this disappointed tone to that expressed in these adulatory epistles!

and *homme de bien*, gain ground among them, because these qualities will be sure to predominate over business and greatness, as they now do with your lordship, who, against all forms, is pleased to remember a useless man at so great a distance, where it would be pardonable for his idlest friends, and of his own level to forget him. I join with your lordship in one compliment, because it is grounded on so true a knowledge of the taste of this country, where, I can assure you, and I call Mr. Addison for my witness, I pass as undistinguished in every point that is merit with your lordship, as any man in it: but then, I do them impartial justice; for except the Bishop of Clogher,* and perhaps one or two more, my opinion is extremely uniform of the whole kingdom. However, I retire into myself with great satisfaction, and remembering I have had the honour to converse with your lordship, I say as Horace did, when he mean'd your predecessor, *Cum magnis vivisse invita fatebitur usque invidiæ*.

Yet for all this, if I had a mind to be malicious, I could wake a vanity at your lordship's expense, by letting people here know that I have some share in your esteem: for I must inform you, to your great mortification, that your lordship is universally admired by this tasteless people. But not to humble you too much, I find it is for no other reason than that for which women are so fond of those they call "the wits"—merely for their reputation. They have heard wonderful things of your lordship, and they presently imagine you to possess those qualities they most esteem in themselves, as the asses did when they discoursed about Socrates: for if your lordship were here in disguise, perhaps it would be just as if you sent your pictures and statues, to a country fair, where one would give half-a-crown for a Titian to stick on a signpost: another, a shilling, for a Grecian statue to frighten away the crows,—which thought I have a mind to make into a fable, and put it on Mr. Addison for an old one, in revenge for his putting that of "Socrates and the Asses" upon me, because it 'scaped his reading.

Can your lordship pardon so tedious a letter in parliament time?—Put it under your couch, I advise you, my lord, as I remember you used to do the dull poems and pamphlets that came out, till the end of the sessions; otherwise I shall be tempted to laugh with pride, when I consider my own power, how I was able, at this distance, to put a stop to the whole course of public business,—how I deferred some new scheme for supplying the war in all these exigencies without burthening the subject,—how I suspended some law, wherein the welfare of ten millions was concerned,—and how I withheld the peace of Europe for four minutes together.

Yet all these are trifles in comparison of having such a solicitor as your lordship, of which I will make this use, that if you think this gentle winter will not carry off Dr. South,† or that his reversion is not to be compassed, your lordship would please to use your credit, that, as my Lord Sommers thought of me last year for the bishopric of Waterford,

* St. George Ashe, D.D., bishop of this see from 1697 to 1717. He was in correspondence with most of the literary men of this period.

† The celebrated divine, Dr. South, Prebendary of Westminster, though then advanced in years, and very infirm, disappointed Swift's most ardent hopes, and survived till 1716, when he died in his eighty-third year

so my Lord President may now think on me for that of Cork, if the incumbent dies of the spotted fever he is now under; and then I shall be sure of the honour to pass some winters at your lordship's levee, though not with equal satisfaction as in the former case.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

In 1710 the Whig ministry were dismissed, and Harley and Bolingbroke succeeded. Swift, towards the end of that year, came to London, and, on his arrival, his literary friends were as acceptable as ever: he resumed his intimacy with Addison and Steele, but refused to pledge Lord Halifax when he proposed as a toast "the resurrection of the Whigs," unless he would add "and their reformation." Strongly indignant with the treatment he had experienced from the Whig administration, Swift changed his politics, and on the 4th of October, was for the first time presented to Harley, and, what is worthy of remark, on the same day refused an invitation from Lord Halifax,—thus making his option between those distinguished statesmen.

Swift's association with the ministry of the four last years of Queen Anne, is already recorded matter of history: all that he could obtain from them was the Deanery of St. Patrick's; and his only solace was a belief that the ministry were unable, by reason of court prejudices, to procure him further advancement, or to locate him on English ground.

The following letters, only lately discovered, will be perused with considerable interest, as offering some proofs of Swift's return to England from Laracor, after his instalment as Dean of St. Patrick's, being earlier in 1713 than has been generally supposed. They are transcribed from the autographs, addressed to John, second Duke of Montague, here facetiously termed "Reverend Doctor," and memorable for his practical jokes of countermanding Heidegger's instructions at the ball, and the announced performance of the "Man in the Bottle," at the Haymarket Theatre. Sir Walter Scott,* referring to a memorandum of Dr. Birch, speaks of a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, which has never been published, but which was dated in July, 1713, from his living of Laracor, complaining of his being left by his friends in Ireland, and telling his lordship that he would remind him of David's prayer, which the Lord Treasurer would direct him to the psalm and verse for, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." Another letter, dated Trim, July 16th, 1713, addressed to Archbishop King,† hints any thing but so early a journey to England; yet it would seem that he was here in England immediately afterwards, keeping aloof, but watching the conduct of the ministry and their opponents. Mr. Lewis, in his letter dated from Whitehall, July 9th, had apprized the Dean, "We are all running headlong into the greatest confusion imaginable. I heartily wish you were here; for you might certainly be of great use to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by representing to them the infallible consequences of these divisions." Swift knew too well the urgency of his friend's hint: this summons furnished the fell announcement of the irreconcilable division

* *Swift's Works*, edit. 1824, vol. i., p. 196, *note*.

† *Ibid.*, vol. xvi., pp. 52, 53.

between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which Swift had all along foreseen and dreaded, and which brought him from Ireland sooner than Sir Walter Scott conjectured, in the vain hope of acting as a mediator between them.

July the 31st, your stile, 1713.

My Lord,

I have received the honour of your Grace's last orders, and have accordingly here sent you a draft of the wall to be done, which is I think very exact, and I have explained it as clearly as I can; but as it is somewhat late in the year, I am afraid (if your Grace resolves upon it), it must be put off till the spring; however it will certainly be of a great advantage, as well as beauty to the garden, that lies perfectly naked on one side.

I desire your Grace next time you write, to let me know whether you design our small beer shall be disposed of among the poor, for it begins already to be spoiled.

The price of enclosing your garden, as is proposed, will amount to forty pounds, or thereabouts, but the season is so far spent, that to have it done well and to last, it will be proper, as I am informed by workmen, to put it off till the spring.*

The weather has been so excessive bad that your surveyor has not been able to make any great progress in the draughts, he is about that of Doughton. I hear there is but one thousand pounds between you and Sir Casar,† for God's sake, doctor, don't lose so fair an opportunity.

I saw the other day, Lord Hinchinbrook,‡ who has grown a strenuous

* Swift appears to have had considerable knowledge in building matters. In a letter to Archbishop King, dated London, May 23, 1713, soon after his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he writes, "As to the spire to be erected on St. Patrick's steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of Ireland, will bear being exposed so much to the air. however, I shall inquire among some architects here."

† Sir Casar Child, Bart., Sheriff of Northamptonshire, 1 Anne. The allusion is to the purchase-money for the manors of Great and Little Newton, then negotiating between him and the Duke of Montagu.

‡ Edward Richard Montagu, Viscount Hinchinbroke, son of Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, by his wife the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of the disolute but repentant John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Lord Hinchinbroke and Sidney Wortley, Esq., were returned as members for the town of Huntingdon to the parliament summoned Nov. 12, 1713. In 1717, he was constituted Lord-lieutenant and Custos-rotulorum of Huntingdonshire, for which county he was chosen one of the representatives in the parliament summoned to convene on May 10, 1722, but died before the meeting thereof, on Oct. 3rd in that year. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Alexander Popham, of Littlecote, in the county of Wilts, Esq., by his wife, the Lady Anne, sister to John, Duke of Montagu, so that he was by marriage nearly related.

Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, father of Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke, and who survived him, was a man of weak intellect. Mackay, or rather Davis, in his remarks on the characters of the Court of Queen Ann^a after speaking of the Earl as "of very ordinary parts, married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive—a tall thin black man." Swift added in manuscript, "As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly and a fop!" Noble, in reference to Lord Hinchinbroke, observes, "His father being confined and denied access to, by his eccentric countess, was rendered so much

tory, and besides that he is sure of being chosen for the town of Huntingdon ; stands fair, as he told me, to fling out Sir Matthew Dudley ; but the last I don't believe, for his father has but little interest in the county.

What does your doctorship think of the address of both houses, against the Pretender ? That confusion may light on all such as have any such designs, is the hearty wish of, reverend doctor,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Aug. 12, your stile.

My Lord,

I received the honour of your Grace's last letter, dated the 15th of July. To the two queries you put to me, I return this answer, Mr. Morgan of King-trope is a friend, and was, as I am informed, put out of the commission of justice for being so. As for the other, I was at Hemmington according to your order, and found no mansion-house there, and was informed it had been pulled down about thirty years before.

Last week one of your houses at Barnwell was struck with thunder, and burned with lightning. There was nobody in it, but a poor lame man, who called for help, and who, besides a little bruise, received no manner of harm from the fire.

Some thieves broke into old Cole's house, and almost frightened him out of his wits ; but they were discovered and fled. I don't know who they are, but I am sure they came to a wrong man for money.

I have been threatened to be called to an account, because I did not keep the thanksgiving day for the peace in the church ; but I don't hear any more of it. I find, by Mr. Antony, that your Grace had sent a warrant to Mr. Bridges,* so you need not send one now, or if you have already done it. I will not have it served.

There is Lady St. John at Woodford, whose family always used to have the favour of venison from your Grace. I humbly conceive it would not be amiss, if your Grace gave a warrant to 'em, they are very well-intentioned, and by the accession of my Lord *Bullingbroke's* estate have

a cipher, that all the duties of his station devolved upon Lord Hinchbroke, an amiable, active, and spirited young man." His extraordinary mother, who partook of all the fire and vivacity of her father, the witty Lord of Rochester, though she detested restraint herself, yet put her lord into durance vile in his own house, and on his death, October 20, 1729, quitted England, which she said "had grown too stupid for her," and resided at Paris, in close intimacy with the Duchess of Orleans and Mazarine, Madame de Berry, the Regent's daughter ; as also the beautiful octogenarian the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos. The Countess died at Paris, July 2, 1757.

John Bridges, Esq., of Buxton Segrove, and Huxlow Hundred, then commissioner of the customs, and at whose charge the materials for the History of Northamptonshire were amassed. The Duke of Montagu was lord of the manor.

Lady St. John appears to have been the widow of Sir St. Andrew St. John, who died in 1708.

Sir Paulet, third Earl of Bolingbroke, died unmarried, October 5, 1711, and the manor of Woodford, in Huxlow Hundred, was, in 1713, in the possession of Sir Paulet's uncle, William Lord St. John, Baron Bletsoe, fourth son of Sir St. Andrew, hence "the accession of my Lord Bolingbroke's estate," alluded to by Swift.

an interest both in Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I begged a warrant also between Mr. Cole and Mr. Barton of Geddington, in one of my last letters.* I have sent to Mr. Antony the plan of Boughton, done by our country engineer, and he is now going about the rest. I have examined it, and find it very exact; if your Grace has a mind to see it where you are, you may send to Mr. Antony, who has it. I don't know whether your Grace has any thoughts of buying Newton, but my Lord Bathurst,† one of the worthy twelve lords, is about it, and very near buying it; who, by his party, by his character, and by some words that he said when he was here, will, I doubt, prove a very ill neighbour, and in that case you are hardly master of Boughton. I humbly beg then, if it be not too late, that you would do your utmost to purchase a conveniency, and to keep off an enemy from your borders; that is the humble request, of yours, &c.,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Duke of Montague.

* Swift, in a letter dated from Pope's house, at Twickenham, July 9, 1727, to Mrs. Howard, complains, "I know courts well enough, and for my own part, you may be sure, will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mr. Cole's cat, or a shoecleaner to your meanest domestic." (y. Was the cat's mistress, the wife of this Mr. Cole?

† Allen Bathurst, who at the memorable period when twelve new peers were introduced into the House of Lords, to obtain a majority in the upper house, was elevated to the peerage, December 31, 1711, by the title of Baron Bathurst, of Battle-den, in Bedfordshire. While member for Cirencester, which borough he served during two parliaments, he is said to have been of the greatest advantage to Harley and St. John, in their opposition to Marlborough, but accepted no place from the government. Upon the accession of George I., when his political friends were in disgrace, and some of them exposed to prosecution by the government, his attachment to them continued firm and unchangeable. As he was one of those who believed the proceedings against them were severe and vindictive, so he expressed with eloquence and indignation his disapprobation of those measures, and forcibly observed, "The king of a faction, was only the sovereign of half his subjects." He was most zealous in the defence of Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond; and for five-and-twenty years after, took an active and distinguished part in every important debate which came before the upper house, and was on all occasions one of the most eminent leaders of the animated, vigorous, and persevering opposition carried on against the measures of the court, and especially against Sir Robert Walpole's administration.

Lord Bathurst's attachments were not confined to persons of peculiar parties or professions, even delighted with the conversation of men of abilities, his wit, taste, and learning induced him to seek the acquaintance of men of genius. Always accessible, hospitable, and beneficent, he was intimately connected with the numerous persons of that class who conferred a lustre on the first half of the last century, even Swift, who in the letter speaks of him as "a very ill neighbour, and an enemy," was honoured by being one of his lordship's many friends, among whom may be named, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Friend, Congreve, Sir John Vanbrugh, Prior, Pope, Rowe, Addison, Arbuthnot, Gay, and others, who enjoyed his friendship, and were proud of his correspondence. In 1772, his lordship was raised to the dignity of Earl Bathurst, and died, after a few days' illness, at his seat at Cirencester, September 16th, 1775, aged 91; having long survived the host of celebrated names with whom his early accession to distinguished honour was associated.

October 1, your stile, 1713.

Reverend Doctor,

I received yours, and humbly conceive it will be better to put off the building of the garden wall till you come there yourself and see it; when I mentioned forty or fifty pounds which that work would cost, I did not understand brick and lime, which I believe you have almost enough of, but only the workmanship.

The election for Huntingdonsire, went as well as heart could wish; I went on purpose to appear for Sir Matthew,* only as a faggot, for I had no vote, but that he might seem a little orthodox, for he had but very few of the clergy. It was a pretty great struggle; even Jeff Barton,†

* Sir Matthew Dudley, who is repeatedly mentioned by Swift. In his *Journal* to Stella, under date of October 13, 1710, he writes, "I had a letter sent me to-night from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from beginning to end; it is as follows:

'Is the devil in you?

'October 13, 1710.'

"I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time." When hunting a dinner, Swift always found one at Sir Matthew's, and on December 9 of the same year, he tells Stella,—“Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the street. Was not it an odd event? But what care you? Nothing. But then I knew the butler.”

From subsequent notices, Swift appears to have endeavoured to serve Sir Matthew by his influence with those in power. He held office as a Commissioner of Customs, and a change of ministry was near at hand. On March 24, 1711, Swift writes to Stella, "This was a fast-day for the public, so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the Lord Treasurer [Godolphin] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time, and thus the old ones hold in still." On October 15, he again mentions Sir Matthew:—"I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry." And in his letter of Feb. 9, 1712, Swift thus apprizes Stella of his dismissal: "I dined to-day with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of the Commission of the Customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment."

† Mrs. Barton, the widow of Colonel Barton—so frequently mentioned in Swift's *Journal* to Stella, was positively a relation. Beautiful and witty, she was a favourite among the toasts of the Kit Cat Club; yet did some prejudice to her reputation by undertaking the superintendence of Lord Halifax's family, though compensated by a large legacy. In the *Journal*, April 3, 1711, Swift, then in London, thus writes: "I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any body here, and see her seldom. She told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men, and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk—but bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins, and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection."

Mrs. Barton was married a second time to Mr. Conduit, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, in his office in the Mint. Swift, in a letter to Lady Worsley,

who always was so staunch before, and to whom I had told your intentions, varied on this occasion, and made interest for my Lord Hinchinbrook, who lost it nevertheless by a great majority. It has also gone mightily well in Rutland, where two right lords* are chosen.

I shall dispose of the beer according to your permission, for it will be so long before you come, it will not be at all fit for you to drink.

I thank you for your advice about the scythe, which I shall not forget to follow. I have disposed of the warrant according to your permission.

My Lord Halifax has lately been here with Mrs. Montague, to Methuen; he liked your new plantation in the wilderness mightily well; I hope you will like it when you see it yourself, and that you will order the rest of the quarters to be done in that wood.

I am afraid Newton is gone, and that, perfectly by the negligence of the managers of that affair.†

I am, most reverend Doctor,

With all possible respect,

Your most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Sir Walter Scott has printed, among Dean Swift's correspondence, two letters, which serve to fix the period of an anecdote of the Dean's introduction to Sir Robert Walpole, and its result, not generally known, but which forms a memorable incident in his biography.

The first of these letters is from Pope to Mr. Fortescue, dated "Twit'nam, May 1, 1727," anxious of introducing him to the Dean.—"Dr. Swift is come into England, and is now with me, and with whom I

April 19, 1730, asks, "How is our old friend Mrs. Barton, I forget her new name. I saw her three years ago at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her." She survived her husband, and died, a widow, in 1739. Sir Walter Scott says, she was the niece of Sir Isaac Newton; she could be so only by marriage with Mr. Conduit, who was his nephew.

* Daniel Lord Finch, and Bennet Lord Sherard. Swift seems to have felt great interest in the elections of this year. In his letter to Archbishop King, dated London, October 20, written as an apology for slipping away from Ireland without paying the due respects to his Grace, he adds, "Our elections for the city still continue; I was this afternoon at Guildhall. I find three of the old members, and Withers, who is lowest, tells me he does not despair of carrying it for himself. There is abundance of artifice, to give it the softest word, used on both sides." On this occasion, Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, Sir John Cass, and Sir William Withers, the representatives of the high church party, by bribery and other means, were returned in preference to their competitors against all the efforts of the mercantile interest.

† The manor of Newton, near Geddington. In Bridge's History of Northamptonshire, vol. ii., p. 323, it is said, the manors of Great and Little Newton, anciently two adjacent villages, but now a township, in circuit about four miles, passed by purchase from the Tresham family, to Sir John Langham, Bart., alderman of London; and from him to Sir Caesar Child, Bart. Of this gentleman they were bought by Benjamin Bathurst, Esq., of Battlesden in Bedfordshire, who two years afterwards sold them to the Duke of Montagu." Swift's letter rectifies an error of the historian, by showing it was Allen Bathurst, first Earl Bathurst, who was the purchaser, and not Benjamin, his lordship's younger brother, whose seat was at Lydney, in Gloucestershire, and who succeeded his lordship in the representation of Cirencester in the last parliament of Queen Anne, and to the two called by King George the First.

am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Lord Peterborough and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir Robert Walpole." The anecdote alluded to is thus narrated in a letter of Edward Roberts, Esq., late Clerk of the Pells in the Exchequer.—"You ask about the anecdote which Sir Edward Walpole told me he was privy to, respecting his father and Swift. Lord Peterborough, the common friend of both these personages, persuaded Sir Robert to take Swift into favour, and to promote him in England; urging that Swift had seen the folly of his adherence to tory principles, was become a whig, and a friend to the reigning family, and to Sir Robert's administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass his remaining-life with English preferment on English ground. After frequent importunities, Sir Robert consented to see Swift—he came from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine at Chelsea. His manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough. After dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanour; but this was soon done away. Sir Robert said, "You see, my lord, how highly I stand in the Dean's favour, you have witnessed the heap of compliments he has uttered?"—"Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "And I am confident he means as he speaks." Sir Robert proceeded—"In my situation, assailed as I am by secret enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the king's benefit, to watch correspondence. This letter I caused to be stopped at the post-office—read it." It was a letter from Swift to Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to receive him; that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert; that he should receive plenty, and added, that he should soon have the rascal in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment: Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a complete misanthrope, and died friendless.

A result so disastrous, arising from the Dean's ill-timed and intemperate invectives, highly imprudent, to say the least of the communication to Arbuthnot, gave rise to expressions, in a letter from Swift to Dr. Sheridan, which evince his extreme bitterness of soul. It is dated from London, May 13, 1727, probably the day following his visit to Sir Robert Walpole's, at Chelsea.

"We are here in a strange situation—it is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest affairs of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas tolerably. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans."

B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

III.

A STORY OF GALVANISM.

What is't ye do ?

A deed without a name.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE doctor turned his chair to the fire, placed his negus upon the mantelpiece, and laying his one leg over the other, began remarking the very great change that a year's study at the metropolitan schools had made in my appearance, and how manly and strong-looking I had grown since I left his quiet surgery down at Linnfield.

After a little desultory discourse in this way, "Ah," said he, "how different is a student's life nowadays from when I walked old Guy's! Bless me, you have men lecturing now upon subjects that were not dreamt of at that time; and then how commonplace has become every incident in your lives! None of the wild adventures—none of that mystery that used to make men tremble, while their eyes followed the young doctor as one who walked among the dying by day and among the dead by night—one to whom the lazarhouse and the charnelhouse were equally familiar,—who consorted fearlessly with the plague-stricken, and held unhallowed communion with the tenants of the grave. And then your studies themselves,—how dry and uninteresting are your medical sciences become now! Where is the romance that used to hang about chemistry, physiology, electricity, and the rest in my young days? There was poetry in philosophy then,—but it is gone, all dissipated now,—fled with the mighty names that were mingled with it, receiving and giving splendour,—the Hunters, Franklin, Watt, Lavoisier, Jenner—well, well!"

Thus did the worthy old man run on, till I saw him warming into a story-telling humour. I put no obstacle in the way of this consummation, and in a minute or so, with a slight movement of his person, so as to compose himself into a narrative attitude, he began.

"I remember I had a fellow-student once, a most singular being; the name he went by was Elias Johns, spelling it with an H.—you may think from this that he was a Jew, and I could hardly help entertaining the same impression myself at first, but on knowing him better, I soon found out my mistake. Indeed, I never saw anything so absolutely unjewish as his appearance. He was a tall, very slender, and narrow-shouldered person, with a considerable stoop, and that too not directly forward, but somewhat away to one side. His hands were long, thin, and the whitest I ever saw on a man; his hair was of a very light flaxen, his eyes deep blue, and they had such an absent, wild, dreamy, mystic sort of an expression,—I can't find a proper word for it, but you can fancy, I suppose, what I mean. His features were sharp, thin, and as white as paper, but most decidedly intellectual. I never saw such a

bloodless countenance,—even his lips hardly presented any relief to the unvarying pale of his complexion. His forehead was very expansive, and marked with many small wrinkles, and with his large light brows was perpetually twitching and moving about, as his thoughts appeared to change. He wore black gaiters and shoes, a suit of black and a long black surtout over it, reaching down below the knees, a broad low hat, with a crape round it, and a slender ebony cane, with a small gold head. This last he used to carry under one arm, having generally a book under the other, and his hands clasped behind him, carrying either his gloves, a roll of MSS. or another volume. He used to walk about with long rapid steps, having his eyes fixed, looking out right before him, his thin lips every now and then quivering as if he were talking internally. His manner was most winning and gentlemanlike; his voice rich and musical: in fact, his presence wherever he went commanded deep and immediate respect. And yet, though all the students admired, and some envied him, till he became acquainted with me he had no companion: they all loved to talk with him about the wards or lecture-rooms,—in fact he was the leading man among them, at all their scientific societies. Yet, apart from study, no one seemed disposed to consider him a desirable friend, and in consequence he was always to be seen alone, moving about as I have described him. His designation and talents were all that were known of him,—who were his connexions, or where he stayed no one ever knew or inquired, and so little did they trouble themselves about him, that his name was always simply Jones, except when he wrote it himself.

But the place to see him was the literary and scientific societies that were then so numerous among the students; there was he to be found propounding and arguing in favour of his visionary theories, carrying away even his opponents by the fervid and passionate eloquence with which he advocated their truth;—at one time dazzling them by a brilliant flood of the wildest poetry, anon cutting them by rapid thrusts of intellectual (he never stooped to personal) satire, and immediately building up fabrics of most intricate argumentation, of which though they might perceive, they could not point out or express the fallacy.

It was at one of these meetings that I first became acquainted with him. I had just done reading a paper proposing a theory to account for the motion of the fluid in the absorbent vessels (the anatomy and physiology of this system was then all the rage) and my ears were still tingling with the applause which followed, and which I could see he had been the first to raise, when he crossed the room, and watching an opportunity while somebody was stating objections to my opinions, seated himself beside me, shook me warmly by the hand, and entered into a whispered conversation on the subject of my paper, twisting and turning my views, and proposing new ideas with a rapidity which astonished me, and yet all the while never losing one word of what the speaker was saying, for he had hardly ceased moving his lips when he sprang to his feet and entered into a complete and masterly refutation of all my opponent had uttered, taking up my views, and resting them on a new basis of his own, and defending them with an originality and force that struck every one of the hundreds in the hall, with the most absorbing interest and attention. I was listening with astonishment and delight, when on a sudden, taking advantage of an ignorance the last speaker

had betrayed of the sciences of hydrostatics and hydraulics, and errors consequent thereupon, he launched away into a current of the most cutting, yet delicate ridicule, till I could see the other's face rivalling his own in paleness.

We left the hall together, and walked to the end of the street, where he turned to take leave, observing that his way lay in a particular direction. I told him it coincided with my own; he appeared surprised, but took my arm instantly, and we moved on, and so completely charmed was I with his conversation, that I walked a good way beyond the door of my lodging before I was aware. Ever after that we were bosom friends. I was somewhat of a visionary then myself, till an early love affair and a few uphill struggles in life sobered me—ah! (here the doctor sighed). As we became more intimate, however, I began to be more fully alive to the singularities of his character.

He was, in short, a philosophical enthusiast,—science mad, if I might use the expression; and his particular hallucination was electricity, with its collaterals, galvanism, and the sciences of heat and light. This was the root of all his theories and dreams, as it was the keystone to the splendid arch of his acquirements:—to throw light upon this science, and to illustrate his views of it, he had studied almost all others. Astronomy, physics, mathematics, physiology, and, above all, chemistry. These he had studied in every sense of the word, if an ardent and enthusiastic devotion to a subject, and a day and night application can be called study. Of the Latin and Greek languages, he acquired an intimate, though not critical knowledge, by hunting through the works of the middle ages, puzzling his brains for real scientific truths, under the mystic dreams of the alchymists. As for the classics and the other sciences, besides his favourites, he used to consider them as follies, fit for women and boys, and altogether unworthy of a moment's attention, from a man who felt within him the workings of sterling talent. He had been considered a very dull boy,—he told me, in fact, he was fully ten years old before he could read a sentence of the English language; afterwards, however, he got on better; but when a medical education began to open up to him the field of philosophy, it was then that he showed what he was; from study to study, from science to science, he ran with the rapidity and power which appeared ominous. He seemed possessed of a universal genius. His eloquence I have never heard surpassed, while his power of expressing his thoughts in writing was most remarkable.

And yet the key to all this, without which it had never been, was the study of electricity. To this he sacrificed everything—in fact, I tremble while I say it now—he used to believe, to state openly, and to use all his splendid powers to convert others to the belief that the electric fluid was the God of Nature,—that the human soul, and all other intelligences were but modifications, but portions of this principle, and at death returned to it again. That it pervaded the universe, was the cause of all phenomena—the source of every change in matter—the creator of worlds, and the chain of systems.

Upon themes such as these, he would dilate, with an eloquence which divested them of all their absurdity, and lent them an interest and fascination, which made his hearers listen with delight, whilst they

trembled almost at the stupendous thoughts he was calling up in their minds.

"Give me," was a favourite sentence of his, "give me boundless space, matter in atoms, Electrical Attraction and Repulsion, and I will soon create you a universe!"

Religion he used to scout openly, with the most unblushing coolness, calling its votaries fools, and its ministers knaves—but I will go no further with this part of his character. The moral part of it was good, if I could say so of one holding and disseminating such opinions—for he worshipped his electrical deity, with such devotion, that he had no time to commit, or even to think of any other evil.

But, as in many others of this sort of visionary infidels, in him the emotions were most powerful and active. He was a most devoted friend, while his affection for his parents, and an only sister, was as remarkable almost as his love of science. When not occupied with his pursuits of the latter description, he was sure to be busy with his family correspondence, or enlarging to me upon the comforts or kindness he had experienced at home. Of his father he used to talk particularly.

He had been an eminent West-India merchant, but had been unfortunate, and was now living on the remnants of his fortune, in a small cottage to the south of London, devoting his time to the rearing of flowers, and breeding of singing-birds, two arts in which he was celebrated among the ladies of the neighbourhood, from whom he sometimes received very considerable sums in return for choice specimens of either of those favourite objects.

"He wanted to make me a botanist, but it would not do, I was incorrigible. What is botany when you know the physiology of it? Stuff! A long catalogue of names! Talk of the beauty of flowers, I never could see it—but I can see beauty in the Atomic Theory. But what of that, he loves me dearly, and I shall make him a proud and happy man some day! And then there's my mother, dear old soul; and Kate, too; would you believe it, she actually taught me my letters, though she is two years my junior. She is a dear, kind girl; look what warm gloves she sent me up!"

Thus would he run on to me whenever any accident set him off the current of his usual discourse; or he would give me little anecdotes of his father, or his sister, instancing traits of their characters, which, however uninteresting of themselves, were rendered even amusing by his graphic and original way of narrating them, and by the almost childish warmth and affection they showed in every sentence.

As we continued daily to get more intimate, our rooms became common property,—sometimes I passed the night at the one, sometimes at the other, and he was as often at my lodgings as at his own. It was then I first was made aware of the degree of intellectual labour of which a man is capable when under the influence of a powerful motive. I almost thought he could do without sleep at all. At midnight I would leave him at his study-table amid a heap of volumes, labouring away at calculations of the deepest and most intricate description, and in the morning on awaking, I would see him busily engaged with his tools, constructing electrical and galvanic apparatus. A favourite notion of

his was, that Gravitation and Electrical Attraction were one and the same force, and that if he could find means to extract the fluid from any body, it would no longer gravitate.

Now this, however preposterous it seems in the present state of knowledge, was at that time not at all such an improbable matter. To work out this, and a hundred other similar schemes, his rooms were completely crowded—nay, jammed with apparatus. There never was an experiment related in any of the journals, but he must repeat it, and apply its consequences to his own theories: and, while in one corner of his chambers you would see a sand-bath and chemical furnace, in another you would observe a brittle collection of Leyden jars, voltaic piles, glass cylinders, globes, plates, &c.; in a third, a heap of manuscripts; and in a fourth, a number of preparations of the brain and nervous system hung in spirits. He took food as he did sleep, by snatches, quick and hurried, reading as he ate when alone; when with me, indulging in those wild philosophical rhapsodies, which I have before alluded to, or attacking and running down the opinions of men who were then about equal with himself, though their names have become now common words in the language.

When I began to see the incessant labour he underwent, I ceased to be so much astonished as I had been at the extent of his acquirements. The short intervals of sleep he took were the only moments of time in which he was not employed in adding to the heap. Even when he walked about, he was continually calculating or scheming; and when his mind was exhausted by four or five hours study of one subject, it seemed to be refreshed to its original power by change to another science.

To support all this, and provide the expensive materials of which his apparatus was constructed, as well as the very costly labour of instrument-makers, of whom he had one almost constantly employed, must have required funds far greater than I could have conceived a man of broken fortune, such as he described his father, capable of supplying. As we had nothing but in common, I made bold once to express my curiosity on this point.

"Ah," said he, "I don't know how he gets it, poor man; these commercial matters are above my comprehension—I had always other things to think of. I dare say they are enough put about at home to keep up my education; but in a month or two, when I have completed and brought out my voltaic engine, they shall know what gratitude is."

We had now been on these terms of intimacy for about six months, when one afternoon, coming hurriedly into his apartments, I saw conversing with him a tall, athletic-looking man, whose back was towards me. He turned quickly round when I entered, looked at me, and then with a gesture of annoyance, walked away to the chemical furnace which was burning briskly, and began warming his hands.

Johns came up to me, coloured deeply, and told me it was his father who had come to him with some money. He was very fond of strangers, he told me, and begged I would excuse him for once, he would be over to me to supper that evening.

I immediately took my leave not a little piqued at this; but in the evening he came to my apartments, and in a few minutes, we were on the same terms as before.

About a month after this, I had occasion to go down to Linnfield, and was returning to London very late on a Sunday-night. As I was riding along, I heard a quick gallop behind me: The horseman came up, and as he was passing, his horse, a powerful gray, ran abruptly against mine, while the rider caught my bridle. My heart beat quick.

"Bless me," said he, "what ails the jade? Ah! how do you do, Mr. ———, who expected to meet with you on the road? If it had not been for your bridle-rein, I should have been down. How is Elias, pray? working as hard as ever?" and he went on talking away with the utmost kindness and affability.

I was struck at this change in his manner, and attributed it to an explanation his son had given him of my character. As it was, I felt quite relieved to find it was he; for I was really in fear, as robberies were exceedingly frequent on the roads about town at that time. I mentioned this to him.

"Yes, yes," said he; "a man that has occasion to be riding out of an evening, can never be sufficiently on his guard. They have come across me once or twice, but I always managed to come off the best, thanks to Miss Polly here, and myself. If I could rid me of lawful robbers as easily, it would be better for me—I should not be here to-night."

As we rode to town, he gave me an invitation to visit him, along with his son at his cottage, and spend a week or two, if I could spare it.

I accepted it with pleasure, and parted with him at his inn-door, fully convinced of the folly of forming an opinion of a person from a first impression.

Next day I told Mr. Johns of this, and he was much pleased. He told me his father had been with him just before, and had left for Bristol on business.

"I must see," said he, "if I cannot spare time, and we shall go down together, and see Kate. You shall like her, I promise you;—she's just nineteen, and as like me as my picture. My father is dark,—very dark, you know; but we take after our mother."

As we went on with our studies, his singular genius and application had become known to our lecturers, and he had become a frequent guest at their tables. Papers of his had appeared in several of the leading scientific journals; and, it was stated, that the highest academic honours awaited him, upon his obtaining his degree, and terminating, nominally, his education.

Dr. Q——, especially, the distinguished chemist, took particular and very flattering notice of him, and often visited him at his rooms, examining his apparatus, looking at his experiments, and listening to his schemes—nay, in a short time, I was convinced he had become a convert to his electrical hypotheses.

In the mean time the summer wore on, and the time arrived when we should visit the cottage. Johns was loath to leave his studies, to which he had been bound for many years; but I was imperative, and with a heavy heart he locked up his apartments, and taking with him materials enough for a half-year's study to an ordinary mind, left for a fortnight's absence from his regular pursuits.

The cottage was a most beautiful one—a little more than twelve miles from London. It had originally been a porter's lodge to a nobleman's seat in the neighbourhood; a new road, however, having been run across the country, new enclosures were made, and, as the little place was much too pretty to be destroyed, it underwent some alterations, and being offered for lease, found a ready tenant in Mr. Johns. The road which led to it was very lonely, and quite overgrown with grass. The cottage itself stood sheltered and hid, among a plantation of tall trees, and a large garden sloped away southward, before its woodbine-clad front.

If I had been struck with the beauty of it, I was a thousand times more so with that of one of its occupants—the fair Katherine. Her brother had hardly told me right, that she was his very picture. The same intellectual features had she, but none of the wrinkles of thought; the same deep blue eye, but no wild look of enthusiasm; the same pale, white complexion, but on her cheek the sunny tinge of health. Her figure slender—yes, and there was a stoop, too—yet, oh how feminine and graceful! and when she chose to erect that proud neck, and bent upon you the full glance of that noble eye, it was no sight to look upon and escape scatheless. And did I escape?—God knows!”

(Here he paused, and appeared much moved. I sat quietly beside him as if I perceived nothing unusual. In a minute he went on again.)—

“I am an old man, now, Mr. ———, and these things happened many, many years ago, when I was young like you, so you may fancy with your young feelings the love I felt for that girl. My friendship for her brother seemed molten into love for her; it became burning as his ardour for science—yes, more so, if that were possible.

The three weeks I was with her flew like three days—the three happy days of a lifetime. I begged hard of Elias for a week longer; but he was inexorable, so we packed up, and returned to town once more.”

(He paused again for a moment or two, looking thoughtfully at the fire—slowly he turned to me.)

“I believe, Charles, there is an instinct that tells a man when he is beloved. Let her do all she can to conceal it; nay, let her hide it from all—from the sister that sleeps in her bosom—even the mother, whose anxious eye is on her every motion, and would read her every thought; let her do this—his eye perceives it. Yes, ere her fond heart itself is conscious of the beam that warms it, he has seen, and been gladdened by its dawning.

It was a feeling of this nature that spoke within me, as I left behind the beautiful dwelling, and told me that my image formed the centre of a radiant dream of hope and joy in that pure mind—that I was the cause why the pent up breathing heaved higher the snowheap of that gentle bosom. Alas the day—the day!”

(Here he covered his face with his hand, bent his body forward, and remained motionless. A moment, and I heard a drop fall upon the knee of his trousers—I watched it, it sparkled in the light for an instant, like a small diamond, and then sunk absorbed into the cloth. I was deeply, almost painfully affected.

Under the influence of this feeling, I moved suddenly in my chair. Thereupon one of the fire-irons was shaken from its place, and fell with a loud crashing rattle upon the fender. This most prosaic occurrence brought him back from his dream; he gave a deep breath, like one relieved from a weight, took up the utensil, stirred the fire briskly, and then, passing his palm over his bald head, went on talking)—

“The short time I was at the cottage I employed to the best advantage; I became a prime favourite with Mr. Johns the elder. I admired his flowers, which were certainly very magnificent, and proved myself to have not quite such a distaste for practical botany as his son. With his birds, again, I made myself no less intimate, and actually taught his favourite starling to sing one of the little birds’ choruses in the *Ornithes* of Aristophanes, a thing which pleased him mightily. Himself I found to be a plain, but very intelligent man, though of a kind of bold, scornful manner, and with an unpleasant propensity to strengthen every opinion with a bet. From this I thought I could guess the origin of his ill success in business. Personally he was what is commonly called a fine-looking man, in fact, only two-and-twenty years older than his son. His features were not unlike those of the latter in general cast, but wanted the intellectual look, so characteristic, and were dark, heavier, and more decided; his hair was black as coal.

The mother was a slight, pale, white-haired, delicate woman, with a face most singularly expressive of anxiety. She never smiled, but sat for long periods in thoughtful silence, broken only by an occasional shudder that ran through her frame, apparently from palsy. A habit that she had, too, of clasping her hands abruptly, and turning her eyes upward, made me think her son right in ascribing her peculiarity of manner to heightened or erroneous views of religion. The only other inmates of the cottage were a strong, stupid young country-girl, who had been sent thence from the parish-workhouse as a household drudge, and a very fine, powerful mastiff, that went at large about the premises. Miss Polly, the gray mare, was at the time under the care of a neighbouring farrier.

Mr. Johns parted with me, expressing much regret we could not prolong our stay with him. With her I parted with a look. As we rode along, Elias asked me my opinion of his father from what I had seen of him. I acknowledged I had never seen fatherly love more strongly shone forth, and only wished my own were half so affectionate. I then repeated to him the expressions of pride and admiration his father had used to me in conversation with regard to him. He was much excited.

“Yes,” said he, “though we are poor in outward things, and a poor and fallen family we are, yet in the sterling wealth of warm affection, no Arab’s dream ever equalled our riches.”

We returned to our studies. My own powers of application I found wofully diminished since my visit to the cottage—I could not settle myself seriously to a night’s hard reading—every five minutes my eyes were off my books, and my mind far away—where, you may well know. Not so was it with my friend Elias. He confined himself almost entirely to his rooms. The hospitals he neglected—lectures he ceased to attend at all.

“Really, George,” said he to me, “I begin to think it must be a

much easier thing to deliver one of these lectures, than to listen to one."

The only times he stirred out, were when he went to the bookseller's—to the fields, to procure frogs for his experiments, or to the market for rabbits for similar purposes. With Dr. Q. he was now on terms of the closest confidence, a connexion of which he was very and justly proud. In the mean time his ignorance of everything in the public or political world, was extreme. Of the meaning of the two great party names, I am sure he was quite unaware; and that, too, though political changes of immense importance were daily progressing. I remember with what words of bitter contempt he used to talk of names that were striking Europe with apprehensions; what a smile he used to put on, as I would endeavour to call his attention to them.

"Hark ye, George," said he to me one day, when I was talking to him in this manner, "say no more about your victories, and such sort of things; in a short while you shall see a victory over prejudice and error—a victory that shall send down *my* name with honour to a posterity, that shall receive the names of your blood-shedding heroes with execration."

In a day or two after, I came to him to borrow a German book upon the brain, that was then making a considerable noise. He gave it me immediately.

"This man," said he, "shows plainly there is something in him; but how woefully does he come short of the truth. Look what a rigmarrôle—I have marked it out in pencil—about the function of the cerebellum! Nonsense—nonsense! Have men no eyes? The function of that organ is motion, or will, for they are the same thing—nothing but motion: it is just a galvanic battery, the plates of it are as plain as those of the pile on the table there: and yet these blind beetles go guessing about, afraid as it were, to come at once upon the fact. Give me down that preparation; look here, can anything be plainer?—but to give you further proof—"

Here he caught a live rabbit, from a number he had under the window-sill, secured it, and, taking his instruments, elevated with much dexterity the back part of its cranium, so as to expose the organ alluded to. He then took a wire, and touching it in different parts, by that means made the animal move in various directions, as I desired.

I was struck with wonder and delight, and clasped his hand, saying, "Johns you are a genius!"

He gave one of his peculiar smiles, and remained for several minutes motionless, apparently lost in thought.

"Yes," said he; "you are astonished at this experiment, but you shall soon see one that will almost make you perform that fools' act which they call worship—an act, which ere I die, I will blot out from among the follies of men."

Alas, poor fellow!

I then gathered from him, that Dr. Q—— and himself were constructing together an electric apparatus of unprecedented magnitude with which certain experiments of a most stupendous nature were to be performed.

"Now then," said he, "if I could just get together a hundred

pounds more, I should have half the right of ownership to the apparatus, and be enabled to use it at my own pleasure. I shall write home, and implore my father to get it me, by any means."

Two days after his father called upon us, and presented him with the money.

Elias was now overjoyed; he appeared completely possessed, passing his whole time either in his own apartments, or at Dr. Q——'s house, which was just in the neighbourhood.

For my own part, I went on with my studies as well as I could—thinking more of the lovely Katherine, than of her strange and enthusiastic brother.

One evening as I was sitting musing over my books, he came in; I had not seen him in my rooms for a month, so engrossed had he been with his new pursuit. I had never before observed him in such a state of pleasurable excitement as he was in that evening. Hardly ever before had his conversation been of a more singular and unearthly character; he could not rest, he moved about from one part of the room to another, whilst his eye burned with a wild enthusiasm. I was surprised, and when he had become more settled, inquired what had so moved him.

"To-morrow, George, our experiments begin. There are four men to be hung at the —— (here he mentioned one of the places of public execution). Dr. Q—— has been and secured for our theatre the most muscular subject—it is one Bill Severn, a notorious scoundrel as ever lived. The doctor was going to tell me a long story about his crimes, but what did I care? all I asked was whether he was a suitable subject, and the answer was—None could be more so; that was enough for me. A curious thing, isn't it, that upon the body of that man, probably one of the most atrocious villains that ever disgraced his nature, will be built discoveries that will make the world ring with admiration, nay, tremble with awe?"

I may mention here, that at that time capital punishments were a hundred times more frequent than they are now. Criminals were executed then for offences that would now be expiated by infinitely minor punishments, though from the state of society, and the want of a proper police, crimes themselves were much more numerous, and of a more aggravated description. The common rule, too, was to give the bodies of those who met their death by public execution, to the anatomical schools; a practice that is, I believe, now rightly abolished.

On his departure, which was pretty late, I endeavoured to study, but could not; it seemed as if he had infected me with a portion of his excitement. I felt uneasy and racked, I could not compose myself to serious thought, and a peculiar kind of ominous feeling crept over me.

I went to sleep, for I had had little the night before, having been out with a case. I slept, but all night long the nightmare sat upon my chest, and when I awoke in the morning, it was only by freely dashing my temples with cold water that I could bring myself to my usual state of mind.

Early in the day Elias came to me; he appeared fagged and exhausted—in fact, he had been up all the night previous with Dr. Q——, getting into order the apparatus for their experiments. He

sat down to wait till I dressed and took a book, but immediately falling forward on the table, slept deeply.

In about an hour I awakened him, when he started up, quite refreshed and vigorous; all his former spirits had returned, and he continued to converse with me in his usual strain.

We went out together, and walked along to the anatomical theatre. As we went, we could hear little knots of people talking together about the executions, that were that day to take place—my ear caught frequently the name “Severn.”

“That is our man,” said Johns; “what a talk is made about him! Suppose now Dr. ——— (and he mentioned a very distinguished natural philosopher) were to die—a martyr to science, even—how many would know of it? And this is fame, George, that we are all working so hard for!”

We stopped at the corner of a street where two ballad-singers were bawling to a crowd of attentive listeners. They were exceedingly coarse, deformed-looking men, and they drawled out their song to a long melancholy tune.

It gave an account of a number of robberies and housebreakings, and a murder, I think, of a turnkey, which it detailed in the first person, beginning,

Oh,—William Severn is my name—in London I d—i—d dw—e—ll.

And then it had a doleful chorus, which yet rings in my ears—

Oh, I robb'd the rich, and I did be—stow,
And give to them, as vos poor and l—o—w,
But now I'm coteh'd. and cast to die,
On the new drop at—the Old B—ai—lye—

Johns laughed, and gave the men some coppers. They touched their hats, and ceased singing, regarding us with a suspicious look as we moved away in the direction of the Medical Buildings.

Dr. X———'s anatomical theatre—I don't know whether or not it yet stands—was a very fine, large, square hall. You entered it from the wide stair on the outside, near the ceiling, and on looking down into it, could perceive a semicircular area, or open space, from which the seats rose, tier above tier, till the heads of those in the highest touched the cornice. Two stairs led down among the seats to this area. In it stood a long square table of mahogany bound and clasped with brass. It had a number of hinges and foldings, and swung round in all directions, upon a ball-and-socket joint in its pedestal.

The roof, which was very lofty, was lighted by four great windows of dimmed glass, and from it were suspended, by cords passing through the crown of the skull, four or five large skeletons, which swung slowly round upon their ropes, as if surveying with their dark, hollow, eyeless sockets, the various members of the assemblage. Behind the area was a recess, supported on two pillars of marble, and with a door at each side leading into the other anatomical rooms.

Partly in this recess, and partly on the leaden floor of the area, were placed the various portions of an immense galvanic apparatus; the plates, I am sure, were above a foot square each, and two or three hundred in number. On the table was a small box of a dark polished wood, mounted in silver, and containing dissecting instruments. There

was yet no one in the open space, but the whole seated part was crowded up to the very ceiling, though none were admitted but gentlemen who had received cards of invitation.

As we entered at the top, all eyes were turned to us, and immediately the hollow seats resounded with a burst of applause. Johns, in whose honour, I need hardly say, this was done, pressed my arm. I looked at him; there was on his pale intellectual face a flush of pride and enthusiasm, while his deep blue eye seemed to burn. We found our way down to a side-seat, the first from the area, which had been kept for us, and sat down to await the coming scene. As I sat, I could not help admiring the magnitude, as well as elegance of the apparatus, as it stood before me. I think it was the largest that has ever been constructed; indeed, when it was set in action, several gentlemen afterwards declared they had felt its influence on their bodies, though seated at a considerable distance, and altogether unconnected with it.

After a while, several elderly gentlemen entered by one of the doors into the area, one of them enveloped completely in a gown of black-glazed leather: this was Dr. Z—, the demonstrator of anatomy. Dr. Q—, who was among them, came over to Mr. Johns, and entered into conversation.

About ten minutes elapsed, when a young man came in suddenly, and whispered to Dr. Z—. They were all immediately on the alert; the acid was poured on, the apparatus put in action, and ere we were aware, one of the gentlemen was thrown to the floor by a violent shock from the wires having accidentally got entangled about his person. Things were put to rights, and, in another minute, several men hurried into the room, bearing a body, with a sheet thrown loosely around it. Thereupon arose a loud murmur throughout the crowded hall, and every one sprang to his feet, shifting about, and pushing aside his neighbours' heads and shoulders to get a good view. The men who had borne in the body placed it face downwards on the long table, with the feet towards us, and the head towards the other side of the hall. They then removed the sheet and withdrew; and there lay before me Severn, the housebreaker, highwayman, and murderer.

I have never seen a more muscular frame than he presented. Every fibre was in a state of rigid tension, displaying the strength and elegance of his form to most striking advantage. The hair of the head was of an iron-gray colour, in some places almost white.

Dr. Z— took out his scalpels, and Dr. Q— crossing to Johns, told him that the neck appeared not to have sustained any perceptible injury, owing perhaps to the strength of its muscles. Johns was delighted. He took hold of Q—'s hand between his own, and looked at him with features full of anxious hope, lighted up every now and then with the wild unearthly expression so peculiar to them.

Dr. Q— then went forward and addressed the assemblage, telling them that the body had been suspended by the neck for one hour, and had now been nearly half that time cut down, and was of course quite dead. He spoke in a hurried excited manner. He would now, he said, proceed to try upon it the powers of his battery, in the hope of restoring to it pulsation, respiration, and motion.

"Yes, LIFE!" said Johns to me. "Vitality—intelligence—mind! Yes, that corpse which for this hour has been dead and cold, as a clod

of the valley, shall, in ten minutes, walk forth from this hall a LIVING SOUL! I shall be the power that shall have put the breath of life into its nostrils. I shall be proclaimed before this meeting—before London, England, the world, as the first being that has ever ——" I shall not go on—it was a sentence of most hideous blasphemy.

As he spoke, his eyes gleamed with an enthusiasm almost maniacal. It was the last flash of his wayward but magnificent intellect; the last irradiation of a spirit that gave all but sensible indication of its presence.

Dr. Z—— now proceeded to make incisions down upon important nerves in various parts of the body. The wires were then applied. The body slowly drew up its lower limb—I saw the muscles clubbed up in knots under the skin. The next moment it was thrown out with fearful violence, and fell back motionless upon the table. Thereupon arose from every part of that great hall a thunder of applause.

The excitement was now most intense; for my own part, I could not take my eyes from the table. I had forgotten there was such a being as Johns at my side, so engrossed was I with the scene before me.

The wires were now applied to different parts of the body, violent convulsive motions of various kinds being produced. They were applied to the nerves of the head and face. The head was immediately drawn spasmodically back, the face looking right up from the table upon the benches opposite to me. I could not of course see it, but of the gentlemen who *did see it*, several rose abruptly, and fled up the stairs, and out of the theatre; one vomited, and another fainted away, and was immediately removed through the area to the rooms adjoining. The galvanic fluid was then brought to bear upon the phrenic or nerve of respiration; breathing immediately began, at first low, then natural, then hurried, labouring, at last gasping.

The wire from the one pole of the apparatus was now affixed to the large nerve that runs down the thigh behind, that from the other, to the one that comes out upon the bone over the orbit. The effect was terrific. The corpse suddenly turned completely round with its face upward, and rose upon its haunches, every muscle being fixed in rigid spasm. Heaven keep me from ever beholding such a sight again! Its neck was thrust forward, its long gray hair stood on end, its brow was contorted into innumerable wrinkles, the eyelids were drawn forcibly back, the eyeballs with their dead glazed pupils protruding in a hideous stare, its nostrils were widely dilated, while a horrible greenish foam oozed out at the corners of its working lips. I could not remove my eyes from it for one fraction of a second. Never, before or since, has my whole soul been absorbed by such a feeling of unutterable horror!

A moment and it suddenly raised its right arm, and pointed convulsively with its forefinger to Johns, who sat beside me; whilst its ghastly, lifeless eyes glared in the same direction, and every fibre of its face was twitched with a most diabolic, gibbering grin.

I felt sick and faint; the theatre swam around me, but at that instant my ears were cut to the quick by a cry. With the sights and sounds of the operation-room I have been familiar, but never has my heart quailed at such a scream. I had at first the idea that it rose from the corpse on the table, but the next instant a heavy body fell against

my shoulder. A dreadful idea shot across my mind—that cry came from Johns, and in its prolonged splitting yell, *my ear* could trace the articulate words—

“MY FATHER!”

In the utterance of it, he had sprung up clean into the air, as the stag is said to do when the bullet enters its heart. It was his body that fell against my shoulder, and he was now lying at my feet.

Yes—it *was* his father! Severn the robber, and Johns the flower and bird-fancier, were one and the same. The man who had at first avoided me—who had seized my bridle at midnight on the highway—whose guest I had been for three happy weeks—whose daughter was the subject of my reveries by day, and of my dreams by night—the kind, doting father of my gifted friend—the ruined merchant—the highwayman, the burglar, the murderer, all were one man, and his insensate body now lay before me, the writhing subject of hideous experiments. I knew the features well—but the *gray hair*!—could the black have been but an artificial disguise?—or was this the effect of the agony of sleepless night in the condemned cell?

But alas for thee, vain and presumptuous mortal! where is now thy proud and blasphemous spirit, thy mighty genius that could dare attempt by spells of earthly science to call back to its mangled tenement of clay the guilty soul, already trembling before the throne of its Judge? How fearfully has thy deep sin been visited upon thee, poor frail child of clay! Has not thy very crime been, by the finger that works unseen, turned into the instrument of thy dreadful chastisement? Where canst thou hide thee now, poor stricken worm? Where are thy theories now, thy scoffs and arguings, that led away many a weak spirit into eternal ruin?

No ear but mine appeared to have understood that cry. It was the belief of all that he had fainted away, as had the other gentlemen, from fright or agitation. I took him up in my arms, and bore his light slender form from the theatre.

The gentlemen went on with their experiments,—with what success I know not; of course their object, viz., restoration of life to the body (for whatever Dr. Q—— or others may have recorded—that I know *was* their object) was not attained; neither do I know what became of the body afterwards.

I sent the porter of the rooms for a hackney-coach, into which, with his assistance, I placed my senseless friend, and then getting in, desired the coachman to drive to his apartments. They were situated in a quiet street down in Westminster. A widow lady, from whom he held them, occupied, with her servant-girl, the ground-floor and kitchen below: all above *was* his. I left him in the carriage, and running up to the door, opened it with a key I had received from him long before. I went rapidly along the passage to seek the landlady's assistance, when on opening the door, who should I see sitting in the centre of the room, all pale and dishevelled, but his gentle sister, my own Katherine! I started back in new amazement. She rose slowly to her feet, and addressed me slowly, and with difficulty, while I could see the sweat in drops, like pin-points, starting out all over her beautiful face.

“Don't speak to me, Mr. ——,” she said. “I have found out what

I am—whose—child I—am. Where is my—brother?" She continued to move her lips, though uttering no sound,—the *globus hystericus* had risen in her throat, and was choking her; her eyes swam in their sockets, she reeled, and fell backwards, and it was with the greatest difficulty I prevented her from falling with her head upon the fire.

Never was I in a state of such painful perplexity. I knew not what to do,—imprinting a hurried kiss on her cold, damp cheek, I put her under the charge of the landlady, and ran out to attend to her brother. With the help of the coachman, I had him conveyed upstairs to bed. Oh, with what bitterness did I now look upon the piles of books and apparatus that impeded our steps at every turn—the very bed had to be cleared of them, ere we could put him into it. Having dismissed the man, I endeavoured to ascertain the precise nature of his symptoms.

His pulse I found to be very slow and calm—more so by much than natural, as likewise was his breathing; his skin was very cool, but not cold; his limbs were slightly stiff; if I lifted his arm, it would remain up for a moment, and then slowly sink again to the level position upon the bed. I found his pupils *not* to be affected by the sudden approach of light, and from his nostrils were distilling a few drops of blood,—which last symptom might, however, have been occasioned by his fall.

Having satisfied myself that he was in a fit of catalepsy, or some anomalous nervous affection, I went downstairs to see what had become of *her*. I found her in a deep sleep on the sofa, with the good landlady sitting on a chair beside her. She motioned me not to come in. I went into her bedroom, where she immediately joined me. She told me that the poor young lady had been raving dreadfully, and must have escaped from her keepers the night before, as she said she had walked that morning more than a dozen miles to London. It was the worthy woman's firm persuasion, that the gentle girl was deranged; she had consequently kept her in talk, as she said, with considerable doubt about her own safety, expecting that Mr. Johns would come home, and take her under his own charge, and have her put under her former restraint.

I do not think I ever passed a day in all my life pregnant with events of such a harrowing nature. I fervently pray Heaven, I may never again have to pass such another. I sat by the bedside all that night, watching my friend's pale, moveless, expressionless face, and thinking over the startling events I have narrated. I did this till a strange superstitious feeling crept over me; I was certain the glaring face of the galvanised corpse was behind my head, while an irresistible desire, and yet mortal dread to look round, possessed me;—this feeling increased to torture—I could bear it no longer, but rushing from the apartment and out of the house, I walked up and down the street in front till day, and then re-entered. I ascended to his bedroom—I found Katherine sitting beside his head. She rose up as I came in, and, I assure you, I trembled as I greeted her.

She stood up quiet and calm before me. Her features had acquired a cold, stony-hard look; a Siddons-sort of expression, only real, not acted, that told me the bitterness of grief—of death itself, was already

past. I knew that now, though I were to thrust a knife into her flesh, she would shed no tear, utter no cry. My eyes sought the floor before her passionless gaze. I felt for her that peculiar feeling of reverence and awe which the old Greek tragedians so well describe, as hanging about the presence of Orestes, Œdipus, and others, whom the gods had visited with extreme affliction. My clothes felt cold and rough upon my skin as I heard her. She addressed me in the style of ordinary conversation, but slowly, and with effort.

"I see, Mr. —, you know all. He has turned out to be a most atrocious felon whom I regarded as—a *father*. I never knew it till two days ago. My mother told me with her latest breath—she is dead now—she had known it all along. But my brother—my poor, dear, noble Elias, thought him a deity. Yes, we have been reared upon the wages of crime! It came upon me like lightning; I ran out of the house as I was, and found my way on foot to London. When I arrived, I was borne away by crowds of people, till I came to—the *place*. Yes, Mr. —, with my own eyes I saw it—I saw the great dark prison, the black beams of the gibbet—I saw HIM! I heard the shouts and execrations that rose, an audible cloud, from the great sea of human beings that rolled hither and thither beneath. I heard him speak—I heard the rumbling crash of the hideous engine, and the one universal groan that burst from the vast multitude, at the offering up of the horrible sacrifice! I heard and saw it all; and my God! my God! I did not die!"

Here she bent her head upon her senseless brother's bosom, and continued in that attitude. I paced the room slowly in a state of mental agony, second only to her own.

After a time she rose. Her eyes were quite dry—her features unchanged. She intended to stay and be her brother's nurse, and desired I would not injure my prospects by neglect of my studies on his or her account, or bring disgrace upon myself, or wound my own feelings by keeping company with such characters as I had found them to be.

I left her for a time, and went and addressed myself to my medical pursuits, endeavouring to attend to the usual routine, though I thought for several days I felt my reason giving way under the trials to which it had been subjected.

I came continually twice or thrice a day to the house, and often sat alone reading by the brother's bedside at night, to let her get a few hours' rest.

He had now lain in the state I have described for many days, when one night I sat beside him copying out some short-hand notes. It was soon after midnight, and I had desisted for a moment from my writing, and was watching his face as it lay pale and cold in the light of my reading-lamp. A variety of thoughts were rapidly chasing each other through my mind, when suddenly I thought I saw his eyelids quiver. I rose in an instant to my feet, and stood over him, trembling with suspense. Gradually he opened his eyes, and turned his face round to me. His features slowly relaxed into a wan smile.

"Oh," said he, in a difficult whisper, "are you there, George?" He coughed. "Bless me, how weak I am! Have I been ill? what has been the matter, pray?"

"You have been ill, my dear Johns, very, very ill indeed," said I, my heart was so full.

"I have, have I. What was it, eh? A fit, I suppose, for I have no recollection of it. How unfortunate! I must be up to X——'s Theatre to-morrow. Has Q—— called? Send him here the moment he comes."

"I think," he continued again, "I must have been dreaming latterly. Could you guess what it was about?"

I expressed my inability.

"I dreamt *there was a God*, George."

I was thunderstruck, and continued silent; he went on—

"I have some singular doubts now about that point. It looks not so impossible to me now as it did. Will you oblige me by going to my laboratory, and bringing me a glass of solution of permuriate of mercury, and another of the volatile alkali?"

I did so.

"Now," said he, "would not one, from the analogy of every other experiment man has made, expect that on pouring these together, the *red oxide* of mercury would be separated and thrown down, and yet you see, when you come actually to perform the experiment," (I did so.) "you find, that in direct contravention of every known chemical law, a *white substance* is formed, of which no man has yet explained the nature. Now suppose I believe myself, and teach others, that according to every known fact in science, there can be no such thing as a Supreme Being,—but upon coming to the last and only conclusive experiment, *death*, we find, when too late, that there is a white unexplainable precipitate, in place of a regular scientific red one, that there is an avenging God, in place of a system of nature."

I was much struck by this singular and most original sort of argument, so much in accordance with the usual strain of all he thought, said, and did. I knew not rightly what to think. Was this but what is vulgarly styled "a lighting up before death," or was it the first symptom of a return to health and vigour of mind and body?"

He lay for a while still and silent.

"I say," said he to me, "there is a breath of cold air blowing upon my left foot, will you just cover it rightly with the clothes?"

"Why, man, your feet are both quite covered and warm."

"Are they?—why then," he shuddered slightly, "it is—it must be—I am going to have another fit—its the *aura*, George. the *aura*.*" He trembled very much. "How strange! it is moving up my leg—give me

* The *Aura Epileptica*, vulgarly called "the Warning," a peculiar feeling, which indicates to those afflicted with epilepsy and other nervous disorders, when a fit is about to come on. Every different patient has one of a different kind; sometimes it appears like an insect creeping along the skin towards the head, sometimes a breath of cold air, as in the tale, sometimes a wave of water; and in such instances, it generally begins from a finger or toe, and moves up the limb, rapidly or slowly, as the case may be. When the latter, it is often stopped and the fit actually prevented, by binding a ligature tightly round the limb, so as to catch it, as the patients say. But these are not the only forms it puts on. Some have it of a startling, or even terrific description, as a flash of lightning, or the appearance of a rock falling on their heads, or of an abyss suddenly yawning in the pavement. I knew one gentleman to whom it appeared as a dark, indistinct, armed figure, which moved rapidly before his eyes, launching a javelin at him as it passed, when immediately the fit caught him.

your hand, dear George." He clasped it violently. "It is on my thigh now, rising over my body, my breast, my neck, my ——"

Here a strong convulsion passed over his features, wrenching them into an expression of unendurable agony, presenting a most striking resemblance to the face of his father's corpse on that frightful day in the Anatomical Theatre.

The next instant the grasp on my hand was relaxed, and he was gone to his account. The last experiment was made, but he could never return to tell its result.

I closed his eyes, and composed his features as well as I could, and then went downstairs to the landlady's parlour, where I sat till morning. I was sitting musing by the fire, when the bell rang from the death-chamber. I started, though it was broad daylight, and as I ascended the stair, almost expected to find him sitting up and speaking—so different was he in every respect from ordinary men. On entering, I perceived Miss Johns standing by the bed. She looked at me with the same stony gaze as I stood with the handle of the door in my hand.

"He is changed," said she.

"He is dead, Miss Johns."

"Then God be merciful to him!"

"Amen."

"Leave me Mr. ——, leave me." I hastily withdrew, as the poor bereaved girl seated herself beside her brother's body, with the look of one on whose brow the thunderbolt had descended, to whom fate had done its worst, who had no more to fear or wish for now.

I went home to my own rooms.

Next day I received a note stating her wish that I should attend her brother's funeral on a particular day. I flew to the house, but the worthy landlady informed me she had shut herself up along with the body and could see no one. I retired.

The funeral, which was the most humble and private one I was almost ever concerned in, was hardly over when I sought her once more. Oh how I loved that poor distracted girl!—how I longed to take her to my heart, and hide all her disgraces and afflictions in my bosom—her, the fair and spotless child of the robber and murderer—the gem taken from the hilt of a dagger!

That interview shall never pass from my memory. I was deeply affected; she preserved the same cold soulless manner she had shown from the first. Alas my heart! How different from the light feminine grace, the gentle simplicity, and innocent warmth and cheerfulness, with which she shed light and love around her, as she moved, a happy and most bewitching woman, among the flowers and singing-birds of her father's garden,—herself a blind to divert suspicion, a hundred times more effectual than his active cunning could have ever expected even them to be. Her beauty still remained, but it was become like that of a marble Niobe, cold, heartless, and blasted!

We talked together for a considerable time. At length, in a frenzy of passion, I fell before her as she sat, and confessed to her the absorbing love that had shut out from my mind every other affection. I would do or suffer anything—go with her anywhere—labour for her bread, if I were but made happy in the heaven of her presence. What was it to me that her father was a felon? what did that detract from her

bright mental and bodily beauty. I would have taken her from the foot of the gibbet, and made her the wife of my bosom in the eyes of all men.

She answered me with the same stoical tone and expression, "It can never be, Mr. —; your wife can never be Severn's daughter. I believe all you say is truth, for I feel it myself. Yes, if it be any satisfaction to you to know it, I have loved you fervently and truly, and never mortal, out of my own family, but yourself; and that with a love, glowing from the first day I saw you led into my presence, blushing and distant, by my noble brother, who is in his grave. He loved you much, but never as I did—as I *do*, George, even now, while I sit here a scared and broken-hearted being. It is not womanlike to tell you so; but I have been tried as never woman was, and everything about me is changed now, nothing of old is left but my love for you."

As she talked, she sat, calm, and devoid of all apparent emotion. A mother giving advice to a young boy, is the only thing, that, to my mind, comes near to her manner. She gave me a long tress of her fair hair, and another of Elias's—then severed a lock from my temple, and, stooping forward, kissed my lips. I actually recoiled as she did this, so unmoved and statue-like she seemed. She rose and slowly withdrew. I never saw her face in life again.

On going to the house next day I found she had left it; not even the landlady was aware of her silent departure, but could hardly be convinced she was really gone. Everything of Mr. Johns's effects she had left untouched, and of these his creditors forthwith took possession.

I made every inquiry regarding the life of Severn that I could, without unduly attracting notice. I found that the robbery for which he was taken, was the very one by which he had supplied his son with the money necessary to complete his Galvanic apparatus. It had been committed upon a naval officer, a very active, determined man, who, trusting to his speed of foot, for which he was celebrated, had, after delivering up his money and valuables, suddenly drawn his sword, and hamstringing the gray horse, to the strength and speed of which, and its facility of disguise, its owner had so often owed escape from pursuit and from detection. After this he had managed to keep always about fifty yards' distance between him and the robber, as he was a very slight person, and a very child, compared to his powerful adversary,—following when he went on, stopping when he stopped, and running when he chased. In this way he never lost sight of him till he had him secured in the streets of London, next morning, twenty miles distant from the spot where the crime was committed.

In the mean time I made a vow of bachelorhood; but when we make vows in early life, we little know what it is we are doing. I kept it, however, for twenty years, when I married my present lady, your old mistress, Charles;—but, alas! it is not years, nor an eternity, that shall efface the *bitter* love which a former period of my life has burnt into my heart."

THE UNIVERSITY FEUD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A plague of both your Houses.—MERCUTIO.

THE Contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, ought hardly to be passed over in silence by a Literary Periodical. Indeed it was our original intention to have gone into the subject, whilst it might have been treated as a cause pertaining solely to the Belles Lettres, and equally unconnected with the great bells that ring in Protestant steeples, or the little bells that tinkle before papistical altars. There was a classical seat to be filled; and it would never have occurred to us to examine into the opinions of either candidate on abstruse questions of divinity, any more than at the new-bottoming of an old chair, we should have inquired whether the rushes were to be supplied by the Lincolnshire Fens, or the Pontine Marshes. That any but poetical qualifications were to be considered would never have entered into our mind—we should as soon have dreamt of the Judge at a Cattle Show awarding the Premium, not to the fattest and best fed beast, but to an ox of a favourite colour. No—in our simplicity we should have summoned the rival Poets before us, in black and white, and made them give alternate specimens of their ability in the tuneful art, like Daphnis and Strephon in the Pastoral—

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing ;

and to the best of our humble judgment we should have awarded the Prize Chair, squabs, castors and all, to the melodious victor. As to demanding of either of the competitors what he thought of the Viaticum, or Extreme Unction, it would have seemed to us a far less pertinent question than to ask the would-be Chairman of a Temperance Society whether he preferred gin or rum. We should have considered the candidates, in fact, as Architects professing to “build the lofty rhyme,” without supposing its possible connexion with the building of churches or chapels. In that character only should we have reviewed the parties before us; and their several merits would have been discussed in an appropriate manner. Thus we might perhaps have pointed out that Mr. Garbett possessed the finer ear, but Mr. Williams the keener eye for the picturesque;—that the Fellow of Brazen Nose had the greater command of language, but the Trinity man displayed a better assortment of images: and we might have particularized by quotations where the first reminded us of a Glover or a Butler, and the last of a Prior or a Pope. We might also have deemed it our duty to examine into the acquaintance of the parties with the works of the Fathers, not of theology but of poetry; and it might have happened for us to inquire how certain probationary verses stood upon their feet—but certainly not the when, where, or wherefore, the author went down upon his knees. We should as soon have thought of examining a professed cook in circumnavigation, or a theatrical star in astronomy; or of proposing for an Irish chairman, of sedantary habits, to fill the disputed seat.

The truth is, that unlike a certain class of persons who would go to the pole for polemics, and seek an altercation at the altar, we have

neither a turn nor a taste for religious disputation, and therefore never expected nor wished to find a theological controversy in a question of prosyversy. We never conceived the suspicion that the Père La Chaise of Poetry might become a Confessor as well as a Professor, and initiate his classes in the mysteries of Rome, any more than we should have feared his converting them to the Polytheism of the heathen Ovid, or that very blind Pagan old Homer. On the contrary, our first inkling of a division at Oxford concerning the Muses suggested to us simply that it must be the old literary quarrel of the Classicists and the Romanticists, or a dispute perhaps on the claims of Blank Verses to get prizes. At any rate we should never have committed such an anachronism as to associate Poetry, which is older by some ages than Christianity, with either Protestantism or Popery. It would have been like jumbling up Noah of Ark with Joan of Arc, as man and wife!

Our first intentions, however, have been frustrated; for even while preparing for the task, as if by one of those magical transformations peculiar to the season, the Chair has turned into a Pulpit, and the rival collegians are transfigured—pantomime fashion—into Martin Luther and the Pope of Rome! Such a metamorphosis places the performance beyond our critical pale; but we will venture in a few sentences to deprecate religious dissension, and to forewarn such as call themselves friends of the Church against the probable interference of those hot-headed and warm-tempered individuals who seem, as the Irish gentleman said, to have been vaccinated from mad bulls. Such persons may, doubtless, mean well; but the best-intentioned people have sometimes far more zeal than discretion, even as the medalsome Mathewite, who thinks that he must drink water *usque ad nauseam* in lieu of *usque ad baugh*; or like that over-humane lady, who feels so strongly against Capital Punishments and the gallows, that she would like to “hang Jack Ketch with her own hands.” Let the breach then be stopped in time. The fate of a house divided against itself has been foretold; and surely there cannot be a more dangerous and destructive practice than where a crack presents itself to insert a wedge. It is by a parallel process that many a magnificent Sea-Palace has been broken up at Deptford—timber after timber, plank after plank, till nothing was left entire, perhaps, but the Figure-Head, staring, as only a figure-head can stare, at the conversion of a noble Ship, by continual split, split, splitting, into firewood, chips, and matches.

Seriously, then, we cannot discuss the University Feud in these pages: but our rules do not preclude us from giving some account of a Little Go that seems to have been modelled on the great one, and which aptly serves to exemplify the evil influence of bad example in high places.

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us.

OLD SONG.

As latterly I chanced to pass
A Public House, from which, alas!
The Arms of Oxford dangle;
My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle—
Voices loud, and voices high,

With now and then a party-cry,
 Such as used in times gone by,
 To scare the British Border;
 When foes from North and South of Tweed—
 Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
 Met in hate to fight and bleed,
 Upsetting Social Order.
 Surprised, I turn'd me to the crowd,
 Attracted by that tumult loud,
 And ask'd a gazer, beetle-brow'd,
 The cause of such disquiet.
 When lo! the solemn-looking man,
 First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
 And then, with fluent tongue, began
 His version of the riot:

A row!—why yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from this to Garmauy,
 And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of Harmony,
 The more's the shame for them as used to be in time and tune,
 And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June!
 Ah! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here along,
 When Swiveller was President, a-knocking down a song;
 But Dick's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts and hollers
 Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,
 Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than any yokel,
 But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal;
 Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumour varies,
 They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries;
 Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort of thing,
 For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot sing;
 But lork! it's many folks belief they're only good at prosing,
 For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing;
 And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
 If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
 And then about all sorts of streets, by ev'ry little monkey,
 It's chanted like the "Dogs' Meat Man," or "If I had a Donkey."
 Whereas as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
 No Ballad worth a ha'penny has ever come from either,
 And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots of dollars,
 Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that's the meaning of the squabble that arouses
 This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of Houses,
 Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,
 In Christian peace and charity according to the season.
 But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering job,
 Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob;
 Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
 But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a sunmit in his eye;
 And a pretty noise there is!—what with canvassers and spouters,
 For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its touters;
 And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
 You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;
 Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
 If you're dying for a Surgeon, you must fetch him from the "Arms;"
 While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their scholars,
 To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
 Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;

Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,—
With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
While they've damaged many Articles and broken lots of squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and smother,
By throwing *Morning Herald*, *Times*, and *Standards* at each other ;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't to repeat,
And the names they call each other—for I've heard 'em in the street—
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and vipers, and what not,
For Pasley and his divers an't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing!—for there's one of them that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses ;
For he cusses every member that's agin him at the poll,
As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, tho' it hasn't got a soul ;
And he cusses all their families. Jack, Harry, Bob, or Jim,
To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him !
Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use their fives,
Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,
I'm bound ther'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the collars,
Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call—
And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about,—
Why a cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking crows—
Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
To agitate society and loosen all its screws ;
And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres,—
But it's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college-coach,
And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
And he says that Oxford's famouser for sausages than songs,
And seldom turns a Poet out like Hudson that can chant,
As well as make such ditties as the Free and Lasses want,
Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
But it's not the classic system for to propogate the kind,
Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
It's the best among the vocalists I'd honour with the choice ;
Or a Poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch ;
Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the punch ;
'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneeful frolics—
And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's
But you see them there Itinerants that preach so long and loude,
And always takes advantage like the prigs of any crowd
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can compass,
Have twin'd a tavern shundy to a serious rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—altho I can't see how it follows—
They want to be the chairman of the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that's the Row—and who can guess the upshot after all ?
Whether Harmony will ever make the " Arms" her House of call,
Or whether this here mobbing,—as some longish heads foretel it—
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it.
Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any peace,
For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police ;—
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of man,

Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
 Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkling of a needle,
 For I'd have another candidate—and that's the Parish Beadle,
 Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy;
 And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;
 Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of them Scholars,
 And straining their own lungs along of contradictions hollers,
 They'd lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as follers,
 Namely—Bumblé for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!



“THE GREAT NAPOLEON OF THE REALMS OF RHYME.”

THE EXECUTION OF THE CONTROJANNI.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A BAVARIAN OFFICER.

AFTER having commanded for several months a detachment in Iaconia, I was returning, on the 20th of January, 1836, to my garrison town, Nauplia. It was evening when I approached the gate, through the suburb of Pronia, and turned my weary steed towards the fortress. My attention was strongly excited by an infantry piquet, which I perceived at the lower end of the glacis. A lofty object, at which various groups of persons were gazing with silent curiosity, seemed to be the cause of this military precaution. To see vedettes posted there, on the usual promenade of the Nauplians, denoted something extraordinary. I rode on, and found that the object in question was a guillotine. The sentries paced sullenly to and fro, and when I inquired the meaning of these preparations, I received this answer: “To-morrow morning the Controjanni are to be beheaded, and we are obliged to do duty here with loaded arms, lest the people should carry off yonder thing in the night.”

At this time the name of Controjanni was but too well known in Greece. The seven brothers to whom it belonged were at the head of a formidable band of robbers, who, more especially in the years 1834

and 1835, were the terror of the Morea, rendering the roads unsafe, plundering whole hamlets, and murdering the inhabitants. Cruelties and atrocities, horrible as any that attended the persecutions of the early Christians, were perpetrated by the Controjanni upon their compatriots and the professors of the same religion with themselves. Women and aged persons were slaughtered with circumstances of infernal brutality, children impaled, men tortured, and the bodies of the victims often mutilated in the most revolting manner. Long did these banditti contrive to escape the hands of justice; but they were at last surprised by the gendarmes while plundering a house at Vostiza; and, after a desperate resistance, the seven brothers were secured alive by the conquerors. They were confined for some time in Fort Palamides, and brought to trial: two were sentenced to imprisonment for life in chains, and five condemned to die.

This sentence should have been executed several months previously; but Greek obstinacy and a Palikar point of honour had found means to defer the catastrophe, and even resorted to murder for the purpose of preventing it: for, great as had been the joy of the whole country at the capture of the Controjanni, and loudly and universally as their execution had at first been demanded, still, according to the notions of the Greeks, it was an affront to the national honour to doom these heroes to suffer by the guillotine. The Controjanni were all at once Palikars: they had fought for the liberation of the country; they had lived as free men; as such, as Greeks, they ought to die: they ought to be shot, not executed, like the contemptible malefactors of other countries, by the *carmagnola*—the name given by the Greeks to the guillotine.

These and similar expressions were current, more particularly at Nauplia, where the execution was to take place. Remonstrances were made; the authorities were solicited to change the mode of death: but, all being found of no avail, on the day previous to that fixed for carrying into effect the sentence of the law, the executioner brought for the purpose from Athens was assassinated by a Greek in his lodging. Owing to the fraternal sympathy of the Greeks, the murderer escaped detection.

In consequence of this Palikar feat, and for want of another executioner, the criminals gained a reprieve, but no alteration was made in their sentence. In spite of remonstrances, the government seemed now to persevere the more stedfastly in the fulfilment of its intentions. An executioner, however, was not easily to be found. Under the circumstances of the case, this will not appear surprising, especially to those who know the detestation of every Greek for this office. The want was at length supplied. A black living at Athens undertook to perform the task, if an adequate remuneration were offered, and he were allowed two assistants. He was promised one thousand drachmas (about three hundred and fifty florins); two criminals confined in the fortress, and Mahometans like himself, were willing to serve as assistants, on condition that, after they had done the duty, they should be set at liberty and allowed to go to Turkey. These terms were granted. At Athens the master made some experiments with the guillotine kept there, and soon afterwards arrived in a king's ship in the harbour of Nauplia, with his men, under a strong escort, to execute the Controjanni. Such was the purpose for which the fatal machine was erected before the gate of the town.

It was scarcely light on the morning of the 21st of January, before

I was outside the walls of the fortress, to be a spectator of the bloody drama. At the place of execution, as well as in the town itself, imposing arrangements were made for the maintenance of order and security. Two battalions of infantry formed a close square about the guillotine; a squadron of Hulus was stationed close by; and the mouths of the cannon protruded from the batteries of Fort Palamides. A prodigious concourse of people thronged the Place, but exhibited rather an anxious expectation of the event, than any feeling calculated to excite alarm. The executioner and his men, upon the platform of the guillotine, let down and drew up the axe, and examined the pit formed immediately behind the scaffold, and covered with linen, which was destined for the reception of the bodies.

The eyes of the multitude were intently fixed on the closed door of the fortress, at which the delinquents were to be brought forth one after another. At length there appeared a division of gendarmes, and in their midst a Controjanni heavily ironed. The troops opened their ranks to make way for the youngest of the five brothers, a lad of sixteen or eighteen, and of mild aspect, who entered and ascended the scaffold. An awful silence ensued. His irons were taken off, and he was delivered, with his hands bound behind him, to the executioner, who led him to the guillotine. The culprit walked to the fatal machine without hesitation, then turned his face towards the multitude, and broke the awful silence by the tremulous appeal: "Forgive me, brothers!"

Thousands of tongues replied, as with one voice, "We do forgive thee!"

"Forgive me, brothers! I have not been the worst. I was forced to do what I did. Forgive me, so will God forgive you!"

"We do forgive thee!" was again the thundering reply of the multitude, in which the Greek troops themselves joined, and were reprimanded for so doing. Meanwhile the plank to which the criminal had been bound was brought into an horizontal position; a slight movement of the black was followed by the rattling of the axe, and the dull sound of a falling substance; a stream of blood spirted between the posts of the guillotine—the wretched youth was no more. The body was loosed from the plank, and tumbled into the pit, into which the head had already fallen. The executioners jocosely made their remarks, wiped the blood from the fore-part of the machine, and carelessly awaited the second victim.

Again the space encompassed by the troops opened, and the next youngest of the brothers ascended with gloomy look the blood-stained scaffold. He too cried, "Forgive me, brothers!"

The black, with perfect indifference, let fall the fatal knife, and the second criminal had ceased to live.

The third, a mean-looking little man of about thirty, mounted the scaffold with a boldness which somewhat daunted the executioner himself. When, however, he was fastened to the plank, wet with the blood of his brothers, his audacity forsook him: he begged for a delay of a few moments, as he had important disclosures to make. An officer of justice and the commandant of the troops went up to him.

"The band of the Controjanni," began the criminal, "has hid prodigious treasures; I am ready to show you where to find them, if you will spare my life."

This exordium he repeated in the most verbose manner; but of course no attention could be paid to it. Amidst the most abject en-

treaties to spare his life were made preparations which brought his neck under the axe: he then begged leave to speak to a clergyman. A priest approached; the sufferer delivered to him a small purse, and whispered a few words which Father Dimitri thought fit to keep to himself. The black now grew impatient: to no purpose the culprit implored, to no purpose he repeated over and over again the word "treasures;" the executioner had no mercy, and away rolled his head to the corpses of his brothers.

Next came the fourth of this worthy fraternity, a hardened sinner, who would not hear of a clergyman. Without uttering a word, he stepped with a scornful smile upon the scaffold, spat in the face of the black, and was just about to place himself in the necessary position, when the sun majestically rose above the horizon into the serene sky.

So overpowered was the criminal by this sight, that he sank, as if thunderstruck, to the ground, and with his face turned towards the luminary, he addressed his last prayer to Heaven.

"So," whispered an eparch from Arcadia to me, "have many of his fellow-creatures knelt before him; so has many a mother begged the lives of her children, and many a maiden besought him to spare her honour—but in vain. Perhaps he may find the Almighty more merciful than he has been here."

In this manner did the people express their thoughts, and there was need of such recollections in order not to be moved to a pity which, in this instance, would have been thrown away. Presently, without having uttered a single word, the fourth of the brothers lay a corpse among corpses.

Once more the door of the fortress opened for the last of the Controjanni. This, the eldest of the family, a short, wild-looking man, from thirty-six to forty years old, was the real chief of the band, and, according to the accounts of the Greeks, in every respect a monster. The moment he appeared in sight, bitter execrations against him were heard among the crowd; but the profoundest silence soon ensued. The ranks opened for the fifth time, and, with light step, as though going to a dance, Controjanni entered the enclosure. The fetters were removed from his legs, and the executioner and his men stood ready to receive their victim from the hands of the gendarmes.

"What dost thou want?" said Controjanni, with an audacious look to the black who approached him.—The latter pointed mutely to the guillotine.—"I understand; I am to lay my head down there."

"If you please," replied the Moor, almost disconcerted, and offering to take him by the arm.

"Touch me not; when one has come thus far alone, one can surely get up there without help. Or thinkest thou that I am afraid of death? I tell thee, Controjanni has faced death oftener than any of these Bavarian blue-coats here."

The black, however, seemed to care but little about his contempt of death; he drew the hero towards the guillotine. During this dialogue, the words "Pahkari," and "good," "very good," were frequently heard among the crowd.

Before Controjanni ascended the steps, he solicited permission to look at the *carmagnola*, as he had not seen such a thing before, and probably never should again. The request was granted, and the cri-

minal examined every part of the machine with as much attention as if he was going to make a drawing of it. When he came to the axe, which was pulled up, he begged that it might be let down, surveyed it, and, feeling his neck, asked whether it cut well.

"That thou wilt know in a few minutes better than I do," answered the black, with a devilish laugh.

Controjanni spat in his face. With moody look, the scrutinizing culprit went round the covered pit, rightly guessing what it contained. Then, firmly ascending the steps, he placed himself before the posts of the guillotine, and modestly requested leave to say a few words. The commandant of the troops, secure in the precautions which had been taken, and wishing to see how far the audacity of the criminal would carry him, and what impression his words would make upon the multitude, acceded to his wish. After a slight bow, the robber-chief addressed the people nearly in these words :

"Brothers, I have been a wicked man. I have robbed, I have murdered, I have made people wretched ; and now I am to be punished for it : I am about to die by the hand of that black dog, under the *carmanzola*. Whether I deserve this punishment, unworthy of a free Greek, I leave you to judge."

No demonstration of sympathy was elicited by this appeal.

"I have never transgressed the laws of the church, never broken the fasts, never destroyed a convent—I have always been a good Christian."

At these words he drew a small crucifix from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. No token of approbation was given by the crowd.

"Now, brothers, will ye suffer me to be butchered ? You see I am not such a very wicked man. Three times I offered my submission, if government would give me an appointment : it was not accepted, so I was forced to turn robber."

Still the assembly continued quiet : the speaker now became furious.

"Greeks, I am to be sacrificed, while foreigners, who trample upon your religion, suppress your convents, and peril your liberties, carry all their own way without molestation. Exterminate these foreigners, these Bavarians—"

Here twenty drums began to roll, and drowned his voice : Controjanni foamed with rage ; he hurled the crucifix far from him, and had to be placed by force beneath the axe. It was not till he was in this situation, that perceiving the bodies of his brothers, a human feeling for a moment gained the ascendancy.

"Ah ! brother Georgi !" (the name of the youngest) he exclaimed, with emotion ; but fury again got the better of him, and his head fell while pouring forth horrible imprecations.

The troops marched to their barracks with drums beating and music playing. The guillotine was taken down, and nothing left but five severed heads and trunks in the pit. Never shall I forget this sight : even the rude Greeks shuddered. The example had its effect. The multitude moved off quietly towards the gate, and amid the solemn silence were at times to be heard the words : "They have suffered their punishment : God have mercy upon them !"

The executioner and his assistants were conveyed by the cutter *Karaiskaki* to the Turkish Island of Samos.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

EXPEDITION TO SYRIA.*

THERE has been no achievement in the annals of warfare which can bear comparison with the results of the recent expedition on the coast of Syria. Whether our interference in the affairs of the feeble Sultan of the Turkish empire and his warlike vassal was judicious, we cannot now pause to inquire; but there can be no sort of doubt that the effect of our warlike demonstrations against the most powerful and most able ruler in the east, has produced a prodigious sensation in our favour in that part of the globe. The means with which this impression was to be effected were generally considered very inadequate,—the warlike resources of the Pacha of Egypt both for offence and defence being duly considered,—one of his fortresses, St. Jean d'Acre, in a state much less capable of withstanding an attack than it was at the commencement of the Syrian war, having baffled all the military genius of Bonaparte. But in a space of time that appears incredible, the superior intelligence of the commanders of the allied forces, aided by the extraordinary intrepidity of the men under their command, created such havoc in the principal fortified places along the coast, of which they made themselves masters, and so ably conducted their operations in the interior, that the power of the military despot Ali Pacha was completely humbled, and he was forced to acknowledge his obedience to the Porte, and put himself in a great measure at the mercy of the Four Powers who had been called in to make her revolted subject return to his allegiance. Although Austria took an active part in assisting the Sultan, joined by Russia, and Prussia, who afforded such assistance less prominently, though incurring an equal responsibility, as is usual in such alliances, England had to endure the whole brunt of the contest. How she bore herself throughout the affair is ably told by Mr. Pattison Hunter, who was an eyewitness of nearly all the warlike proceedings of the British admiral, and possessed extraordinary facilities for being well informed on every point that did not come under his own observation. Besides affording the most spirited descriptions of the capture of Gebail, Tripoli, and Tyre, the storming of Sidon, the battle of Calat-Meidan, and the bombardment and capture of St. Jean d'Acre, with all the minor details of the campaign, he made several excursions into the interior of Syria, which has enabled him to lay before the reader a vast deal of information, given in a lively and picturesque manner, respecting the people of that country, more particularly the Druses and Maronites, of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Hunter joined the expedition merely as an amateur, but he appears so well informed on matters connected with the art of war, that, unless we had been enlightened in this particular, we should not have thought his narrative had been written by a civilian. His entertaining volumes have the further recommendation of possessing excellent likenesses of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford and Commodore Sir Charles Napier, with views of several of the places now rendered famous by their brilliant achievements, and a map of the coast of Syria.

* Narrative of the late Expedition to Syria, under the Command of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B. By W. P. Hunter, Esq. 2 vols.

THE TIMES AND SOCIETY OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.*

THE name of Madame de Sévigné possesses more literary attraction than that of any of the bright galaxy of her sex, who have greatly distinguished themselves by their talents and position in society; for this accomplished woman, although she displayed throughout her brilliant career no other talent than what was peculiarly social and domestic, has obtained a reputation for all that is most brilliant, graceful, and feminine, in the exercise of her intellectual qualifications, which must ever render her an extraordinary favourite with all classes of readers. She is the Horace Walpole of her sex, in regard to her epistolary talent, but was a far more sterling character than that most agreeable letter-writer. Her position was also superior, and the society in which she moved, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes" was not only of a very superior grade to that from which he has furnished us with so many entertaining reminiscences, but it deserves to be considered as containing the most brilliant elements that ever were found forming one grand and harmonious whole. The court of France in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at the period when the lively marcelioness was one of its brightest ornaments, possessed in its soldiers, courtiers, wits, ladies of fashion, princes, and statesmen, the most distinguished characters that ever existed in any country at one time. It is, to these interesting personages, with all the gallantry, diplomacy, adventure, magnificence, and talent, for which they are so celebrated, that the author of "*Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries*" introduces the reader; and we will venture to assert, that whilst forming their acquaintance, he will be ready to acknowledge he never before found himself in such company. Among the prelates who then contrived to possess so large a share in state affairs, he will meet the Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and De Retz, Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, the Abbes Cotin, De Rance, Pere Joseph, Bourdaloue, and Massillon; among the nobles, the Dukes of Orleans, de la Rochefoucauld, and de Saint-Simon, the Marquises de Louvois, de Dangeau, and de Villars, Vicomte de Turenne, Counts de Grammont, and de Bussy Rabutin; with whom are associated, Marie Louise, Queen of Spain, Marie Louise de Gonzague, Queen of Poland, the Princesses des Ursins, Anne de Gonzague, Princess Palatine, the Duchesses Henrietta d'Orleans, de Mazarin, and de Longueville, Madame de Maintenon, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier; Louis the Fourteenth, Charles II. of Spain, James II. of England; with several of the English nobility, such as the Dukes of Buckingham, Montagu, and Shrewsbury; the Earls of Ossory and Sunderland, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Of literary characters, we have Corneille, Racine, Molière, la Fontaine, Pascal, Boileau, and Fontenelle. Of political characters, Colbert, Fouquet, the President de Harlay, and the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, with that interesting mystery, "The Man with the Iron Mask." Such are a few of Madame de Sévigné's contemporaries, and we cannot

* *Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries*, 2 vols.

but welcome a work which brings such personages prominently before us. But, besides affording very attractive portraits of them all, the author has added to the store of pleasant reading to be found in her volumes, by introducing careful descriptions of several places and institutions, which were amongst the most remarkable features of the age—such as Versailles, Port Royal des Champs, and the Monastery of La Trappe. It is long since we have met with a production better adapted for school or family reading; for, with all the authenticity of history, its pages possess the charm of romance.

FERRERS.*

THERE are, we doubt not, very few of our readers who have not read that very interesting series of narratives called the State Trials—a work that abounds with materials for at least a score of effective romances. There is another publication of a somewhat similar nature, with which it is very probable they are still more familiar, known by the title of the “Newgate Calendar;” to the pages of which more than one of our most popular novelists owes considerable obligations; therefore it is scarcely possible that the story of Lord Ferrers can be unknown to them. Mr. Ollier, in selecting it for the exercise of his imagination, has probably been influenced by the great success obtained by Mr. Ainsworth, with subjects of a like nature.

The greater the sinner, the greater the saint,
is a proverb that, with one class of the community, used to have the force of a law; but with another, the phrase appears to undergo an alteration into—

The greater the scoundrel, the greater the hero;
for what else could of late years have brought so prominently in the public eye such characters as Jack Shepherd and Dick Turpin? Whatever pretensions these personages may have as the heroes of romance, there is no doubt in the world that Lord Ferrers is equally qualified to play the same rôle. Indeed, we are inclined to think from his lordship’s superior position in society, that he might be made a much more interesting hero than either of the individuals just named: and Mr. Ollier appears to have thought the same; for he has, with a great deal of tact and talent, made the most of this circumstance. The murder of his own servant, whose only fault was his incorruptible honesty, by a nobleman, who afterwards paid at Tyburn the penalty of his crime, at least affords novelty in the way of incident—and no less original is the introduction into a work of fiction of such characters as Whitfield and Lady Huntingdon. With these materials, and a due use of such melodramatic machinery as burglars, ghosts, highwaymen, Bow-street officers, madness, murder, and methodism, the author of “Ferrers” has contrived to produce one of the best works of its class—a romance that also deserves to be read for the more legitimate merit of conveying an animated and singular picture of the state of English manners and morals about a century ago.

* Ferrers: a Romance of the Reign of George II. By Charles Ollier. 3 vols.

THE MAN OF FORTUNE.*

Among the many features which distinguish the present age, both for good and for evil, from all others that have preceded it, the most remarkable, as well as the most alarming, is the universal spread of that hateful mammon-worship which has ever been the immediate curse, as well as the pregnant cause of future ruin to those states in which it has gained a marked ascendancy. That wise desire for individual as well as national wealth, which has helped to make England great, has been long degenerating into an insane passion for mere money—a passion which, more than any other, saps the foundation of all public and private virtue, and even of that true refinement which is their surest evidence and most graceful accompaniment.

Mrs. Gore, the most keen of satirists under the guise of the most easy and offhand of fashionable novelists, has no doubt long observed this vice growing into rankness among us, and marked it for her quarry; and never could she have chosen a fitter time for bringing it down than the present moment,—when mammon-worship seems to have reached its acme, and is spreading its detestable influence not only over every public institution of our society, but into every private house and heart that is not sternly shut against this prevalent idolatry of the hour. “The Man of Fortune” is as admnable and effective a satire on the vice in question as ever was put on paper; and it will be tenfold effective by coming as it does in the form of a tale of real life, full of intense interest, and teeming with those nice traits of character, deep touches of human passion, and brilliant sketches of existing society and manners, in which Mrs. Gore’s novels are exceeded by those of no living writer. The main design of the work is developed in the successive changes wrought by wealth and its concomitants in the character of the hero—the “Man of Fortune.” Reginald Cressingham, the child—well-born, but not born to wealth—enjoys all the healthful and happy attributes of a free and noble nature. Reginald Cressingham, the boy, become, by a piece of unlucky good-fortune, the heir to forty thousand a year, starts at once into the pet or the patron of all the precocious *roués* and predestined blackguards of Eton—then into the tool and laughing-stock by turns of the hereditary statesmen and senators of Oxford, and the dupe and pigeon of the noble blacklegs of Crockford’s: in short, he presents us with a new version of the fable of “The Heir and many Friends.”

And finally, Reginald Cressingham, the Man, presently finds himself without a friend, almost without a guinea in the world; an exile, an outcast, a by-word of contempt and obloquy. And all this is brought about by steps so natural, and so naturally told, that the whole thing reads like a record of something that has really happened—like one of those romances of real life growing out of this very mammon-worship, the details of so many of which have filled our newspapers during the last twelve months.

* The Man of Fortune, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols.

And how has Mrs. Gore contrived to turn all this to "the favour and the prettiness" to which everything does turn which she touches?—how, but by her usual happy, woman's expedient, of a woman! The little humble playmate of Reginald Cressingham, the good and happy child, loves him through all his splendour and through all his degradation, and is the instrument of restoring him to himself and to happiness at last; and the reader is made to feel at least, though not to see, that his life and that of his good genius, Justina, will end where it began—in the bosom of those homely virtues, and that home-bred peace, which wealth may impair or destroy, but can in no case create.

We are almost afraid the fair authoress of "The Man of Fortune" will complain of us for treating her rather as a moralist than a novelist, and will protest against our discovering more solid and sterling matter in her light and sparkling pages than she intended them to contain. But if a lady's works are fuller of wisdom than she wishes them to be, it is really no fault of ours, and we must speak of them as we find them. Everybody knows that Mrs. Gore is one of the most brilliant, the most graceful, and (what is more to the purpose than all) the most entertaining of our existing novelists. But if, into the bargain—or *en revanche*, if she like that better—we must insist that she is one of the most moral, and the most instructive, it is, we repeat, no fault of ours, and she must bear to be told of it.

These charming volumes contain other tales besides "The Man of Fortune;" but though all of them are full of cleverness, and teeming with interest and entertainment, they are "brief" as the "woman's love" on which most of them turn, and we have exhausted our space on that which occupies the lion's share of the work.

NEW EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.*

We should have thought another edition of Shakspeare unnecessary, had the one announced in this pamphlet sought public patronage under other auspices than it does; Mr. Knight's beautiful edition, now nearly concluded, having been in many respects so satisfactory, as to supersede the labours of all his editorial predecessors; but with such an editor as Mr. Collier, to whom the Shaksperian scholar is already so largely indebted, and with the facilities he possesses for properly illustrating his subject, we cannot but regard a new edition of our great poet's works as an invaluable addition to our already somewhat copious Shaksperiana, and therefore we have perused his "Reasons" with more than ordinary attention and interest; fully satisfied that he has made out a case worthy of public consideration, and can safely recommend his undertaking to the very large circle of readers to which he appeals.

* Reasons for a New Edition of Shakspeare's Works, containing notices of the defects of former impressions, and pointing out the lately acquired means of illustrating the Plays, Poems, and Biography of the Poet. By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Author of "The History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," &c.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.*

IF there be one period of English history of more engrossing interest than any other, it is undoubtedly those troublous times which led to the execution of Charles the First. Although there had previously been civil war in its worst form, ravaging the land from end to end, it never possessed the peculiar features which marked the great struggle that distinguished the seventeenth century. In all other cases it had either been a struggle for the throne of two rival claimants, or an agrarian outbreak without any feasible plan—like the insurrection of Jack Cade. The dispute between Charles the First and his Parliament was of a very different nature, and was settled after a very different fashion. We are not disposed to state how much honesty there was on either side; but whatever may have been the amount of hypocrisy possessed by the Cavaliers or Roundheads there cannot be a question that both fought for the cause they had taken up with a vigour that showed them to be thoroughly in earnest. The principle so fiercely contended for must ever render the history of this period unparalleled in interest, and every authentic illustration of it will be sure of receiving a more than ordinary degree of attention. Such a publication, therefore, as “*Memorials of the Great Civil War*,” carries in its title a recommendation which cannot fail of finding multitudes of eager readers, and the vast mass of historical information to be found in its pages in the most authentic form in which it could be given, will amply repay the trouble of perusal. This information is given by the very parties who beheld and took a prominent share in the transactions here mentioned. There is scarcely an individual of any note at that eventful time who is not found in the Rev. Mr. Cary’s volumes, giving his peculiar views of the state of affairs. The manuscripts from which the work has been produced are preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and their authenticity can no more be doubted than their historical importance. We have not space sufficient to give the names of all the distinguished characters who have furnished these “*Memorials*,” but some conception of their exceedingly interesting nature may be gained by knowing that among them are to be found Charles the First and Second, Queen Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Bohemia, Prince Rupert, Prince Maurice, and Prince Charles Lodovic. The Dukes of York, Buckingham, and Hamilton. Lords Arundel, Bristol, Derby, Digby, Goring, Grey, Clarendon, Jermyn, Inchiquin, Lauderdale, Leicester, Leven, Northumberland, Savile, Stamford, Warwick, Wentworth, Willoughby, and the Marquis of Worcester; with Ladies Stanley and Dalkeith, the Archbishop of Armagh; the Bishops of Exeter, London, Oxford, Rochester, and Salisbury. Sirs Jacob Ashley, Thomas Bulstrode, H. Cholmely, Thomas Dacres, Simonds Dewes, Kenelm Digby, John Evelyn, Thomas Fairfax, John Finch, Thomas Glemham, Thomas Hanmer, Arthur Haslerig, Thomas Hoogan, Thomas Knyvett, William Lewis, Henry Lingen, Tho-

* *Memorials of the Great Civil War in England, from 1646 to 1652.* By Henry Cary, M. A. 2 vols.

mas Littleton, Samuel Luke, Robert Meredith, Dudley North, Walter Strickland, William Strickland, Peter Wentworth, and Trevor Williams. Admirals Blake, Deane, and Rainsborough. Major and Lieutenant Generals Harrison, Lambert, Massey, Monk, Mytton, Poyntz, and Skippon. Colonels Birch, Cooke, Fleetwood, Fowles, Gunter, Hammond, Hewson, Harley, Ireton, Jones, Langhorne, Lidecott, Robert Lilburne, Morgan, Payne, Rich, Rigby, Sinnott, Robert Stapylton, Ralph Weldon, Whaley, and Roger Whitley. Oliver Cromwell, Jeremy Taylor, Prynne, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. As these documents describe events occurring between 1646 and 1652, they may be said to convey a picture of the most interesting period of the revolution, which deserves to be considered one of the most valuable contributions to our national history that has appeared. Every historical scholar will, we are certain, fully appreciate the labours of Mr. Cary; and having given this slight notice of the character of his production, we cannot do better than leave it to their attentive consideration.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Republic of Texas from its discovery to the present period; with the cause of its separation from the Republic of Mexico. By N. Doran Maillard, Barrister at Law, of Texas.—The recent work of Mr. Kennedy on Texas, attracted a great deal more attention to this new state, than was warranted by the circumstances on which it founded its claim to the notice of Europe; but the exceedingly favourable account of the country and its inhabitants, given by this author (after only a few weeks' acquaintance with them, by the way) was very likely to produce the impression on the minds of the reading public in this country which it has. The delusive speculations which have made their appearance in the commercial world in consequence, cannot but lead to great disappointment. We hope that the work of Mr. Maillard, who resided in Texas a considerable period, and travelled over a great extent of it, will speedily disabuse the people of England of the erroneous impressions that have been so studiously created to assist the designs of the jobbers and adventurers who are offering such enticing prospects to the emigrant. We think this it is very likely to do; for it conveys a picture of Texas and the Texans—and no doubt a faithful one—which ought, among sensible people, to excite a complete horror of them. There is much too, in this volume, which we should recommend to the careful perusal of Lord Aberdeen.

Rambles in Ceylon. By Lieutenant de Butts.—We have had no lack of books on almost every corner of the Indian continent, but not one publication has appeared pretending to do justice to the beautiful and productive island of Ceylon. This office, Lieutenant de Butts has essayed, and the result is an agreeable and welcome volume, that sketches every remarkable feature among the Cingalese, from an elephant hunt to a mosquito bite. We have been much entertained with the book throughout and have no doubt that the same result will follow perusal in every instance.

Lee's Book for all Seasons. A Holiday Offering for Youth of both Sexes.—Both in the animal and vegetable world there exist other animals and vegetables called Parasites, that cling to and live upon them. We have long noticed a singular class of depredators among that species of the genus *homo* called publishers. These are the originators of

penny publications that exist entirely upon works of merit, which have cost the author and publisher a very large amount of labour and expense. No sooner has such a production obtained the degree of popularity likely to repay the expense of publication, than out come the parasite pennyworths; in which, at the most trifling cost the whole of the popular work is piratically given. But of all the impudent and unprincipled attempts of this kind we think this "Book for all Seasons," alias "The Penny Forget-me-not," alias "Parley's Penny Journal," is the least creditable. We suppose the fulsome dedication to Charles Dickens, in this volume, is employed with a view of getting him to tolerate the extraordinary extent to which this most voracious parasite has preyed upon him: Parley having managed to eat up his labours for the last two or three years. Here is "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," nearly entire; and "The Lamplighter's Story," from the Pic Nic Papers condensed. Other popular writers are devoured after the same fashion, among whom we find the author of Valentine Vox. Horace Smith, (his tale of "Esther," in "The Pic Nic Papers,") Mr. Johnson, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. While we call the attention of authors and publishers to this wholesale plunder, we trust the public will entertain a proper feeling for the plunderer, and treat his parasitical labours with the contempt they deserve.

The Tower, its History, Armories, and Antiquities, before and since the Fire. By J. Hewett, Esq.—A work like this has been much wanted by the visitor to the Tower of London, who cannot readily get access to the expensive work of Bayley on the same subject. It is a brief history but written quite sufficiently at length to satisfy the general reader of this most attractive of "the lions;" albeit, the feature in the establishment that had the best pretensions to the name, has for some time ceased to be found there;—with historical notices of its armories and antiquities, and a description of the crown jewels, which is stated to be compiled from original documents, and published by the authority of the Board of Ordnance. The volume is illustrated with very good engravings of several of the most interesting objects preserved within its walls, and is in every respect well worthy of the moderate price at which it is offered to the public.

The Adventures of Mr. Oldbuck. Tilt and Bogue.—A series of graphic drolleries, of French origin, and intended to tell a story with very little help from the pen. Our neighbours across the channel, are, however, so much more remarkable for wit than for humour, that it did not surprise us to find the designs abundantly extravagant and grotesque without being particularly comic. The fun of them is, indeed, of that kind which is as broad as a spade, and has no more point:—the very horse-play of the mind;—in fact, the subject of one of the pictures is, "the horse of Mr. Oldbuck bursting with fat," so as to throw the rider and his dog some yards into the air! An event too purely impossible and absurd to be ludicrous; for there ought to be a certain degree of plausibility even in the incidents of a farce. Nevertheless, the book will serve, to our knowledge, to amuse the younger boys and girls; and may, perhaps, entertain those children of larger growth, who, like the French, enjoy a large share of animal spirits, and are fond of practical jokes. In point of drawing, and as samples of "Gypso-graphy," the plates decidedly belong to the *Unfine Arts*.

The Songs of Charles Dibdin, chronologically arranged, with Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical, and the Music of the best and most Popular of the Melodies, with new Pianoforte Accompaniments. Part I.—This undertaking deserves and bids fair to be popular—at least if the unpretending minstrelsy of Dibdin has not been thrust out of favour by the more attractive muse of Moore, and other favourite lyrists since his day. It consists of selections from this wonderfully prolific writer's operas and dramatic pieces, with his best melodies for the first time furnished with pianoforte accompaniments worthy of them. The public taste may have undergone a great change since Charles Dibdin influenced it; but there are many of his compositions which are not likely to be soon forgotten, and several of his airs are among the choicest things of the kind that ever were composed, any one of which is worth more than all the contemptible trash published as music at the present day.

Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge.—One of Le Keux's illustrative works, as excellent as it is cheap. It is published every month in a series of shilling numbers, of which eighteen have been issued. The engravings are in Le Keux's best style, from

drawings by Mackenzie and Bell, and are a series of views of the colleges, halls, churches, and other public buildings of the University and town of Cambridge, with historical and descriptive accounts by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., of Trinity, and the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, M.A., F.S.A., late of Magdalene. We are much pleased with this work as far as it has proceeded, and hope it will continue as satisfactorily to the conclusion.

The History of the British Empire in India. By Edward Thornton, Esq. Author of "India, its State and Prospects." Parts I. to V.—Histories of India appear to be multiplying very rapidly. We have but lately expressed our admiration of the elaborate work of the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, and now Mr. Thornton puts before us his labours on the same subject, but we cannot acknowledge his undertaking to be of the same pretension as that of his predecessor: nevertheless, we believe it to be of a more popular character, and as far as it has proceeded, the narrative flows on clearly and with increasing interest. The history of British India presents so many romantic features to the reader, that he is not likely to tire of the subject; and Mr. Thornton seems so well qualified to make an agreeable use of the very entertaining materials the subject affords him, that we cannot but encourage him to proceed, and recommend his labours to public patronage.

FINE ARTS.

THE name of De la Roche has for the last few years been rapidly gaining upon the admiration of all true lovers of art, and the magnificent result of his labours covering the walls of the Hemicycle at the palace of the Fine Arts, which has thrown all Paris into enthusiasm, and received critical justice from the able hands of M. Delécluse, seems to have placed him in the opinion of his countrymen on an elevation with the Great Masters. This extraordinary production contains seventy-four figures, the most prominent being a third larger than life, who represent the most distinguished painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects, of the principal periods and schools of art, with the most careful attention to the characteristics of time, person, and place. They are thrown into groups and attitudes singularly striking and picturesque, with allegorical figures, one of whom is represented kneeling before a heap of crowns, throwing one at the spectator. Although in this delineation of the congress of the Great Masters, we find Greek, Roman, German, Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, and Spanish artists from the age of Pericles to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, no English painter, sculptor, or architect appears there. There was certainly no great English painter or sculptor existing during the period selected by M. de la Roche, but both Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren ought most certainly to have found a place amongst the group of architects. This exclusion, however, must not induce us to omit one word of the high praise we think due to this great undertaking. In every respect it will stand a comparison with the fresco achievements of Cornelius and Schnorr at Munich, and will bear to be looked at with admiration even after regarding those wonders of art, the Italian frescoes. We have great pleasure in adding that, besides the enthusiasm of Paris, M. de la Roche is to be rewarded with a peerage.

It is not, however, with so extraordinary a monument of his genius that we at present have anything to do. We have merely taken the opportunity afforded us by being called upon to notice a clever mezzotinto by Saunders of this distinguished artist's charming picture, "King Charles the First in the Guard Room," in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, to give the reader a brief notice of a work which is now the subject of conversation with every student and connoisseur of art. The touching representation of the unfortunate monarch, after sentence had been passed upon him, mocked by his gaolers, must be fresh in the memory of all who have beheld it. The merit of the composition has lost nothing in the hands of the engraver, and, as might have been expected, it forms one of the most attractive prints we have seen for some time.

A collection of the portraits of the Duke of Wellington would form a tolerable volume,—one as singular as it must be interesting. He has been portrayed in characters as various as extraordinary, when considered as belonging to one individual holding the most distinguished offices talent and worth could aspire to—Principal Secretary of State, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Ambassador, and Field Marshal. The beautiful engraving now before us is executed by Wagstaff in the first style of mezzotinto, from a portrait, for which the Duke sat to Mr. Pickersgill, the royal academician, which was painted for the members of the Oriental Club in 1836. He is represented at full length, in the costume of Field Marshal, and the artist and engraver have succeeded in placing before us the best and most characteristic portrait of his grace we have yet seen. The size of the print is 16 by 26 inches—an admirable size for framing, for which purpose we expect it will be very generally purchased.

The New Zealand Company have put forth a strong inducement to emigration in the shape of a beautiful tinted lithograph from the press of Hullmandel, from a drawing by Charles Heaphy, of "Mount Egmont, from the north shore of Cooke's Strait, New Zealand." The country is exceedingly picturesque, to which no slight addition is made by the artist's introduction of the natives burning off wood for potato-grounds; and the engraving must be considered an acquisition to the portfolio.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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AND

HUMORIST.

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LITERARY REPORT FOR FEBRUARY.

THE Second Volume of *MADAM D'ARBLAY'S DIARY*, comprising the commencement of the account of her residence at the Court of Queen Charlotte, is announced to appear on the First of March.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT KEPPEL.—A very interesting and important work of naval biography may be shortly expected. We allude to the *Life of Lord Viscount Keppel*, whose distinguished services pointed him out as one of the greatest naval commanders of his time. It may be recollected, that in early life the subject of these Memoirs made the circuit of the globe with Commodore Anson, at a period when the spirit and thirst for new geographical discoveries, stimulated by what had already been achieved by Captain Cook and other enterprising circumnavigators, tempted the British nation to fit out new exploratory expeditions. In 1782 Admiral Keppel, after having been deputed to negotiate treaties with the rulers of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and after a busy parliamentary career, became First Lord of the Admiralty. The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel, son of the Earl of Albemarle, gives to the world these Memoirs of his gallant and noble relative, which certainly come most appropriately from his pen.

TRAVELS IN KASHMIRE, &c.—A very important work of oriental travel, as above entitled, is in preparation from the pen of a gentleman (G. T. Vigne, Esq.) already favourably known to the public by his "*Travels in Afghanistan*." His new work commences with an account of his excursions into Persia, whence he proceeded to India, through which he journeyed on to the Punjab (or northern Himalayan range), where his information is of the most valuable kind. Our author here made himself acquainted with the principal sheiks, among whom was Runjeet Singh. In this part of India he made considerable stay, employing his time in obtaining intelligence and particulars of every kind, and in examining whatever he considered worthy of notice. Thence he journeyed amid the Valleys of Kashmere, which he describes with great minuteness. He travelled over a sufficient portion of this interesting country, and associated so much with its inhabitants of almost every class as to be well qualified to report upon their present appearance and resources in a manner which will no doubt render his volumes a valuable authority. He afterwards proceeded to Little Thibet, of which country he was enabled to procure a great mass of information, at once varied, curious, and entertaining.

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND.—The fourth volume of this interesting work, containing the Queen of Henry the Eighth, is in the press, and will be published in the course of the ensuing month.

SIR HENRY MORGAN THE BUCCANER.—The extraordinary life and adventures of this daring freebooter are about to be portrayed in the forthcoming new tale of the ocean, under the above title, from the pen of the late much lamented Edward Howard, Esq., author of "*Rattlin the Reefer*," "*Outward Bound*," and other popular works.

A New Edition of *HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL* for 1842, with 37 Illustrations by the Author and Mr. Leech, is now ready.

The gallant Lieut.-colonel Napier, Author of "*Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands*," has a new work on the eve of publication, entitled, "*Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean*."

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE TOWER OF LAHNECK :

A ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

AMONGST the many castled crags on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most picturesque is the ruin of Lahneck, perched on a conical rock, close to that beautiful little river the Lahn. The Castle itself is a venerable fragment, with one lofty tower rising far above the rest of the building—a characteristic feature of a feudal stronghold—being in fact the Observatory of the Robber-Baron, whence he watched, not the motions of the heavenly bodies, but the movements of such earthly ones as might afford him a booty, or threaten him with an assault. And truly, Lahneck is said to have been the residence of an order of Teutonic Knights—exactly matching in number the famous band of Thieves in the Arabian Tale.

However, when the sun sets in a broad blaze behind the heights of Capellen, and the fine ruin of Stolzenfels on the opposite banks of the Rhine, its last rays always linger on the lofty towers of Lahneck. Many a time, while standing rod in hand on one or other of the brown rocks which, narrowing the channel of the river, form a small rapid, very favourable to the fisherman—many a time have I watched the rich warm light burning beaconlike on the very summit of that solitary tower, whilst all the river lay beneath in deepest shadow, save the golden circles that marked where a fish rose to the surface, or the bright coruscations made by the screaming swallow as it sportively dipped its wing in the dusky water, like a gay friend breaking in on the cloudy reveries of a moody mind. And as these natural lights faded away, the artificial ones of the village of Lahneck began to twinkle—the glowing windows of Duquet's hospitable pavilion, especially, throwing across the stream a series of dancing reflections that shone the brighter, for the sombre shadows of a massy cluster of acacias in the tavern-garden. Then the myriads of chafers, taking to wing filled the air with droning—whilst the lovely fireflies with their

fairly lamps began to flit across my homeward path, or hovered from osier to osier, along the calm waterside. But a truce to these personal reminiscences.

It was on a fine afternoon, towards the close of May, 1830, that two ladies began slowly to climb the winding path which leads through a wild shrubbery to the ruined Castle of Lahneck. They were unaccompanied by any person of the other sex; but such rambles are less perilous for unprotected females in that country than in our own—and they had enjoyed several similar excursions without accident or offence. At any rate, to judge from their leisure steps, and the cheerful tone of their voices, they apprehended no more danger than might accrue to a gauze or a ribbon from an overhanging branch or a stray bramble. The steepness of the ascent forced them occasionally to halt to take breath, but they stopped quite as frequently to gather the wild flowers, and especially the sweet valley lilies, there so abundant: to look up at the time-stained Ruin from a new point, or to comment on the beauties of the scenery.

The elder of the ladies spoke in English, to which her companion replied in the same language, but with a foreign accent and occasional idioms, that belonged to another tongue. In fact she was a native of Germany, whereas the other was one of those many thousands of British travellers whom the long peace, the steamboat, and the poetry of Byron had tempted to visit the “blue and arrowy” river. Both were young, handsome, and accomplished; but the Fraulein Von B. was unmarried; whilst Mrs. ——— was a wife and a mother, and with her husband and her two children, had occupied for some weeks a temporary home within the walls of Coblenz. It was in this city that a friendship had been formed between the German Girl and the fair Islander—the gentle pair who were now treading so freely and fearlessly under the walls of a Castle where womanly beauty might formerly have ventured as safely as the doe near the den of the lion. But those days are happily gone by—the dominion of Brute Force is over—and the Wild Baron who doomed his victims to the treacherous abyss, has dropped into an *Oubliette* as dark and as deep as his own.

At last the two ladies gained the summit of the mountain, and for some minutes stood still and silent, as if entranced by the beauty of the scene before them. There are elevations at which the mind loses breath as well as the body—and pants too thickly with thought upon thought to find ready utterance. This was especially the case with the Englishwoman, whose cheek flushed, while her eyes glistened with tears; for the soul is touched by beauty as well as melted by kindness, and here Nature was lavish of both—at once charming, cheering, and refreshing her with a magnificent prospect, the brightest of sunshine, and the balmiest air. Her companion, in the meantime, was almost as taciturn, merely uttering the names of the places—Ober-Lahnstein—Capellen—Stolzenfels—Nieder-Lahnstein—St. Joan's Church—to which she successively pointed with her little white finger. Following its direction, the other lady slowly turned round, till her eyes rested on the Castle itself, but she was too near to see the ruin to advantage, and her neck ached as she strained it to look up at the lofty tower which rose almost from her feet. Still she continued to gaze upward, till

her indefinite thoughts grew into a wish that she could ascend to the top, and thence, as if suspended in air, enjoy an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. It was with delight, therefore, that on turning an angle of the wall she discovered a low open arch which admitted her to the interior, where, after a little groping, she perceived a flight of stone steps, winding, as far as the eye could trace, up the massy walls.

The staircase, however, looked very dark, or rather dismal, after the bright sunshine she had just quitted, but the whim of the moment, the spirit of adventure and curiosity, induced her to proceed, although her companion who was more phlegmatic, started several difficulties and doubts as to the practicability of the ascent. There were, however, no obstacles to surmount beyond the gloom, some trifling heaps of rubbish, and the fatigue of mounting so many gigantic steps. But this weariness was richly repaid, whenever through an occasional loophole she caught a sample of the bright blue sky, and which like samples in general, appeared of a far more intense and beautiful colour than any she had ever seen in the whole piece. No, never had heaven seemed so heavenly, or earth so lovely, or water so clear and pure, as through those narrow apertures—never had she seen any views so charming as those exquisite snatches of landscape, framed by the massive masonry into little cabinet pictures of a few inches square—so small, indeed, that the two friends, pressed cheek to cheek, could only behold them with one eye apiece! The Englishwoman knew at least a dozen of such tableaux, to be seen through particular loopholes in certain angles of the walls of Coblenz—but these “pictures of the Lahneck gallery,” as she termed them, transcended them all! Nevertheless it cost her a sigh to reflect how many forlorn captives, languishing perhaps within those very walls, had been confined to such glimpses of the world without—nay, whose every prospect on this side the grave, had been framed in stone. But such thoughts soon pass away from the minds of the young, the healthy, and the happy, and the next moment the fair moralist was challenging the echoes to join with her in a favourite air. Now and then indeed the song abruptly stopped, or the voice quavered on a wrong note, as a fragment of mortar rattled down to the basement, or a disturbed bat rustled from its lurking-place, or the air breathed through a crevice with a sound so like the human sigh, as to revive her melancholy fancies. But these were transient terrors, and only gave rise to peals of light-hearted merriment, that were mocked by laughing voices from each angle of the walls.

At last the toilsome ascent was safely accomplished, and the two friends stood together on the top of the tower, drawing a long, delicious breath of the fresh free air. For a time they were both dazzled to blindness by the sudden change from gloom to sunshine, as well as dizzy from the unaccustomed height; but these effects soon wore off, and the whole splendid panorama,—variegated with mountains, valleys, rocks, castles, chapels, spires, towns, villages, vineyards, corn-fields, forests, and rivers, was revealed to the delighted sense. As the Englishwoman had anticipated, her eye could now travel unimpeded round the entire horizon, which it did again and again and again, while her lips kept repeating all the superlatives of admiration.

“It is mine *Faderland*,” murmured the German girl with a natural

tone of triumph in the beauty of her native country. "Speak—did I not well to persuade you to here, by little bits, and little bits, instead of a stop at Horheim?"

"You did indeed, my dear Amanda. Such a noble prospect would well repay a much longer walk."

"Look!—see—dere is Rhense—and de Marxberg"—but the finger was pointed in vain, for the eyes it would have guided continued to look in the opposite direction across the Lahn.

"Is it possible, from here," inquired the Englishwoman, "to see Coblenz?"

Instead of answering this question, the German girl looked up archly in the speaker's face, and then smiling and nodding her head, said slyly, "Ah, you do think of a somebody at home!"

"I was thinking of him indeed," replied the other, "and regretting that he is not at this moment by my side to enjoy—"

She stopped short—for at that instant a tremendous peal, as of the nearest thunder, shook the tower to its very foundation. The German shrieked, and the ever ready "Ach Gott!" burst from her quivering lips; but the Englishwoman neither stirred nor spoke, though her cheek turned of the hue of death. Some minds are much more apprehensive than others, and hers was unusually quick in its conclusions,—the thought passed from cause to consequence with the rapidity of the voltaic spark. Ere the sound had done rumbling, she knew the nature of the calamity as distinctly as if an evil spirit had whispered it in her ear. Nevertheless, an irresistible impulse, that dreadful attraction which draws us in spite of ourselves to look on what is horrible and approach to the very verge of danger, impelled her to seek very sight she most feared to encounter. Her mind indeed recoiled, but her limbs, as by a volition superior to her own, dragged her to the brink of the abyss she had prophetically painted, where the reality presented itself with a startling resemblance to the ideal picture.

Yes, *there* yawned that dark chasm, unfathomable by the human eye, a great gulf fixed—perhaps eternally fixed—between herself and the earth, with all it contained of most dear and precious to the heart of a wife and a mother. Three—only the three uppermost steps of the gigantic staircase still remained in their place, and even these as she gazed at them suddenly plunged into the dreary void; and after an interval which indicated the frightful depth they had to plumb, reached the bottom with a crash that was followed by a roll of hollow echoes from the subterranean vaults!

As the sound ceased, the Englishwoman turned away with a gasp and a visible shudder from the horrid chasm. It was with the utmost difficulty that she had mastered a mechanical inclination to throw herself after the falling mass—an impulse very commonly induced by the unexpected descent of a large body from our own level. But what had she gained? Perhaps but a more lingering and horrible fate—a little more time to break her heart in—so many more wretched hours to lament for her lost treasures—her cheerful home—her married felicity—her maternal joys, and to look with unavailing yearnings towards Coblenz. But that sunny landscape had become intolerable; and she hastily closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands. Alas! she only beheld the more vividly the household images, and

dear familiar faces that distractingly associated the happiness of the past with the misery of the present—for out of the very sweetness of her life came intenser bitterness, and from its brightest phases an extremest darkness, even as the smiling valley beneath her had changed into that of the Shadow of Death! The Destroyer had indeed assumed almost a visible presence, and like a poor trembling bird, conscious of the stooping falcon, the devoted victim sank down and cowered on the hard, cold, rugged roof of the fatal Tower!

The German girl, in the meanwhile, had thrown herself on her knees and with her neck at full stretch over the low parapet, looked eagerly from east to west for succour—but from the mill up the stream to the ferry down below, along the road on either side of the river, she could not descry a living object. Yes—no—yes—there was one on the mountain itself, moving among the brushwood, and even approaching the castle; closer he came—and closer yet, to the very base of the Tower. But his search, whatever it was, tended earthwards, for he never looked up.

"Here!—come!—gleich!—quick!" and the agitated speaker hurriedly beckoned to her companion in misfortune—"we must make a cry both together, and so loud as we can," and setting the example she raised her voice to its utmost pitch; but the air was so rarified that the sound seemed feeble even to herself.

At any rate it did not reach the figure below—nor would a far louder alarm, for that figure was little Kranz, the deaf and dumb boy of Lahndstein, who was gathering bunches of the valley-lilies for sale to the company at the inn. Accordingly after a desultory ramble round the moun-ns he descended to the road and slowly proceeded along the waterside towards the ferry, where he disappeared.

"Lieber Gott!" exclaimed the poor girl; "it is too far to make one hear!"

So saying she sprang to her feet, and with her white handkerchief kept waving signals of distress, till from sheer exhaustion her arms refused their office. But not one of those pleasure-parties so frequent on fine summer-days in that favourite valley had visited the spot. There was a Kirch-Weih at Neundorf, down the Rhine, and the holiday-makers had all proceeded with their characteristic uniformity in that direction.

"Dere is nobody at all," said the German, dropping her arms and head in utter despondence, "not one to see us!"

"And if there we e,c," added a hollow voice, "what human help could avail us at this dreadful height?"

The truth of this reflection was awfully apparent; but who when life is at stake can resign hope, or its last tearful contingency though frail as a spider's thread encumbered with dewdrops?

The German, in spite of her misgivings, resumed her watch; till after a long, weary, dreary hour, a solitary figure issued from a hut a little lower down on the opposite side of the Lahn, and stepping into a boat propelled it to the middle of the stream. It was one of the poor fishermen who rented the water, and rowing directly to the rapid, he made a cast or two with his net, immediately within the reflection of the Castle. But he was too distant to hear the cry that appealed to him, and too much absorbed in the success or failure of his peculiar lottery

to look aloft. Like the deaf and dumb boy he passed on—but in the opposite direction, and gradually disappeared.

"It will never be seen!" ejaculated the German girl, again dropping her arm—a doubtful prophecy, however, for immediately afterwards the Rhenish steamboat crossed the mouth of the lesser river, and probably more than one telescope was pointed to the romantic ruin of Lahneck. But the distance was great, and even had it been less, the waving of a white handkerchief would have been taken for a merry or a friendly salute.

In the meantime the steamboat passed out of sight behind the high ground; but the long streamer of smoke was still visible, like a day-meteor, swiftly flying along, and in a direction that made the Englishwoman stretch out her arms after the fleeting vapour as if it had been a thing sensible to human supplication.

"It is gone also!" exclaimed her partner in misery. "And in a short while my liebe mutter will see it come to Coblenz!"

The Englishwoman groaned.

"It is *my* blame," continued the other, in an agony of self-reproach, "it was my blame to come so wide—not one can tell where. Nobody shall seek at Lahneck—they will think we are dropped into de Rhine. Yes—we must die both! We must die of famishment—and de cornfields, and de vines is all round one!"

And thus hour passed after hour, still watching promises that budded and blossomed and withered—and still flowered again and again without fruition—till the shades of evening began to fall, and the prospect became in every sense darker and darker.

Barge after barge had floated down the river, but the steersman had been intent on keeping his craft in the middle of the current in the most difficult part of his navigation—the miller had passed along the road at the base of the mountain, but his thoughts were fixed on the home within his view—the female peasant drove her cows from the pasture—the truant children returned to the village, and the fisherman drifting down the stream, again landed, and after hanging his nets up to dry between the trees on the opposite meadows, re-entered his hut. But none saw the signal, none heard the cry, or if they did it was supposed to be the shrill squeak of the bat. There was even company at the inn, for the windows of Duquet's pavilion began to sparkle, but the enjoyments of the party had stopped short of the romantic and the picturesque—they were quaffing Rhein wein, and eating thick sour cream, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with cinnamon.

"It is hard, mine friend," sobbed the German, "not one thinks but for themselves."

"It is unjust," might have retorted the wife and mother, "for *I* think of my husband and children, and *they* think of me."

Why else did her sobs so disturb the tranquil air, or wherefore did she paint her beloved Edward and her two fair-haired boys with their faces so distorted by grief? The present and the future—for time is nothing in such visions—were almost simultaneously before her, and the happy home of one moment was transfigured at the next instant into the house of mourning. The contrast was agonizing but unspeakable—one of those stupendous woes which stupify the soul, as when

the body is not pierced with a single wound, but mortally crushed. She was not merely stricken but stunned.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German girl, after a vain experiment on the passiveness of her companion, "why do you not speak something—what shall we do?"

"Nothing," answered a shuddering whisper, "except—die!"

A long pause ensued, during which the German girl more than once approached and looked down the pitch black orifice which had opened to the fallen stairs. Perhaps it looked less gloomy than by daylight in the full blaze of the sun,—perhaps she had read and adopted a melancholy, morbid tone of feeling too common to German works, when they hear of a voluntary death, or perhaps the Diabolical Prompter was himself at hand with the desperate suggestion, fatal alike to body and to soul,—but the wretched creature drew nearer and nearer to the dangerous verge.

Her purpose, however, was checked. Although the air was perfectly still, she heard a sudden rustle amongst the ivy on that side of the Tower, which even while it made her start, had whispered a new hope in her ear. Was it possible that her signals had been observed—that her cries had been heard? And again the sound was audible, followed by a loud harsh cry, and a large Owl, like a bird of ill omen, as it is, fluttered slowly over the heads of the devoted pair, and again it shrieked and flapped round them, as if to involve them in a magical circle, and then with a third and shriller screech sailed away like an Evil Spirit, in the direction of the Black Forest.

Nor was that boding fowl without its sinister influence on human destiny. The disappointment it caused to the victim was mortal. It was the drop that overbrimmed her cup.

"No," she muttered, "there is no more hope. For myself I will not starve up here—I know my best friend, and will cast my troubles on the bosom of my mother earth."

Absorbed in her own grief the Englishwoman did not at first comprehend the import of these words; but all at once their meaning dawned on her with a dreadful significance. It was, however, too late. Her eye caught a glimpse of the skirt of a garment, her ear detected a momentary flutter—and she was alone on that terrible tower!

* * * * *

And did she too perish? Alas! ask the peasants and the fishermen who daily worked for their bread in that valley or on its river; ask the ferryman who hourly passed to and fro, and the bargeman, who made the stream his thoroughfare, and they will tell you, one and all, that they heard nothing and saw nothing, for Labour looks downward and forward, and round about, but not upward. Nay, ask the angler himself, who withdrew his fly from the circling eddies of the rapids to look at the last beams of sunshine glowing on the lofty Ruin—and he answers that he never saw living creature on its summit except once, when the Crow and the Raven were hovering about the building, and a screaming Eagle, although it had no nest there, was perched on the Tower of Lahneck.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCOLDS ; OR, MEMORABILIA OF XANTIPPE.

Thence to the famous orators repair ;
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratic,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece.

PARADISE REGAINED.

Ye sovereign wives !—give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak and exercise command ;
For never was it given to mortal man
To make such clatter as we women can.

POPE'S WIFE OF BATH.

Semper habit, lites, alternaque jurgia lectus.
In quo nupta jacet ; *minimum dormitur in illo.*

JUVENAL, Sat. vi.

HORACE assures us that “there lived brave men before Agamemnon ;” and we may affirm with equal confidence that there flourished termagant women antecedent to Xantippe. The “life and times” of the wife of Socrates, the Attic *wasp*, is a desideratum in literature ; but all antiquarians agree that she was not the *first* scold. The affair of the Vixen is one of the most venerable antiquity. Indeed it would appear from the mythology of Greece, that scolding, like philosophy, came down from Heaven :—

For Gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold.

The father of poets, indeed, treats us to an exquisite “breeze” between the “Lord Mayor of the skies” and her Serene Highness, the Lady Juno, the adored of all the daughters of men who prize the “liberty of unlicensed—prating.” If St. Cecilia was the “inventress of the vocal frame” that thunders through the aisles of the cathedral, we are indebted to St. Juno for the original of that far more potent organ,—the organ of speech in women,—which differs so remarkably from the common instrument of the same name, in requiring no bellows, and having no stops. But be this as it may, we do not find that the profession of the shrew was ever reduced to system until Athens—“mother of arts* and eloquence”—gave a Xantippe to Socrates and mankind. Here, as in so many other instances, Sparta was outdone by her more intellectual and polished rival. We do not mean to assert that the Laconic style prevailed amongst the Spartan ladies, as well as amongst their martial husbands, although some writers suppose that they were too much occupied in the preparation of the black broth (for which they had got the receipt from Lycurgus), to have sufficient time for the improvement of their tongues. All we insist on is the decided superiority of Athens, which “bore the bell,” before all the states of Greece, when she produced the celebrated beldame in question.

A very narrow view is taken of the character of this extraordinary woman by those who regard her merely as “the foremost shrew of all the world.” She was more ! She was not only a scold herself, but the

* The art of Tormenting, among others.

cause of scolding in others, and the founder (or as Friar Gerund would say, the foundress) of a school of scolding. In this important light, she certainly deserved a more spacious niche in the temple of fame than has been assigned to her by the eloquent author of "*Woman and her Master*."* Xantippe had *her method* as well as Socrates, and was the author of all those who reason with the tongue and the hand, instead of the head and understanding,—a numerous class in all succeeding ages, and embracing eminent practitioners of both genders even at the present day. The mantle of Xantippe has descended through a line of terminagants, as the keys of St. Peter were handed from Pope to Pope. First inventress she, of that notable art of controversy, the successful culture of which shed such a lustre in latter days over the college of Billingsgate, and the sister university of Wapping. Xantippe scorned the tame and tardy processes of ratiocination to which the name of the Socratic method has been given by logicians. Accordingly she reversed the system, and as Socrates was never without a *question*, so was his wife never without an *answer*, which she sometimes returned in a volley of nicknames and imprecations dire; but on other occasions, it is recorded, still more fluently by emptying vases of water upon his bald and submissive head.† Well might the possessor of this charming woman compare her to a water-wheel, as he is said to have done when Alcibiades, astonished at his tolerance, inquired how he could endure that perpetual clack. "I bear it," replied Socrates, "as I should the ordinary noise of a machine for raising water"—doubtless in allusion to his late ducking, his garments perhaps still dripping from the shower.‡

The remark made by the philosopher upon one of these affectionate demonstrations—"After *thunder* comes rain"—conveys the noblest possible conception of his wife's powers of elocution. The finest compliment ever paid to the eloquent Pericles himself was, that "*he thundered and lightened and shook the world*,"—the selfsame panegyric that Xantippe's oratory extorted from a critic who stands above all suspicion of regarding her performance in this *genre* with the partiality of a Fondlewife.

That Xantippe held her academy on the sea-shore, probably at the Piræus, or Port of Athens, may be assumed as certain, so invariable has been the connexion between maritime pursuits and oratorical exercises. Billingsgate and Wapping are, at the present day, what the Piræus was in more classic times. Demosthenes himself studied on the "beached margin of the sea," and probably enriched his vocabulary from the stores of the fish-wives and watermen, while he improved his elocution by bawling with pebbles in his mouth. His invectives against Æschines, and other passages of his immortal declamations, abundantly support this opinion. The word *harangue* is an obvious corruption of herring,

* Possibly Lady Morgan conceived that as Xantippe was both *Woman* and *Master*, her character did not properly come within the range of her work.

† Milton (who having a shrewd tongue of his own, probably envied Xantippe's fame) borrows from this incident a fine image, which he transfers, without ceremony, to the praise of Socrates! How much more happily might he have sung of Xantippe,

"Greatest of scolds, from whose hands issued forth

Millifluous streams that watered all the schools, &c."

Paradise Regained, book iv.

‡ Socrates is supposed to have been the first husband to whom conjugal tenderness applied the endearing epithet of *duck*.

Gallice *hareng*, and was doubtless originally applied to the vocal efforts of the *poissardes* who traded in that delicious fish,—

Sun-burnt matrons, mending old nets,
Now singing shrill and scolding oft between,
Scold answering foul-mouthed scold.

The verb “to *carp*” comes, without the change of a letter, from the fish so denominated. It was from a *rostrum*, the beak or prow of a ship, that the Roman orators addressed the assembled people. Horace remarks the superior proficiency of sailors in the war of words; the *poissardes* of Paris made a considerable noise in the French Revolution; and our Thames watermen wag their tongues with as much freedom at this hour as they did in the days of Charles the First, when one of the corps was punished by the Star Chamber for ribaldrously calling the swan of an earl’s crest a goose.

The public lectures of Xantippe, we may presume, made a prodigious noise in Athens, as her private, or curtain-lectures certainly did under the low Socratic roof. Hers was the *sound* philosophy of the period; hers was the wisdom that cried aloud in the Attic streets, and was heard of all men. By the “breezy call” of her piercing tongue, not of the “incense-breathing morning,” awoke the master of Plato and Alcibiades, who was not too proud to take lessons of patience (one of the cardinal virtues) from a woman.

Xantippe was the true author of that celebrated logic which Aristotle subsequently had the hardihood to claim as his own, and which still, (such is the injustice of the learned world), passes under the name of that philosopher. She excelled in all the kinds of *Opposition*, but in *Contradiction* particularly. The categories of Action and Passion were eminently her own, although there was scarcely one of the *Predicaments* in which, we may be confident, she did not, at some time or another, place her husband. Passion was her forte; and being asked upon a time what was the first requisite in controversy, she replied, “*Passion* ;” what the second? “*Passion* ;” what third? “*Passion* ;” just as Demosthenes, one of her successors, placed all oratorical excellence in “action.”

SYLLOGISM, the merit of inventing which was specially challenged by the impostor of Stagira, originated unquestionably in the school of our great mistress. In two modes at least, of the First Figure—BARBARA and FERIO,* she was justly famous, for it has been already observed that she considered *the hand* as well as the tongue an instrument of reasoning; a principle upon which she established a system of education and government, which is written to this day in crimson characters at Eton and many other seminaries, not to speak of those vaster academies for grown men called nations, who are still very commonly swayed by the logic of the arm.

Xantippe maintained that the tree which Minerva presented to Athens was the birch, not the olive; the former being a most appropriate gift from the schoolmistress of Olympus, and the latter being good for nothing but the production of oil, a commodity not to be compared in point of virtue and utility with *vinegar*.

* Ferio, beside being the family name of a class of syllogisms, is a Latin verb, which signifies “I strike.”

Conviction, in this admirable system, is derived from "*convicium*," which is Latin for abuse or railing. The draymen of Rome, according to Juvenal, were most convincing reasoners after this fashion. "*Stantis convicia mandra*," which is plainly an inversion of our *drayman*. When the Xantippes of either sex exercise the afore-mentioned gift of Pallas in the course of an argumentation, we have an example of the Socrates, or connected series of propositions, as forcible and hitting and possible, and resolvable into the mode Barbara and Ferio, as the parts of a good Sorci-tes, or sound whipping ought to be. Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," treats this branch of the dialectic art with singular erudition, and commends the Sorites *à la Xantippe* as

Virtue's governess,
Tutress of 'Arts and Sciences.'

The same author also produces a remarkable example of proficiency in this method displayed by a noble lady during the times of the Commonwealth in a controversy with her *caro sposo*. It is not recorded that Professor Xantippe pushed her victories over her husband to this extreme length; but if ever their respective methods were submitted to such direct comparison, the philosopher must have acknowledged the superior vigour of his wife's processes, and the poignancy of her arguments "*ad nonnem*."

The same illustrious lady must be regarded as the originator of that incomparable style of writing which has proved of such eminent service both in theology and politics, and which consists in branding your opponent with an infinite variety of abusive epithets, covering him over with niceties, and in short, accumulating upon his devoted head all those rhetorical compliments which are commonly designated garlands of Billingsgate, or flowers of Covent-garden.—Luther himself did not disdain to embellish his controversial writings with the beauties of Xantippe. Milton drew largely from the same fountain, without having the probity to acknowledge his obligations.* Edmund Burke adorned his speeches, and even his more deliberate and sober treatises, with posies from the same parterre;† but indeed, we might as well attempt to catalogue those graces themselves, as to enumerate the writers, pamphleteers, and even the preachers in our English tongue, who have formed themselves upon this Attic model; and in literature, politics, and divinity, imitated the classic scold.

In controversy with logicians of this school, there is no weapon so powerful as a disdainful silence. Seneca tells us, that once upon a time the orator Cælius, a shrew of the masculine gender, supped in company with a good-humoured, placid gentleman, who, that he might not ruffle his cholerick fiscud, consented to all he said. "For God's sake," cried Cælius, "contradict me in something." Phocion, to a termagant who

* Probably Milton's envious suppression of Xantippe's name while he dwells so fondly upon that of Socrates, may have been owing to the personal experience he is said to have had at the college of the most striking part of that lady's dialectic system.

† "Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains,"—a verse which might be quoted to show that Goldsmith held the organ of speech in higher esteem than the intellectual faculties. He does not say brains garnished with tongue, but tongue garnished with brains. Perhaps the poet was not wrong in this shrewd criticism on his friend's powers.

crossed him in debate with a torrent of vituperation, made no other reply than silence, and allowed his assailant to abuse him to the end of his tether; then, without once alluding to the interruption, he resumed his speech where he had left it off. No answer could have nettled his antagonist half so much.

It is in this way that Bianca so enrages Katherine, in the "Taming of the Shrew,"

*Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.**

But let us not be misunderstood to recommend the method of Phocion and Bianca to imitation. Its obvious tendency is to discourage *true* eloquence, and spoil sport.

Conformably to the adage, "two of a trade never agree," lawyers of all kinds have waged war with shrews, and endeavoured to monopolize the use of the "busy member." Xantippes are known in Ecclesiastical law by the opprobrious epithet of "brawlers," and at common law are denominated "scolds." We read, that in the year 1415, the wives of Lord Strange and Sir John Trussel contended for the precedence of place in the church of St. Dunstan's in the East, when there ensued a quarrel within the body of the church, in which some were killed and several wounded. For this *riot*, as it was termed, the lady Strange was, by process in Court Christian, adjudged to walk, barefooted, from the church of St. Paul to that of St. Dunstan, which being re-hallowed, the lady, with her own hands filled all the church vessels with water, and gave to the altar an ornament worth ten pounds.†

Such were the notions of female liberty in the blessed year 1415!

"Scolds, in a legal sense," says Tomline, in his Law Dictionary, "are troublesome and angry women, who, by their *wrangling* amongst their neighbours, break the public peace, *increase discord*, and become a public nuisance to the neighbourhood. They are indictable in the Sheriff's tourn, and punished by the cucking-stool."

Here is the "pot and kettle," with a vengeance,—the scolds of Westminster hall, *versus* the scolds of Wapping. "By their *wrangling*!"—lawyers *never wrangle*. "Increase discord,"—far be it from the gentlemen of the long-robe to do so naughty a thing. "A public nuisance to the neighbourhood."—so say the Temple termagants of the Billingsgate beldames.

Mère écrivisse un jour à sa fille disoit

Comme tu vas, bon Dieu ! Ne peux-tu mancher droit ?

We are of opinion that the pullers of caps are fully entitled to retort all this abuse upon the pullers of wigs. There is an old French proverb that says—

Bon avocat, mauvais voisin;

and we may add with truth, that many a lawyer, good and bad, has been advanced to the bench, to whom the cucking-stool would have been a more appropriate honour. Judge Jeffries was a scold of the first magnitude. Thurlow was a termagant; and many more instances might be produced of Judges of the Xantippe school.

* By the by, Katherine was no true daughter of Xantippe, for Petruchio tamed her. One cannot help remarking, however, that the only instance in which we read of a shrew having been tamed, is a freak of poetic fancy and a mere fable.

† See Rogers's Ecclesiastical Law, p. 117.

We are not clear that the honours of the cucking-stool were not in ancient times sometimes conferred upon eminent lawyers, for it appears that it was also termed Coke-stole, or Coke-stool, possibly from some remarkable passage in the life of that great pillar of the law, Sir Edward Coke, over which his biographers have thought proper to draw the curtain.

The reader will expect to have an account here of this memorable chair, or tribunal, in which the scolds and vixens of the olden time were wont to be installed by our good ancestors, ever prompt to distinguish and reward desert. The following is the account given by Tomlin, under the head of "Castigatory for Scolds."

"A woman indicted for being a common scold," (or common lawyer, as the case may be), "if convicted, shall be sentenced to be placed on a certain engine called the tumbrel, castigatory, or cucking-stool, which in the Saxon signifies the scolding stool; though now it is frequently corrupted into ducking-stool, because the residue of the judgment is, that when she (or he) is placed therein, she shall be plunged in the water for her punishment. It is also termed *coke stole*. Though this punishment is now disused, a former editor of Jacob's Dictionary mentions that he remembers to have seen the remains of one on the estate of a relation of his in Warwickshire, consisting of a long beam, moving on a fulcrum, and extending to the centre of a large pond, on which end the scold used to be placed."

Montaigne informs us, that of all parts of France in his days, the school of Xantippe flourished most in Gascony. "I have known a hundred and a hundred women," he says, "whom you might have sooner made to eat fire than quit an opinion they had once conceived." We have seen that Warwickshire was the last county of England in which a professed scold delivered a lecture *ex cathedra*, or from the ducking-stool.

The bigots of the iron time
Had called her harmless *art* a crime.

How numerous the sect was in the year 1590, we gather from the curious letter of a Bishop of Lichfield to an Earl of Shrewsbury, quoted by Mr. D'Israeli, who marvels that the obvious pun upon the earl's title escaped the right reverend prelate. The design of the letter was to induce Lord Shrewsbury to return to the society of his countess.

"But some will say in your lordship's behalf, that the countess is a sharpe and bitter shrewe, and therefore like enough to shorten your lief, if she should kepe your company. But if shrewdness may be a just cause of separation between a man and wief, I think fewe men in Englande would keepe their wives longe; for it is a common jest, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and everee man hath her; and so *everee man must be ridd of his wiefe that wolde be ridd of a shrewe*."

The bishop who wrote thus was evidently a termagant himself, and would, we have no doubt, have been a match for the shrew of Shrewsbury, if fairly pitted against her in any fish-market.

Utilitarians have raised the question, *cui bono* scolds? To this there are several good answers. First, there are no such teachers of the virtues of fortitude and resignation. Secondly, they exercise on the dull mono-

tony of connubial life the same beneficial effects that squalls and hurricanes produce on the air we breathe, which is preserved from stagnating by these wholesome agitations. In the next place, they are great improvers of language, and particularly to be extolled for the copious additions they make from time to time to that invaluable stock of epithets, without which the speeches at county meetings would be flat indeed; certain public journals would die of inanition; and a vast deal of pious zeal would expire for want of a sufficiently fervid diction to convey its fury.

There must be a touch of Xantippe here and there to give life and interest to any disputation. How miserably tame is the Puseyite controversy for example, for want of a little of that vixen spirit that animated the polemical combats of Milton and Salmasius. It was the wife of the latter who sustained and inspired him through his literary broils; it was her quiver that supplied his most envenomed shafts. Milton perhaps was equally indebted to female possession in that memorable war. "*I have cost him his eyes,*" cried the foreigner; "*I shall cost him his life,*" retorted the great Englishman, and he fulfilled his threat.

Now compare with this the puny altercations of our modern theologues. There is not spirit enough left in Oxford to confer a nickname. Her best shrew is no more than a shrew-mouse compared to the termagant doctors of the days gone by. We fight with pop-guns the same battles that our grandfathers and grandmothers fought with all the heavy ordnance of the tongue. The case of Salmasius is not the only one in which we read of a termagant wife maintaining the repute, and jealous of the glory of her husband.* The celebrated archbishop Usher shewed his wife one morning a treatise which he had written in reply to a work of Bede, and the composition of which, he informed her, had only occupied a week. The lady snatched it from his most reverend hands and flung it into the fire, declaring, with the energy of Xantippe herself, that it was impossible a book which had cost him such little pains could sustain his character as a theologian and an author. Would that the wives of some prolific writers living would imitate the example of Mrs. Usher!

It was not in his morality alone that Socrates improved by the example of his fair lady. An anecdote related by Diogenes Laertius demonstrates the fact that the sage had already caught something of the spirit of the shrewism, when he was cut off by a premature death. What could be more ungracious and ill-conditioned than his last speech and dying words to his affectionate partner who stood beside his couch with her arms a-kimbo, railing at the iniquity of his sentence? "Woman," replied Socrates, "wouldst thou rather they should execute me *justly*?"—An observation (the occasion considered) in the most savage style of Dr. Johnson. His philosophership richly deserved a rejoinder in the mode *ferio*, and Xantippe no doubt would have cuffed him soundly, had she not feared to spill the hemlock.

We could impart a vast deal more information upon this fertile theme, but that we dread the personal consequences of the peep to which we have already treated our readers behind the curtain, into the mysteries

* It would seem that these *buggages* are not always the "*impedimenta virtutis*."

of Termagans.* The tongue is a malignant member—had we the vice of punning, we should add member for Mon-mouth. To expose one's self to the tongue-battery of all the shrews and vixens, masculine and feminine, in Europe is much more valiant than discreet, particularly when one is not in a condition to make the speech of Master Petruchio.

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ?

We have not (thanks to Providence!) ever heard the roaring of so much as a lion's cub, save from within the bars of an iron cage; nor ever encountered a tempest at sea, or heard the shot of a cannon, save at a review, or a salute; but we have known men who have heard with their ears, and heard, unshaken, all these, and many more horrible and tremendous noises; yet has a single note of Xantippe's organ quite unmanned them. He that is a Daniel in a den of lions, a Turenne before a park of cannon, and a Nelson in the Bay of Biscay, quivers like an aspen-leaf before his shrew. Hers is the "deep and dreadful organ-pipe." She scolds, and tornados are unheard. She lectures, and

Earthquakes rush unheededly away.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

TAKEN BY THE DAGUERROTYPE.

Yes, there are her features! her brow, and her hair,
And her eyes, with a look so seraphic,
Her nose, and her mouth, with the smile that is there,
Truly caught by the Art Photographic!

Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
When, by many a bosom's confession,
Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,
Are sufficient to *make an impression*?

H.

* "Termagans, a kind of heathen deity, extremely vociferous and turbulent in the ancient fairs and puppet-shows." *Johnson*. The word is Saxon: originally signifying "thrice powerful." The resemblance to Trismegistus is remarkable. Termagant is both male and female. Instances of both genders will occur to everybody.

A HARD CASE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

'Tis with their judgments as their watches, none
Go just alike, but each believes his own.—POPE.

THAT Doctors differ, has become a common proverb; and truly, considering the peculiar disadvantages under which they labour, their variances are less wonders than matters of course. If any man works in the dark, like a mole, it is the Physician. He has continually, as it were, to divine the colour of a pig in a poke—or a cat in the bag. He is called in to a suspected *trunk* without the policeman's privilege of a search. He is expected to pass judgment on a physical tragedy going on in the house of life, without the critic's free admission to the performance. He is tasked to set to rights a disordered economy, without, as the Scotch say, going "*ben*," and must guess at riddles hard as Samson's as to an animal with a honeycombed inside. In fact, every malady is an Enigma, and when the doctor gives you over, he "gives it up."

A few weeks ago one of these puzzles, and a very intricate one, was proposed to the faculty at a metropolitan hospital. The disorder was desperate: the patient writhed and groaned in agony—but his *lights* as usual threw none on the subject. In the meantime the case made a noise, and medical men of all degrees and descriptions, magnetizers, homœopaths, hydropaths, mad doctors, sane doctors, quack doctors, and even horse doctors, flocked to the ward, inspected the symptoms, and then debated and disputed on the nature of the disease. It was in the brain, the heart, the liver, the nerves, the muscles, the skin, the blood, the kidneys, the "globes of the lungs," "the momentum," "the pancreas," "the capillaire vessels," and the "gutty sereny." Then for its nature; it was chronic, and acute, and intermittent, and non-contagious, and "ketching," and "inflammable," and "hereditary," and "eclectic," and Lord knows what besides. However, the discussion ended in a complete wrangle, and every doctor being mounted on his own theory, never was there such a scene since the Grand Combat of Hobby-Horses at the end of Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal!

"*It's in his STOMACH!*" finally shouted the House-Surgeon,—after the departing disputants,—"*it's in his stomach!*"

The poor patient, who in the interval had been listening between his groans, no sooner heard this decision than his head seemed twitched by a spasm, that also produced a violent wink of the left eye. At the same time he beckoned to the surgeon.

"You're all right, doctor—as right as a trivet."

"I know I am," said the surgeon,—"*it's in your stomach.*"

"*It is in my stomach, sure enough.*"

"Yes—flying gout"—

"Flying what!" exclaimed the patient. "No, no sich luck, Doctor," and he made a sign for the surgeon to put his ear near his lips, "*it's six Hogs and a Bull, and I've swaller'd 'em.*"

BAJAZET GAG ; THE MANAGER IN SEARCH OF A "STAR."

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"Some bright, particular star!"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. X.

"DUCKWEED," said Gag, "as it isn't ten yet, suppose we make a night of it."

Duckweed smelling a supper, and with appetite doubtless sharpened by the eloquence of the "Phosphorics," replied with more than usual alacrity, "With all my heart, sir. What tavern shall we patronize?"

"I have heard a great deal of 'the Shoulder of Mutton and Cat!'" said Gag.

"Why that's one of the public-houses where they desecrate the drama," answered Duckweed, with a sudden animation, "one of those low hostleries where plays, operas, and farces are put off with six-penn'orths of gin-and-water."

"Exactly," said Gag. "We'll have six-penn'orth of whatever may be offered. Who knows? Something may turn up there. We may find some 'gem of purest ray serene.' The house, I'm told, is famous for *purl*."

"I never drink it," said Duckweed, resolved in his disappointment of more costly entertainment to be insensible to the small joke of his manager. "At all events we shall be late, sir."

"Quite time enough to have a taste of their quality," said Gag; and, calling a cab, the manager and his man were speedily deposited at the door of the public-house, where each paid his sixpence and received a ticket which enabled the bearer to receive a glass of gin-and-water, either hot or cold, together with tragedy, comedy, singing, dancing on the tight rope, and gymnastic exercise by the "Youths of Mesopotamia."

"Really, sir, a magnificent place," said Duckweed, struck with the size and splendour of the house. "And quite full too! Who can wonder that the real drama should decline, when—"

"Give your orders, gentlemen," said the waiter in a low voice, with a significant glance at Duckweed.

"When there are such inducements for vulgar tippling, and—"

"Give your orders," repeated the waiter.

"Hot, with sugar," said Duckweed—"and all the proper enjoyments of the senses. Here you may have Romeo and Juliet—"

"With two kidneys," was the order of one of the audience to the attending *garçon*.

"Ha! ha!" cried Gag, winking at Duckweed, "I have seen Romeos and Juliets that might have been all the better swallowed with such recommendations."

"But, sir," said Duckweed, earnest in his defence of the dignity of the drama, "when we see our glorious profession made secondary, I may say, to the interests of the vintner and the cookshop-keeper—"

"Humph! I don't know," mused Gag. "I'm not certain, if the business don't improve, whether I shan't attack these fellows on their own ground. I think I shall make a dash at *alamode beef*!"

"Alamode beef! What, in the theatre?" exclaimed Duckweed.

"Why not? You see how the drama goes down when mixed with eating and drinking,—and I'm not sure, that if we were to give alamode beef suppers to boxes and pit between the pieces—the half-price being confined to Welsh-rabbits—I'm not sure whether the experiment wouldn't considerably advance the true interests of the stage."

"At all events," observed the manager's man, "you would knock down all such vulgar opposition as that before us. You would, of course, abolish the free list?" added Duckweed.

"Except in the case of successful dramatists," answered the manager. "I hope I have still a proper sense of the majesty of dramatic literature."

"If you don't keep quiet there, mister, I'll have you bundled out," exclaimed an authoritative individual, projecting his head and shoulders from a side-box, and addressing himself to two of the audience, whose extreme vivacity bore testimony to the power of the landlord's alcohol.

"Who's that—who's that?" asked Gag.

"I thought everybody knew him," said one of the audience; "that's Mr. Quarts, the landlord: he always sits in that box, with one eye upon the actors and the other upon the waiters."

The curtain rose for the last new piece—a drama, it may be said, indigenous to the soil. It was called, "*Anna Maria; or, the Licensed Victualler's Daughter*," and was written, as the play-bill assured the reader, for the peculiar powers of a certain actress, no doubt one of the half-hundred "acknowledged heroines of domestic tragedy" with which the suburbs at the present happy moment abound. The plot was simple, but admirably adapted to call forth the characteristic energy of the lady artist. Anna Maria is in love with a London traveller, who, on his way to the Black Bull, the hostelry where, as Anna Maria informs us, she first saw the light,—is attacked by banditti, and robbed of all the cash he had been collecting in his journey for the London house. The traveller rushes into the bar, pale and distracted; he has lost the money; and knows not, as he eloquently complains, what suspicions may be cast upon his probity. Anna Maria soothes him—makes him sundry glasses of punch, which in a paroxysm of passion he swallows—and finally sings and dances him to sleep. He is then carried to bed by the ostler and waiter; and in the next scene we behold Anna Maria dressed in her lover's clothes, and armed with her father's blunderbuss, taken from the chimney-piece, resolved to seize the robber, or "perish in the attempt!" She of course succeeds, and we see her dragging the captain of the banditti, whom she has mortally wounded, into the Black Bull's back parlour. Here, candles being brought, the robber turns out to be Anna Maria's own father; and the Licensed Victualler's Daughter, as in filial duty bound, dies very mad.

"Upon my soul there's some strong stuff about it," said Duckweed, as the curtain fell, and the audience loudly applauded. "The idea isn't bad."

"We must find out the author," said Gag, to Duckweed's passing annoyance; for the manager's man trembled at the thought of a rival.

He, however, veiled his fears, and with affected liberality observed,

"It would be a great charity to take so promising a young man from such a place. Isn't it melancholy, sir, to see so many people drinking spirits and water in a theatre—isn't it the ruin of the drama?"

"Why it may suit our purpose to preach so," replied Gag, with rare candour; "but between ourselves, Duckweed, 'tis nothing of the sort. The real question is not how much more people drink in a place like this—but how much less, were there no such house of mixed entertainment. How many of these would be sitting in parlours, who are now getting a taste for more rational amusement? Many of these would never have gone to a theatre, and thus we see the theatre has been brought to them. Again, see how decorously all things are managed. Is there more hubbub than in my pit? The piece we have seen is quite as rational, and certainly quite as moral, as many a drama stamped with the authority of the Lord Chamberlain for two guineas. And then the dresses and appointments—the splendour of the building—is not everything in good taste, everything calculated to insensibly refine the mind of the mass; and more, are not places like these happily antagonistic—yes, Mr. Duckweed, antagonistic is the word—to that cold, destructive, uncharitable spirit of sectarianism that, warring with even the most innocent graces of life, would strip humanity of its harmless frills and ruffles, and clothe it in a shirt of hedgehog? Sir, I never see an Italian image merchant, with his Graces and Venuses and Apollos, at sixpence a-head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house—it is he who has accustomed the eyes of the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty. Where, sir,—where are your green plaster parrots and spotted cats, that some years since decorated the shelves of the mechanic and the small tradesman?—the idols of vile taste are gone, shivered to pieces, and the Italian boys—who have vended immortal loveliness for pence—have shattered the abominations. Now sir, this splendid theatre," and Gag looked around him, "built expressly for the million, tends to make the million dramatic. The pieces played are mostly licensed by the Chamberlain, the actors are in many instances equally good with my own, for a peep at whom I charge more than double; and as for the enormity of taking a glass of grog and a drama at the same time, why the difference between Mr. Quarts and myself is this—Mr. Quarts serves his customers in the pit and boxes—I serve mine in the saloon. We both sell wine and spirits to the audience, only with me the audience have more trouble in getting 'em."

"Well, you do surprise me!" said Duckweed. "I never thought to hear *you* talk in this manner. I thought *you* at least would shut every one of these places up."

"As a manager I would," answered Gag; "in the same way that had I been a manufacturer of plaster parrots and spotted cats I would have packed off all the Italian boys; but I am speaking now, Mr. Duckweed, as a man," and Gag dilated himself, "as a philanthropist; I am now, sir, speaking my true sentiments; but that is not a luxury every day to be enjoyed! Were I a statesman, sir, I would offer premiums for the introduction and invention of harmless popular amusements. I am, perhaps, about to surprise you, Mr. Duckweed; but do you know, that I conceive London—glorious London—to be a very dull and melancholy place?"

"You do!" exclaimed the manager's factotum.

"Unless to a man who has a tolerable command of money. Now, sir, I would have a thousand innocent cheap escapes for the poor and laborious, who, as it is, are too often tempted to seek for enjoyment in a pewter pot. And then, sir, we talk of the intemperance of the poor; why, when we philosophically consider the crushing miseries that beset them—the keen suffering of penury, and the mockery of luxury and profusion with which it is surrounded—my wonder is, not that there are so many who purchase temporary oblivion of their misery, but that there are so few."

Duckweed looked all possible astonishment at the manager.

"Well, sir, I'm sure, if you had only talked in this way at the 'Phosphorics—'"

"There, again," said Gag, "the 'Phosphorics' are right in principle, perfectly right. But as a manager, with an interest in the monopoly of brains dramatic, I oppose them; and unfortunately for their cause—for it's a fine cause, Duckweed—the 'Phosphorics' gave the cue for a deal of fun."

"Why, surely, sir, you don't believe in all their talk about the beauties of the unacted drama?"

"I tell you my belief," said the manager. "I believe that at this moment there is more dramatic talent—that there are a greater number of unheard, unacted dramatists, capable of giving a new impulse, an altogether new energy to the stage,—a greater number than have existed since the days of Elizabeth."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Duckweed.

"But what's their hope—where is the room for them—how many, with the monopoly against them, can be heard? If, sir, there had been a convocation of sages to consider the best means of paralyzing the dramatic spirit of England,—so reverend a body could not have hit upon a better expedient than that at present opposed to the play-writer. You are a father of several boys, I believe, Mr. Duckweed?"

"I am sir, and of girls also," answered Duckweed.

"Do any of them display a genius for dramatic composition?" asked Gag.

"I'm afraid not, sir. Peter is rather given to mechanics. His model of a new mouse-trap—"

"Duckweed, encourage the faculty; a new mouse-trap may make the boy's fortune. Afraid they're not dramatic! Fall upon your knees once a-day for the especial purpose of returning thanks for an exemption from the calamity."

"I don't know," said Duckweed, twitching his shirt collar, "I don't think for myself I have much to complain of—I have done very well in the art."

"Yes, you have grown fat enough; but then, my dear Duckweed, you have fed yourself with a pair of scissors; how would you have fared had you lived upon a pen? No, sir; you might have written twenty plays, and in your old gray-headed age, have walked the streets with a board. It is extraordinary that we have a dramatist among us," said Gag.

"Why, sir, to speak the truth, the soil of the drama is not cultivated by those who ought—"

"Cultivated—cultivate the soil? Why the law has laid down flag-stones over it, and the plays that *do* spring up, grow despite of the law, as grass will struggle through the interstices of a pavement. If your boys are dramatic, flog 'em into button-makers; anything—"

"I think Clarissa will make a magnificent singer," said Duckweed, in some degree turning the conversation.

"Nobody will believe it, unless you could manage to get her born again in Palermo or Naples. Yes, perhaps Vienna might do something for her—but an English singer! Don't the best judges declare that the thing doesn't belong to us; that there is, in fact, something in the British larynx, as may be seen in many specimens in Lincoln's-inn-fields, that will never make it worth fifty pounds a night?"

Duckweed was about to combat this very untenable opinion, when his attention was aroused by the plaudits of the audience, who greeted with unusual fervour the appearance of a lady, denominated by one of the spectators "an established favourite on the tight-rope." In an instant the girl vaulted from the stage, and commenced the mysteries of her art. Gag and Duckweed were about to quit the theatre, when the manager paused in sudden admiration of the gracefulness and rapidity of the dancer's movements, watching her for several minutes.

"Oh lord! oh lord!" cried an elderly man, rushing past Gag, "the fit's on her again."

"There is something very strange in her appearance," said the manager.

"But ~~what~~ a wonderful dancer!" said Duckweed.

The house rang with applause at the extraordinary feats of the girl, whose eyes shone with peculiar lustre, and whose compressed lips and livid face indicated that she was animated by some stronger feeling than a desire of public approbation. The rope quivered beneath her feet, and from every descent she sprang higher and higher, the clamorous multitude shouting their amazement.

"It's plain," said the manager in a whisper to Duckweed, "the girl's a lunatic. There's madness in her eyes, and—look there! look there!—she'll be off!—no, she's balanced again—look at her! look at her!" and still the girl performed some new, some daring wonder, and again and again the audience clapped and shouted their rewarding admiration. "Ha! she's off," cried the manager, as the dancer, utterly worn out, and exhausted by her exertion, staggered and fell from the rope into the arms of two men, who, evidently prepared for the mischance, rushed from the side to catch her.

"Is she hurt? Is she hurt?" cried at least fifty of the audience, who were however speedily satisfied as to the safety of the dancer.

"Something might be done with that girl," said Gag; "there's been nothing like that at our end of London."

"Ha, sir!" said a man, overhearing the manager, "she is a wonderful girl, and was so full of spirits before her accident."

"What accident?" asked Gag. "You'll oblige me by telling me all about her. You know her, it seems."

"Lord bless you, sir, I travelled years ago with her father's troop; that was her father, sir, that stood by you, and that ran away to her when he saw her going off—that is, getting ill again."

"Getting ill? What do you mean?" said the manager.

"Why you see, sir, sometimes the poor girl—it isn't generally

known—but sometimes she isn't right in her mind. You see, about five years ago she fell in love with a young soldier-officer; and, foolish girl! thought of course he was going to marry her. Well, somehow or the other he didn't; and though I won't swear matters went so far as folks say—this is certain; three years ago the gentleman married somebody else. Well, the poor girl took to her bed, and when she came abroad again—and that wasn't for some months—she was only the ghost of herself. I've known her from a child; and when I saw her after her sickness, I could have cried like a baby. She used to be as gay and as frolicsome, and for all she was not brought up as strict as a parlour boarder, she was as modest and as prudent a creature as could be. Well, sir, when she got about again, her face was as blank as a sheet of paper, and she never smiled, and never of her own accord spoke to anybody. Ha! thought I, when I saw her, here's the finest rope-dancer spoilt that ever tripped upon hemp! Nobody ever thought that she'd dance again; but troubles came upon the old man—in a month he lost ten of his best horses, and so before the girl got strong enough she would go upon the rope. I shall never forget the first night. We all thought that some spirit had bewitched her. Bless you, though at first she could hardly stir a foot, yet on a sudden she did such things that we didn't know where we were. I've seen a good deal of rope-dancing in my life, but nothing like that; for what you've looked on to-night isn't to be compared to it. Well, she kept on dancing, and doing wonder after wonder, and the people clapping and bellowing, and her old father calling to her, and begging her to have done, and all to no use; when, at last, she dropped like a dead bird from the rope; but as luck would have it, she was caught by some of our people, and after an hour or two she came to herself."

"And what was the cause?"

"Why, sir, you wouldn't think it—the poor thing was in a sort of fit. She goes off in the same manner every now and then, but now they're always prepared for her. At last they've found out what it is that ails her."

"That," said Gag, "is what I am curious to learn. What may it be?"

"Why, sir, it's all this love business. Sometimes, when she's on the rope, she takes it into her head that the soldier-officer is among the audience, and then she goes off as you've seen her to-night, doing all she can, as she thinks, to astonish him, and show him that her spirit isn't at all hurt by his leaving her; though, poor soul, it's plain to them who know her story, that her heart's broken all the time. Ha, sir! folks when they shout and applaud, little think that broken hearts may dance the tight-rope; but they do, sir—they do, for all that!"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered Gag, somewhat softened by the story.

"It's a droll life, ours, isn't it, sir?" asked the man of Duckweed, who affected a look of surprise. "Oh, sir! I recollect you very well many years ago at Prittlewell. But it is a droll life, isn't it? I remember once leaving a child that was dying with the measles—it died, too, before I got home again—to play the monkey in 'Perouse.' I never got so much applause in my life; and why? I never played so well—and why did I play so well? Why, to keep down my feelings."

"I think with you, sir," said Duckweed, turning from the man to Gag, "something might be done with the rope-dancer. What if we

got Smallquill to publish her story in *the Spitoon*, and then have it dramatised; engaging her—the real victim—to dance in the piece? I think I could make something of the narrative.”

“It’s worth recollecting,” answered the manager, “but our great trump is Southcote: yes, *the* card to play is young Shiloh—Waiter!!” and Gag was smitten with a sudden access of liberality, “bring this gentleman a glass of gin-and-water,” at the same time the manager deposited the sufficing coin in the hand of the servant, and with a lofty nod towards the object of his benevolence, followed by his man of business, moved to the door.

“Well, sir,” asked Duckweed, when he found himself and his manager in the street, “and how have you been amused?”

“So well, Duckweed,” answered the ingenuous Gag, “that when I reflect on the Shoulder of Mutton and Cat prices and my own, I shall blush to look in the faces of my money-takers. Eh—what have we here?” and Gag paused before a van, whose interior, according to the eloquent announcement of a loud-voiced individual on the steps, was enriched with all the unheard-of wonders of the world.

This proclamation was fully corroborated by a vast oil-painting exhibited on the outside of the vehicle, containing true portraits of the extraordinary originals within. There was a giant, fourteen feet high, that particularly took the fancy of the manager.

“I must see him,” said Gag; “I have an idea—something very peculiar for a giant in a pantomime to back up Shiloh. Come along, Duckweed.”

And instantly Gag mounted the steps, followed by his man, who paid the necessary twopence, and in a trice they were in the presence of the Cornish Colossus, two Albinos, a Spotted Boy, and a real Chinese—“sent home in chains from Canton by Governor Elliott, and purchased at an immense outlay by the present proprietor.”

Gag and Duckweed were silently contemplating the marvels before them, when the proprietor of the van returned from the steps into the body of the vehicle, and smiling upon Duckweed, proffered to him the expended twopence.”

“I beg your pardon, sir: I didn’t recollect you at first, but you’re quite free, you and your friend; I never think, sir, of charging a brother of the profession.”

And with this liberal sentiment, the proprietor forced the two penny pieces into the hand of Duckweed, and resumed his place on the steps, there to exhort the enlightened British public to bless their eyes with a sight of wonders hitherto unknown, unseen.

“Now’s the time,” said Gag in a whisper, “now, while the fellow’s talking; offer the giant five pounds a-week for a month, and a bed under the stage.”

“Really, you are a magnificent specimen—a very magnificent specimen,” said Duckweed, opening the negotiation with the Colossus.

“The tallest, the strongest, and the handsomest man on the earth,” said the modest giant.

“No doubt; but what a pity that all such noble advantages should be buried in the obscurity of a van. You require a larger stage,” said Duckweed.

“Why, I am devilish cramped here sometimes; but I can’t complain—I’ve been shown in smaller places: and so as I get plenty to eat

and to drink, and my nice refreshing walk in Copenhagen Fields at midnight; what more should a man wish for? God help me! I might have been one of them Albinoes, or that there Spotted Boy; or worse than all, that heathen Lascar that's doing duty for a Chinese—and sec, on the contrary, what I am,” and the giant showed the muscular vanities of his leg and arm.

“Now, listen to me,” said Duckweed, “for we haven't much time to lose, and your master may overhear us. I suppose you're under an engagement to him.”

“Yes, for six more months,” answered the giant.

“Well then, I have a most liberal offer to make to you. Never mind the engagement—break it—a giant like you can break anything—and I offer you five pounds a week, with unlimited length and breadth of bed, and—”

“Stop,” cried the giant; “I believe Mr. Noah, the gentleman as is now calling on the steps, returned you your twopence.”

“I can't deny it—he did,” answered Duckweed.

“And yet for all that, you'd come and basely inveigle away the crack article of the van. Here, Mr. Noah,” roared the giant. “Stand aside!”

Bajazet Gag, fearing from the “fine frenzy” of the giant's eye that he meditated some sudden act of violence, made his escape into the street.

It was well he did so; for in a second, Duckweed was flung in a very ball from the van, and descended upon an apple-woman's barrow. Never did the giant at once more triumphantly illustrate the strength of his arms and the integrity of his principles.

The apple-woman screamed as Duckweed, descending, demolished her paper-lantern, and scattered her pippins in the road.

“Are you hurt—are you hurt?” cried Gag to his man of business.

“The savage! My back's broken! Hadn't we better call the police?” said Duckweed.

“I'll call something much better,” answered the manager.

He called a cab.

CHAP. XI.

“WELL, none the worse for the giant, eh?” asked the manager of his man when he presented himself at the theatre the following morning.

“Fortunately not, sir—very fortunately for the ogre, too. I might have been killed,” said Duckweed.

“You might,” answered Gag, with great serenity. “Then what a holiday for London, to have seen a giant hanged! Let me see, I think the giant said he took his midnight walk—I presume just to stretch his legs—in Copenhagen Fields. I suppose you'd have no objection to meet him there?”

“Meet him! A giant at midnight—and such a giant! You can't mean it!” exclaimed Duckweed. “Besides, where would be the advantage? Has he not already refused your terms—refused them in the most violent and dastardly manner?”

“That's very true,” said the manager; “but then the offer came

suddenly upon him; you were within ear-shot of the van-proprietor; the giant had no time to ponder upon profits, and thus flung you among the apples from the generous impulse of the moment. But when he has duly considered what he may get by breaking his engagement, his better reason may assert itself, and without any hesitation he may come over to us. Therefore, I would have you meet this giant in his midnight stroll" — Duckweed turned white as a whited wall at the horrid suggestion—"and in the silence of night tempt him with the five pounds a-week, and—yes, I'll advance a little more; I'll go as far as a ticket-night. Depend upon it, he'll take the offer. Many a man upon second thoughts has been sorry for the hastiness of his virtue, and cursed his own magnanimity. Therefore, to-night in Copenhagen Fields—"

At this moment, Bob entered and announced "Mr. Noah."

"Noah! Isn't that the fellow's name who owns the show?"

Duckweed nodded.

"Let him come in, Bob; and now," said Gag, rubbing his hands, "I'll get the giant at my own terms."

Mr. Noah was speedily in presence of the manager, who gave his visiter a hearty welcome; whilst Duckweed, revenging the wickedness of the giant upon the giant's master, bowed with stately coldness—a dignity altogether thrown away upon the van-proprietor.

"I believe, sir," said Noah, plunging at once into business, "I believe you've taken a fancy to my giant? Oh, I knew you very well, last night, Mr. Gag; but as you didn't want to be known, why it was only manners to be very ignorant."

"Mr. Noah," replied Gag, "you have the instinctive courtesy of a gentleman."

"Orson—we call the giant Orson—tells me, you would like to have him," said Noah.

"Why, really, we are rather full just now," slowly remarked the manager; "and then after all, giants are a drug—quite a drug."

"Why, sir, it must be confessed, the public's never satisfied: people want their giants taller and taller: give 'em nine foot of a man to-day and they'll want twelve to-morrow. There's no meeting the demand for novelty," said the showman.

"What! even you feel the tyrannic, capricious spirit of public taste," said Gag.

"Dreadful, sir," replied Noah. "It's no small brain-work in these days to keep a van going, I can tell you. When I was a boy, a New Greenlander, or an Nottentot Venus would have lasted a good twelve-month; but now, they won't keep longer than mackerel. After showing 'em once round London, even the girls and boys, such is the march of intellect—turns up their noses at 'em, and asks if we haven't got anything fresh."

"It's quite true," said the manager, "the public make it no light work to us: they wear us out."

"My father, Mr. Gag, was born in a van—kept a show till eighty, and then died without a wrinkle; because he'd nothing to think of, but to stand upon the steps and take the pennies. He had the same Giant, the same Fat Boy, the same Pig-faced Lady, for five-and-thirty years—indeed, I may say, he lived as easily, and thought no more of

the world than any lord. And now, sir, look at me, why I'm badger-gray at forty, and all with thinking how to supply the van."

"And pray, Mr. Noah, in your way, what do you find hits the town the hardest?"

"Why, sir, it's difficult to say; but I think, just now, the run is upon the Chinese. If we could get a Governor Lin—I've been down to the East-India Docks day after day, but can find nothing that will answer for him, or—"

"Why, I thought you had a real Chinese—surely I saw him—sent home by Governor Elliott?"

"Ha! sir, we was obliged to get up something for a shift—but I only shows him by candle-light, I am so ashamed of him. It's a good deal with us, sir, as with you—we mustn't trust for our supplies to the home-market—we must go abroad for novelty. Once a-year, at least, I'm obliged to go to Paris, though the newspapers don't treat me with the same civility they do you—for they never say nothing about it. I think I saw you last summer, sir, at one of the Barriers—I forget what they call it—there where a jackass fights half-a-dozen dogs every Sunday—I think I saw you there, when—"

"Quite impossible, Mr. Noah!" said Gag, with dignity. "And now, if you please, we'll return to the giant."

"With pleasure, sir. Well, you see, sir, I'm afraid we've entered into an engagement with another manager—"

"Of what theatre?" asked Gag.

"A theatre not of your side of the Thames, sir," answered Noah.

"Then you are only bound to keep any such engagement—stop, was the giant to act in any piece of dialogue—I mean any speaking piece?" inquired the manager.

"Oh, yes! quite a regular piece," replied the showman.

"Then the law in its bounty enables you to break any such engagement whenever you may think proper."

"Break it, sir! But then won't the manager go to law with me—won't he bring his action?"

"Let him," said Bajazet Gag. "All you have to do, is to plead that the theatre was not licensed by the Lord Chamberlain—that you had unconsciously covenanted with the plaintiff to commit an unlawful act, and such is the benign wisdom that regulates the playhouses of this enlightened metropolis, the plaintiff cannot recover a shilling of you—no, sir, not a shilling."

"Then, so far as our engagement goes over the water, it is in law worth nothing?" said Noah.

"Of exactly that value," replied the manager. "And so what of the giant?"

"Well, we'll take five pounds a week, and—"

"Five pounds a week for a giant! My dear sir, Goliath himself, unless we could get the patronage of Exeter Hall, wouldn't be worth the money. Five pounds a week!" and Gag essayed a loud laugh.

"Mr. Duckweed, I thought you offered Orson five pounds—at least so he told me."

"Orson must have been drunk," replied Duckweed, with a ferocious look at the name of his assailant.

"I tell you what we'll do," said Gag, "we'll give you two pounds a week, and—"

"I wish you good morning, sir," cried the showman, and without another word, to the astonishment of the manager, and of course to the increased surprise of the manager's man, Mr. Noah rose to his feet, and fixing his hat upon his head with an emphatic slap, stalked from the room.

Gag looked at Duckweed, and then as was sometimes his wont, relieved his indignation with a roaring laugh.

"Never mind: his boiling dignity will subside into a simmer, and we shall have him in a day or two here again."

"I hope so, sir," said Duckweed, and he really spoke his hopes: for when once the giant became an inmate of the house, the manager's man—such was his thought—could in twenty little ways revenge the insult of the previous night.

"And now, Duckweed," said Gag, "let us start for Houndsditch. We must bring out this Shiloh, or—"

"By the by, sir the showman interrupted us, but have you seen this?" and Duckweed exhibited the first number of a new historical novel called *The Chelsea Bun-house*!

"Ha! this will be finished, about ripe for your cold iron and wafers, next season," cried Gag.

"Next season, sir! Then every house will have it. Nothing like anticipating 'em all," said Duckweed. "I found it at home last night—haven't slept a wink—and, in a word, sir, you can, if you like, play *The Chelsea Bun-house* next Monday."

"Impossible!" cried Gag. "Isn't that all that's published of it?"

"What of that, sir? One number's quite enough for a hint. I see how the plot will end, or if not, it's no matter, I can end it as I choose, and then when the book's finished, why the public may judge between the novelist and the dramatist, and declare who is most right."

"I don't know—*The Chelsea Bun-house*—it's a good title," mused the manager.

"Fine historical associations about it," said Duckweed. "I can bring in all the Georges, from the first to the fourth—and what's more, I see now how I can capitally dovetail in the giant."

"Well, it's worth keeping in mind—we shall see," remarked the manager; "in the mean time, I am now resolved to go and unearth this Southcote. The house last night was not good," said Gag.

"Ha! my dear, sir, but you must take this into your consideration—you know you didn't play yourself," urged Duckweed in the most delicate spirit of compliment.

Again Bob appeared and announced a visitor.

"Duckweed," said the manager, "see who it is, and despatch him; I can't see anybody to-day."

Duckweed quitted the room and speedily returned.

"It was nobody—nobody at all," he said; "merely, a country-actor."

"A barn-door pullet, I suppose, Duckweed," said Gag; and the manager's man shrugged his shoulders, and echoed "barn-door."

The manager and his man quitted the theatre, directing their steps—it was a fine day, and Gag spoke with animation of the healthful exercise of walking—towards Houndsditch. There was silence for some minutes, and then Manager Gag, with unusual gravity, observed to his man,

"I am afraid, Mr. Duckweed, you hold our art in very cheap estimation?"

Duckweed put on an astonished look.

"Nay, sir, it is very evident by the light, I will add, irreverent way in which you speak of your humbler, I should say, of your less successful brethren."

It was clear to Duckweed, that his manager had fallen into one of his philosophical moods, and there was no remedy for it, but to let him talk himself out.

In very truth, Mr. Bajazet Gag was a strange, mystifying character. He was capable of any professional brutality—as this unstudied, shambling narrative has sufficiently proved—and, in striking contrast to this, he would at times overflow from the heart with milk and honey for "everything that lived." At these times, he would have beguiled a stranger into a belief—nay, we are pretty sure that he believed it himself—that he was one unalloyed mass of benevolence. There is nothing he would not do for human nature, save and except putting his hand in his pocket for it—or, the hand being in, taking it out with something in it. Now, it so happened, that in his pilgrimage to Houndsditch, he was full of these genial impulses, and therefore inflicted a salutary lesson on his hard-judging man of business; who, in his heart never gave the manager credit for the originality of his speculations: being assured, as in the hours of conjugal confidence he would avow to his wife, that "that Gag was a d—d thief, and owed all his fine sayings only to his fine memory. He'd talk of an encyclopedia, and with such a face too, that simple people should believe it all his own." This may or may not be true; we give no opinion of the matter.

"May I ask you, Mr. Duckweed," said Gag, having mounted his high hobby-horse, got by Philosophy out of Benevolence, "may I ask you to give me your genuine opinion of the social value of the country actor—I mean of the humblest class, of that sort which the legislature, until a recent act, roundly called rogues and vagabonds? Nay, sir, I'll adopt the vulgar phrase: What do you think of a strolling player?"

"Why, sir, when he gets his salary, and acts only four nights a week, and there's plenty of fishing in the neighbourhood—and he isn't on bad terms with his landlady—why then, sir—"

"I speak of the strolling player in the abstract," said Gag.

"Well then, sir, I must say it—I had rather be in London on my present salary."

"The strolling actor," said Gag, "is of high social importance, and philosophically considered is intrusted with a noble mission. He is the servant of the poet, and, like his master, has suffered from the ingratitude and ignorance of mankind. What is his purpose? Why, to array the shivering nakedness of human life with a garment of beauty. To administer to the higher aspirations of even the coarsest natures which at times have 'immortal longings,' and yearn to escape from 'the weariness, the fever, and the fret' of working-day realities into the fairy world of poetic invention. It is his noble privilege to awaken the sympathies of the humblest of his fellows, and, it may be, often to startle them with a consciousness of the mystery of mysteries which has slumbered within them. Look at the actor treading the threshing-floor of a village barn. Behold the village clowns, rapt by his 'so

potent art,' carried for a time beyond the 'ignorant present' by the genius of the poet and the passion of the player. Who shall say that these men are not, without knowing it, refined, exalted, by the 'cunning of the scene?' That they do not, in the strange emotion stirring within them, vindicate the universal desire to fly, at times, from the oppression of realities to the solace and delight of ideal life; to have their imaginations quickened, and their hearts made to throb with new interests; to behold the sorrows of kings and queens—to rejoice with the good and fortunate, to mourn with the struggling brave, and to exult at the downfall of the oppressor? These are moments that tune the coarsest nerves with a new music, and these moments are the gift of the strolling player. Who shall say, that the veriest churl, the merest clod of humanity, does not take away with him from the player's scene, thoughts that at times leaven his mere earthiness—recollections that came to him, aye at the plough-tail or in the sheep-fold, and make him recognise a something better, higher in his nature, as first revealed to him by the strolling player, the mere outcast, the despised of men? Poor, happy, careless wretch! he trudges on from thorpe to thorpe, and with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness' begs of beef-trained magistrates a gracious leave to make some bumpkins happy—to busy them for a time with a picture of the human affections; in fact, to bestow upon them more real, more humanizing good, than many of the said justices ever even dreamt of in their long dreams of official usefulness. Why, if the purpose of the stage were duly acknowledged, were truly allowed, the magistrate himself, followed by his constables, would with floral wreaths and crowns of laurel, meet the strolling players at the outskirts of every town and hamlet—yea, would lodge them in the best inn's best rooms, and banquet them as benefactors of the human family. They would be received with pipe and tabour, and treated as befits the humble, much-enduring missionaries for the diffusion of Shakspearianity! The strolling player is the merry preacher of the noblest, grandest lessons of human thought. He is the poet's pilgrim, and in the forlornest byways and abodes of men, calls forth new sympathies—sheds upon the cold dull trade of real life an hour of poetic glory, 'making a sunshine in a shady place.' He informs human clay with thoughts and throbbings that refine it, and for this he was for centuries 'a rogue and vagabond,' and is even now a long, long day's march from the vantage-ground of respectability. Poor strolling player! Your beaver is brown—brown as is a berry; your elbows are breaking through your coat—no shirt to vulgar eyes is visible—your nether garments are withered as hay, and packthread stitches are in your shoe-leather. Nevertheless, it may happen that in your rambling vocation you have done more for the real happiness of your fellow-men than many a magistrate; and that, weighed for worth in the golden scales of justice you would outweigh even an alderman in his violet and miniver."

Gag ceased, and looked round in the face of Duckweed.

"Really," said the manager's man, "I had no idea that you could have made out any such case; you have talked an essay, sir," cried Duckweed, who immediately said to himself, "I wonder where he stole it."

"Here we are in Houndsditch," said Gag. "Now for Peter South-

cote's. You haven't thought of the title for the piece?" asked the manager.

"What do you think, sir, of 'The Young Shiloh; or, Joanna's Promise?'" said Duckweed.

"Well, perhaps with a good heading to the bill, addressed to the Southcotians, that title would do. Let me see, your trial for the affair of the dog will come off in a fortnight, and—"

"Oh, sir! I'm perfectly at ease on that account—I have negotiated with Crampley, and he in the handsomest manner has assured me he will not appear. But now, sir, before we go to Southcote, have you determined what salary you intend to offer him for his son or nephew, or whoever may bear his name?"

"Not yet," answered Gag, "I shall first see the sort of style he lives in, and square my offer according to his furniture."

"Well, sir, we're getting close upon the number now—and there's the house, sir—and—bless my soul!—the shop shut up, and—and—"

"Mutes at the door!" added the manager in despairing tones.

"It's impossible that Southcote can be dead!" exclaimed Duckweed, without adding any reason for such impossibility.

"We'll inquire at this public-house," said Gag; and followed by his man, he turned into a hostelry immediately opposite the long-sought pickle-shop.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Southcote's dead, sir," said the landlord, replying to the anxious query of our manager; "dead, sir, I think a week to-day. Good sort of a man, sir, but we must all die."

"And has he left any family—any sons?" inquired Gag.

"No sons at all," answered the landlord.

"Any nephews, bearing his name?" asked Duckweed.

"Hasn't left chick nor child—had no relations whatever. What will be done with his money, nobody yet knows. Can I bring you anything, sir?"

"Yes, this news has quite knocked me down—a glass of brandy," said the manager.

"I was never more shocked," said Duckweed, "a glass for me."

The landlord departed from the parlour to fulfil the order, and whilst in the bar assured his wife that the two gentlemen just come in were no doubt bosom friends of poor old Southcote, for he had left them in a dreadful quandary. He then returned to his guests.

"Who could have been prepared for this?" said Gag, sipping the brandy.

"And we expected so much from him!" cried Duckweed, emptying his glass.

"Well, gentlemen," said the landlord, "they say he's made a will, and so you mayn't be disappointed after all."

"You are sure there is nobody of his name?" again inquired Duckweed.

"I tell you, sir, certain—there's no heir-at-law, so if you're his friends you don't know what you may get."

"Ar'n't these things," said Gag, "enough to disgust one with life! There's nothing—nothing certain."

At this moment the hearse drove up to the door, and in two or three minutes the body of the late Peter Southcote was brought up from the house.

"There goes the best part of my season," said Gag, as the coffin was conveyed to the hearse.

"What a blow to my piece!" exclaimed Duckweed. "This is dreadful."

"Why, gentlemen, if this has come sudden upon you, it must be bad; still," said the philosophic landlord, "death parts the best of friends, and—"

"Who are they getting into the mourning-coaches? Are none of 'em named Southcote?" The landlord shook his head. "That person, there—he would be about the age of young Shiloh," said Gag aside to Duckweed, "and would make up capitally—isn't he a Southcote?"

"That's Mr. Wix, the tallowchandler," said the landlord. "I tell you again and again, gentlemen, Mr. Southcote hasn't left nobody belonging to him."

Bajazet Gag, accompanied by his sympathizing servant, quitted the public-house, and followed with mournful eyes the hearse and mourning-coaches as they crawled up Houndsditch. "Who in this world," cried the manager, "would set his heart on anything. For days and nights have I dreamt of Shiloh, and—there's my star."

"Still, sir," said Duckweed, "we mustn't despair. I can still be ready with '*The Chelsea Bun-house*,' and something yet may be done with the giant."

The manager smiled a sickly smile, like one who would not be comforted, and with melancholy face beckoning a cabman from a stand, Gag suffered himself to be assisted into the vehicle, and was speedily driven to the theatre.

When Gag had digested his disappointment some four or five days, he began to lend a more attentive ear to the counsel of Duckweed, and thought that after all the giant might at least serve as a stop-gap. It was strange, however, that Mr. Noah had never called again with a lowered demand; it was rather annoying to be beaten by a showman. Nevertheless, if he held off for a week longer, Duckweed must seek him out, and at his own terms settle the engagement. This was the resolution of Gag, but fortunately for his dignity, he was, on the very day he made it, saved the degradation of an overture on his part, by being accosted by Mr. Noah himself, who sat in the doorway of his van, which he had drawn up, as Gag considered "in insolent proximity to the theatre."

"Walk up, sir—walk up," said Noah to the manager, who had paused at the steps. Gag immediately ascended into the van.

"Eh! why where's the giant?" asked the manager, fearful of his cause of absence.

"Not here just now," said the showman, as Gag thought, in a pen-sive voice.

"I hope, Mr. Noah, he does not intend to play on the other side of the water, because I consider our negotiation still open," said the manager.

"Oh, you do, sir?" said Noah; "well, I am sure I take it as very kind of you."

"Well, then, Mr. Noah—without any more altercation, I'll give the

giant three pounds a week—three pounds and his bed under the stage,” was Gag’s offer.

“Three pounds!” cried the showman; “it’s very little. You know how tall he is—three pounds will never do.”

“Well, well, when I can see my way, I never haggle for a pound or two—say four pounds.”

The showman shook his head.

“Four pounds! Oh, sir! see how tall he is.”

“Nonsense, you’ll take four pounds. Pooh, pooh! Four pounds, I say.” Again the showman shook his head. “Well, you really are the hardest fellow to deal with!—Come, at a word—I’ll give four pound ten.”

“I’ve seen a good many giants,” said the stolid Mr. Noah, “but he is now the very tallest.”

“There, d—n it,” and a slight blush suffused the cheek of Gag that he was compelled to yield to the showman, “there—there’s your own terms, the whole five pounds.”

Mr. Noah whistled.

“Why, you’ll take five pounds? You’ll not be so unprincipled as to refuse—”

“Upon my honour, sir,” said the showman, “I don’t think you’d find the giant answer your purpose.”

“That’s my business; besides, you didn’t think so a few days ago. Why shouldn’t the giant be as good now as then?” asked Gag.

“Because, sir, you see, it so happens that just now the giant is—”

“What?” cried the manager.

“Dead,” answered the showman.

“Dead!” exclaimed Gag.

“He died last night of the typhus fever; he was sickening for it when I came to offer him to you.”

“And did he die here?” cried Gag, his lips turned blue with apprehension.

“He died in this very van, and was only taken out of it half-an-hour ago. It’s quite true,” said the showman, “I’m going to have him put out of the canvas, and a bonassus painted in.”

Gag made no further reply, but jumped down the steps, and hurried to his home.

CHAP. XII.

THIS will necessarily be a very short chapter. Mr. Gag had a morbid horror of all fevers, and of typhus in particular. He took to his bed, and died on the fourth day; displaying in his decease, as Dr. Lavender declared, a striking proof of the influence of imagination; for he died having, in reality, nothing the matter with him. Gag’s dying moments showed how his heart hung upon his profession, for his last words were, “Duckweed, to-night no orders—suspend the free list!”

When Gag’s will was read, it was found that he had left all his property to his wife, bequeathing only slight professional tokens of his regard to some of his player brethren. To Duckweed he bequeathed a practicable property snake used in pantomimes, and to each of his money-takers a copy of the best sixpenny edition of “THE FORTY THIEVES.”

FOREIGN SPORTING.

BY NIMROD.

CONCEIVING that the subject of Foreign Sporting could not be concluded in these pages without an account of the last grand spring race-meeting at Chantilly—the Newmarket of France—I left England for the purpose of attending it, and wrote a full account of all I considered worthy the notice of the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Unfortunately, the parcel was lost on its passage, and therefore the MS. could not be published at the time it was intended. Now what was to be done? The re-writing an article of this nature, when all lively impressions from the scenes witnessed have cooled down, and nothing wherewith to refresh my recollection left but a few straggling notes in my pocketbook (no rough copy having been made), is certain to end in a failure, when contrasted with the first attempt: still, as I have before said, the conclusion to the subjects of these papers requires the attempt to be made, and I will do the best I can to render it palatable to your numerous readers.

It will be recollected that for the two previous years to the one I am speaking of, the Duke of Orleans was deprived of the pleasure anticipated from his attendance at the Chantilly spring races; in the first, by an *émeute* in Paris; in the second, by his absence with the army in Africa. On the late occasion, then, his royal highness was resolved to have amusements made to himself and his friends, for whose entertainment he had made great preparation, by one of the grandest displays that even royalty itself has made on occasions of public amusements, an estimate of which may be formed by the fact of the cost of the week exceeding the sum of ten thousand pounds! Neither were the members of the Paris Jockey Club less zealous on the occasion. No less than four large houses in the town of Chantilly were hired for the accommodation of themselves and their friends, and fifty pounds for the week was no uncommon demand for a house equal to the accommodation of a moderately-sized family. Even my usual payment of a napoleon per night for my bed, was not deemed enough on this brilliant occasion, and everything in the town was chalked up double. Even common stalls, in bad stables, were charged for at the rate of five shillings per night; and as for a box for a race-horse, a box at the Opera might have been had at less cost. Well might the good people of Chantilly and its environs cry out “Hurrah for the Duke of Orleans and racing!” for since the death of their beloved Duke de Bourbon, the first sportsman in their land, they have not seen such times.

I have no recollection of the first subject treated of in the lost article, but I will commence with one in explanation of an objection frequently alluded to by the reporters of the English newspaper press, touching what is called “keeping the course” in France. It is true that, to an Englishman accustomed to the freedom of an English race-course *except when a race is being run*, it is by no means pleasing to have a bayonet pointed to his breast, although accompanied by a civil request not to enter within the ropes; but the difference between Eng-

land and France as nations, is here to be taken into consideration. In England, racing is so generally popular a pastime, that all the spectators are aware of the proceedings of a race-course. They know that, previously to starting for the prize, each horse takes his "up gallop," as it is termed, by way of letting him feel his legs; and we often see half a dozen or more doing this on various parts of a course. Now our people are on the look-out for these proceedings, and consequently take care of themselves; but were a French race-course only to be cleared during a race, innumerable accidents would happen, from ignorance of what was necessary to be done before the horses start. I must say I never saw any harshness had recourse to, unless in the case of some headstrong fellow attempting to force his way across the course; but I have witnessed several laughable scenes from an opposite conduct to harshness, and was once myself the subject of one. I was standing in the middle of the St. Omer course, when a gendarme approached me, and told me to go out of it. It was in vain that I reminded him it was an hour before the time appointed for the horses to start; and, moreover, that I was the judge of the horses in their running. Of such an office, he had, I'll answer for it, never heard in his life, and he insisted upon my moving off.

"If I am to go," said I, "you shall carry me;" when the man laughed, and left me in the possession of my ground.

There was one improvement to the Chantilly race-course observable at this meeting, the necessity for which I had very strongly insisted upon in former notices of the proceedings, and this was, the doing away with the roping of it all the way round, *on the outside*, which had been the cause of many accidents both there and on the Champ de Mars course at Paris, from horses running out or bolting, which, in a circular one, (as both these are), they are certain to do on the outside *i. e.* the one opposite to the posts at which the turns are made. I never saw an English race-course double-roped, neither is it fair towards the jockeys that such should be the case.

I remember being present some years back at the race-ordinary dinner at Hereford, when the late Duke of Norfolk was in high force, although drinking the worst port wine that ever passed my lips,* and on his grace being a second or third time reminded by his chaplain that his carriage was waiting to take him to the course, he observed, "What a pleasant meeting would this be *were it not for the races.*" I, however, suppose the title I have given to this paper, requires that I should say something of the Chantilly races, although the period of their taking place was in May last; but previously to doing so, I have a remark or two to offer on the present general doings of the French turf.

In a former account from my pen of this meeting, I stated a fact, perhaps not generally credited by my readers, viz., that on the Jockey Club Plate of that year (the French Derby), the members of the Paris Jockey Club alone had upwards of 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) depending in bets!

It appears, however, by a late trial at Paris (Lord Henry Seymour

* On returning thanks for his health having been drunk, the Duke facetiously remarked, "That he attributed his good health to his drinking, once a year, such excellent port wine at Hereford races!"

versus M. Aumont), that upwards of 490,000 francs were betted by the same parties, on the same plate, at the last meeting but one. These are no small sums to be at stake when an error in judgment in a jockey, or a mistake by a judge, might produce an unlooked-for result; and I shall not soon forget my feelings when, as judge, I saw in one of these great races three red jackets (the Duke's), and three yellow ones (Lord Henry's), in front of the ruck, and all close together. Nothing but a knowledge of the persons of the jockeys is in this case to be depended upon, and even then both eyes must be open.

Such of my readers as are sceptical as to the progress and eventual success of French racing, shall hear something that may alter their opinions—I allude to the amount of stakes, engagements, studs, &c.

On the first day of last Chantilly spring meeting, there were six races—no prize under 80*l.*, and the highest, the New Betting-room Stakes—1000 francs each, ten subscribers, won by Lord Henry Seymour's Poetess, by Royal Oak, out of Ada, very well ridden by William Boyce. The circumstance of the Duke of Orleans's Tragedie being in this race, and Poetess beating her hard held, made Lord Henry's stable first favourite for the Derby, and both these fillies were in it. It was also known that his mare was well, his Lordship's stable having escaped a prevailing distemper, from which few others were free. The value of another prize on this day was 2000 francs, which, after four most severe heats, was divided between the Duke of Orleans's Gyges, by Priam, out of Eva (the fourth heat being a dead one), and M. de Sevan's Quine, by Lottery, an exceedingly neat horse, but very deficient in temper. Something of a wrangle took place touching the bets on this race, which were divided in the proportion of the odds before starting, which were twelve to eight on Gyges against Quine, which decision was perfectly correct. This was throughout an admirably-contested race, and the riding of Charles Edwards, Moss, W. Boyce, and Hardy, was very highly praised.

The day concluded with the first two-year-old stakes I had seen run for in France. Six good-looking ones came to the post; and the easy winner, Mr. Rothschild's Muse, by Royal Oak, out of Terpsichore, trained by Carter, who so long trained for Lord Henry Seymour when Thomas Robinson rode for his lordship, had every appearance of a flyer.

The weather on the second day (May 14th) was beautiful, and there were numerous fresh arrivals of French and other nobility and gentry from Paris, which much increased the splendour of the royal party who came to the course, from the Château, in very good style. There were five races; amongst them the prize given by the "Administration des Haras," value 200*l.*, for which nineteen horses were entered; and the Foal Stakes, for which twenty-three were entered, but in consequence of the sickness in the several stables, only four in each race came to the post.

For the prize of *La Reine Blanche* a ludicrous exhibition took place. Only two horses came to the post, one ridden by the Count de Pontalbas, the owner, and the other the property of D'Hedouville, ridden by my countryman, Mr. Gale. An agreement appeared to have been entered into by the owners of these steeds to divide the stakes, and that the Count should come in an easy winner; in consequence of which he led the way over the course, as *Bell's Life* had it, "at a

pace which has often been exceeded by two rival omnibuses in a race in the London streets." • Mr. Gale, however, had nothing to do with this agreement, but being on by far the worst horse, contented himself with following the Count until within a few strides of home, when he made a rush almost on the post, and came in a winner by a head. There was a tremendous hubbub caused by this event, and I never heard such peals of laughter on a race-course as were produced by it from all descriptions of persons, by no means to the amusement of the Count, who looked rather angry on the occasion.

There was nothing decidedly unfair in this compromise*—at least nothing intended to be wrong on the part of the owners of the horses, and Mr. Gale on mounting declared he would win if possible. The affair, however, came before a committee of the jockey club, on the spot, with the Duke of Orleans president, who decided that the race was good, but that all bets were void. The last named decision was wrong; if the race was good, the bets were good also.

The stag-hunt, with the Duke of Orleans's hounds on Saturday, was conducted in a style of great magnificence; the place of meeting being, as usual, *La Table*—a circular stone table in the forest, about three miles from Chantilly, and on which the late Duc de Bourbon was accustomed to meet his field at breakfast, on gala hunting-days. Many of the equipages were well turned out, and filled with elegantly-dressed women, as most French carriages on such occasions are; but I looked in vain for that display of feminine beauty which such an assemblage would produce in my own country. I cannot admire the French female complexion, set off as it is by candle-light by the brightest of eyes; it is the faded lily without the rose, and therefore lacks lustre in an English eye, accustomed to see them blended together, as nature intended they should be in all women not beyond a certain age, and in good health. What it is that gives the dark tinge to the female face of the upper orders I am unable to conjecture, and cannot attribute it, as some do, to the daily use of strong coffee. I should rather lay it to the charge of the cook, and the daily partaking of the rich dishes it is his pride to set before them, so different to those that Englishwomen are accustomed to as their general food.

But to the Forest and the hunt. No sooner was the word given for the chase to commence, than, to my surprise, I found that we were to have an agreeable trot of full ten miles to find our game, which had been harboured over night by the piqueurs of the forest. Then to show what an affair of parade French hunting is, not more than fifty of the field, which may be safely computed at five hundred horsemen, went with the hounds to see the find! and not more than a third of those saw the run from beginning to end, if run it can be called. But, as far as my recollection serves me I will endeavour to describe it.

Three deer were roused at once, and it being the object of the huntsmen—of which there were also three—to select the one which put his head towards home, the few hounds they were able to stop from the

* The compromise, as I understood it, was this. Being a selling race, Count D'Hedouville engaged not to claim Count Pontalbas's horse, in case he (Count P.) won, on condition of receiving half the stake, and he had no chance to get the whole, from the great inferiority of his horse. Such compromises, however, are better let alone.

other deer were laid on him. Strange to say, if his orders had been given him before starting as to what line of country he should take, he could not possibly have selected a better, for he went eventually to the very place where all the company were assembled, time having allowed them a good luncheon to enable them to support the fatigues of the day! Nor was this all the good fortune that awaited them. Appearing to obey the orders given him, the hunted stag pursued his course to the fine lake in the noble grounds of *La Reine Blanche*, into which of course he plunged his heated carcass, and in which he met his death from two carbine bullets, after having amused the company for about a quarter of an hour, with thirteen couples of hounds swimming after him at a respectful distance! For the pencil of a painter (but equally abhorrent to the eye of a sportsman, was this murderous scene—murderous I call it, because the deer twice attempted to quit the lake, and he ought to have had a chance for his life, which was not given him), here was a subject, inasmuch as the lake in question, embosomed as it is, amidst the wooded hills that surround it, is of the most picturesque and beautiful character, heightened by the elegant château of *La Reine Blanche*, a splendid specimen of the chastest order of Gothic architecture, which is situated on its banks.

But to return to the chase, which, taken in all its bearings, was the most extraordinary that it has been my lot to ride after. At one time we had exactly as many huntsmen as hounds, namely, a leash of each, occasioned partly by there being as many scents, from as many deer being on foot at once; partly from the small number of hounds laid on their game at starting; and partly from the heat of the sun, and the pace—which at times was good—beating some that did start with us. Then another untoward circumstance occurred. After we had been going twenty minutes, about half of the fifty which composed our field, by following the Count de Gambis, whom they were aware knows the country well—and amongst this lot was our celebrated steeple-race rider, Mr. Barker—were thrown out, and saw no more of the hounds until they found them in the lake, but I was fortunate in not being included among these unfortunates. Taking for my guide one of the huntsmen, who being mounted on a small wiry-looking bit of English blood, not an ounce heavier to appearance than his rider's jack-boots, but looking more like going the pace than the other two, I followed him at this doubtful point, and he soon took me to the hounds again, which I never afterwards left. But now comes the extraordinary part of this chase. Although, as I have already observed, we at one time had but a leash of hounds to carry on the scent, and although at scarcely any period of the run had we more than five or six couples, the pace was not altogether slow, and occasionally, for the horses which were obliged of course to skirt some of the covers, which the deer and hounds ran straight through, oftentimes extremely severe; and I have no hesitation in asserting that we rode over twenty miles at least of very rough ground. I can only say that although I was capitally carried, I never suffered so much in my life in any one run (it lasted two hours and a half) from heat as I did in this; and it was curious to observe us getting under the shade of an oak or an elm tree, when a momentary check allowed us to do so. Then we rode over hundreds of acres abounding in lilies of the valley, at that time in full blow, which the

Count de Gamb (a good sportsman) informed me were very prejudicial to scent.

Of the few who were with the hounds throughout the whole of this run I was only acquainted with two—namely, the Count Duval de Beaulieu, and that gallant old sportsman, the Marquis D'Aigle, who, although past his eightieth year, seemed to endure the fatigue of these two hours and a half severe work, as well as the youngest in the field. I have seen but few narrower escapes than his pad-groom had of being sent to "kingdom come." He was knocked out of his seat by a bough of a tree, and no sooner was he on the ground, than the horse lashed out at him with all his might, and narrowly missed his head.

I was sorry to find it was not the intention of the Duke of Orleans to join in the chase this day, but no doubt his royal highness judged wisely in preserving his physical powers for the duties he had to perform at the château on that and the following evening. In consequence of the sickness in his stud, and the calls upon it by his numerous visitors at the château, he was unable to mount me for the chase, but I rode a charming hunter of Count Duval's, one of the best gallopers over rough ground I ever was on the back of. The Count himself rode his clever little thorough-bred mare, Strawberry, of whom I have before spoken as one of the cleverest of her sort, and she appeared to carry him on this day over the roughest ground in an extraordinary manner; to use the old huntsman's expression, indeed, she "carried him like oil."

After a day's work of this nature, one does not feel disposed to quit a bottle of good claret—which slips down most gratefully,—and the society of friends, to walk a good mile after dark, therefore I did not see the cutting up of the deer by torchlight at the château, in the presence of the royal party. I will, however, transcribe two accounts of the proceedings, one from an English, and the other from a French newspaper, the difference in the style of which may be attributed to the different tastes of each individual country.

"At nine o'clock in the evening," says *Bell's Life*, "the ceremony of eating the poor stag's carcass was gone through with much ceremony in the courtyard of the château at Chantilly. The public were admitted to the terraces which surround the courtyard, that on the right-hand of the château being reserved for the royal family and the court. About forty servants, in the royal livery, stood round the courtyard with torches; in the centre was one of the piqueurs with the body of the stag, while between him and the hounds stood seven others with horns. As soon as the Count appeared on the terrace, they began to sound the *morte*, their music being ably seconded by the hounds. The piqueur who was with the carcass waved the head before them so as to increase their appetite. The other piqueurs retired backwards at long intervals of a single step, still flourishing their horns, till they had brought the hounds within a foot or two of the carcass. They then sprang aside, and the banquet commenced and finished in a style which showed that its partakers, though living so near the court, had learned none of its etiquette. After this was a grand concert on the lake in the front of the palace, by performers, vocal and instrumental, from the Italian Opera. They were placed in boats which moved about the lake, an orchestra for the instrumental performers, upwards of fifty

in number, being erected in one, two others being occupied by male and female singers. They were completely illuminated and hung round with branches and flowers, and several other boats were moving about the lake, with their rigging hung with coloured lamps."

Some amusing scenes occurred in the dense crowd of horsemen assembled on the banks of the lake, the said crowd on the side on which I myself was, being hemmed in on a very narrow road, with no fence against the lake. In his endeavour to pass through it, the immense winding horn of the Count de Gambis, when on his shoulder, by some means or other contrived to encircle the head of a snobbish-looking fellow on a pony, and the nicest management was necessary to prevent his either being pulled off his saddle, or throttled. Then the horse ridden by the Prince de Joinville commenced lashing out his hinder heels, with every prospect of either kicking me or my horse, or knocking a boy on a pony into the lake. Knowing his royal highness to be rather deaf, I called somewhat loudly to him, requesting he would turn his horse's head, when I was accosted by a French gentleman, who asked me, with some vehemence, if I were aware that I was speaking to one of the royal princes? Commending the loyalty of the gentleman, I courteously informed him that I knew whom I was addressing, but that on such an occasion, when a broken leg or injury to a friend's horse was on the cards, ceremony must, for the moment, be dispensed with.

Now for a French account of this momentous affair:

"The hounds," says the *Constitutionnel*, "threw off on Saturday at Ermenonville, and the forest was filled with numerous equipages. At their head was the Duchess of Orleans, with her six beautiful ponies, and the Duke of Orleans on horseback. On every side was an appearance of festivity and pleasure. At first the crowd directed their steps towards the Forest of Ermenonville to witness the stag break cover; but the animal had not waited for the hunters, and when they came up it was gone. The cavalcade was then obliged to return to the Lake of Commoles, in the forest of Chantilly, where in the front of the *Maison de la Reine Blanche*, a collation was laid out for the ladies. After an hour's delay, the dogs having fallen on a second stag, and left it, drove the first animal, notwithstanding the noise of the crowd, the music of the military band at Chantilly" (distant good three miles from the spot!) "the tumult of horses and carriages, the clamours of more than five thousand persons on foot and on horseback, to take soil in one of the large ponds. It was followed into the water by about a score and a half of the hounds, and the crowd which ran up was immense. After a *hallali* of twenty minutes, as fears were entertained of its escaping, and thus spoiling the *curee* by torch-light announced for the night, two shots were fired at the animal, who was only wounded. The dogs at this period were so fatigued by being in the water, that some of them were nearly drowned. The stag had twice swum from the side of the pond, and dinner was ready at the Château (!). Three guards were sent at last in a skiff to seize the animal, and taking it by the horns, they drowned it."

This is a most incorrect account as far as it relates to the first and middle parts of the chase, but the dinner being ready at the château, must be allowed to be a climax worthy of a Voltaire or a Burke. It

reminds me of the late Lord Middleton, when his hounds hunted Warwickshire.

"Come, Harry," said his lordship to his huntsman, "I fear you are thinking more of your mutton-chops at home, than of finding your second fox."

Neither are the remarks of the same paper on the present hunting in France, by any means amiss.

"Venery," says the writer, "is losing ground in France; our manners and the sub-divisions of estates are against it, leaving the higher orders of society without sufficient opulence to carry it on in the spirit it requires. The Duke of Orleans" (a master of hounds!) "guards himself carefully against the seductions of the chase, but yielding only to wise and just considerations, and not to false prejudices, he grants to it all the encouragement a Prince ought to accord. His principal hunting establishment is at St. Germain, under the direction of M. Firmin, as premier piqueur. The pack is not very large, but sufficiently strong and well-trained to take its stag after a run of two hours, or two hours and a half. His royal highness very seldom joins the chase, but leaves it to Count de Gambis to preside."

The *Constitutionnel* then proceeds to produce two instances of what he calls the *ardeur* of the royal pack. The first exhibits them breaking away from the terrace at St. Germain, after a hare, and running her across the forest as far as the Porte Dauphiné; the other, when in pursuit of a stag, preferring that of a stray dog, which they ran till they caught, and then ate him up on the spot! No doubt the Duke smiled at this compliment paid to his pack, and I am equally sure that, in the essence of his good-nature, he will pardon me for recording it.

Speaking seriously, I do not believe the Duke's *passion*—to use a popular French term—is for the chase. No man on earth loves racing better than his royal highness does; and as an Englishman, who knows him well, observed to me, he would rather be shot at than not see a race in which one of his own horses is engaged. And to show how earnest he is in his endeavours to distinguish himself on the turf, it is only necessary to say, that at the period which I am speaking of, his stud consisted of twenty-three in training, and about thirty young ones at the Meudon stud-farm.

And when speaking of the liberal hand with which the Duke of Orleans performs the work he has to do, why should I not introduce a sketch of his royal father's magnificence, which I received from indisputable authority. What is called his Majesty's establishment consists of eight hundred livery-servants (that is, men in different capacities, wearing the royal livery), in Paris, and the palaces in the vicinity of it; one hundred and seventy carriages, including berlins, coupés, calesches, and britskas, together with twenty-six richly-gilt and ornamented state-carriages, six hundred and forty-five horses, two hundred and forty saddles, and three hundred and forty-five men employed in the stables. There are a great many English horses in the stables; amongst them, six sets of grays, far superior, I am told by a tasty Englishman, to any to be seen in our royal stables; also several Arabs, of one of which the following, to me, incredible feat is ascribed: He was presented to the King by Abdel Kader, having once been ridden by

him eighty-five leagues in twenty-four hours, without food or water. Now, allowing only two and a half miles to a league, the distance would be two hundred miles! and herein appears the non-possible. But here, reader, is a personage—I mean his Majesty Louis Philippe—who has been represented a miser by a portion of our London press, and whom some of his own subjects have attempted to destroy.

“If you and I,” said a French gentleman to me, “had only a tenth part of what Louis Philippe spends, and which he is not called upon to spend, we should be accounted rich even in your country.”

To return for a moment to the stag-hunt: I have more than once observed that there is more science called for at times in hunting the stag, than that of any other animal of the chase. Had I entertained doubts on this subject, the proceedings of this day would have dispelled them. We were more than once with only two couples of hounds; nevertheless, by the intuitive knowledge of the huntsmen of the run of the hunted deer, together with the aid afforded them by the slot, we were very rarely at fault—certainly for not more than three minutes at any one time, and when the scent held, and we had anything like a body of hounds with us, the pace was far from slow—one or other of the huntsmen anticipating every turn. I may also remark, that the heat of the sun, the dry state of the ground, together with the “stinking lilies” of old Dick Knight, the Pychley huntsman, would have termed them, were no small difficulties to contend against.

The third day—the grand day in France, *the Sunday*—was most favourable as regarded the weather, and the party from the château, who had attended early mass, was more numerous than ever. In fact, the good city of Paris was said to be nearly stripped of its *élite* by the charms of the Chantilly races. The running also was very good, and to the following amount:

The Duke of Orleans's prize of 3000 francs, won by Mr. Rothschild's Vendredi, beating four others, at three heats. Amongst these was the Duke's Gyges, by Priam, who ran so gallantly on the first day, and who would have won this prize, had he been in anything like his best form. He was actually not in what is called training, having been lying in a paddock with merely a box to run into, in consequence of having been what is called “all over amiss.” The performance of this horse in his then unprepared state—for very little work could be given him—was a double compliment—first, to the blood of the renowned Priam, his sire, and next to the judgment of George Edwards, his trainer, who measured his powers so nicely, as to venture to bring him to the post at all. This was a beautiful race. Lord Henry's Gavotte, by Terror, being second in both heats.

The Hack Stakes was won by M. Lecoulteux's Piquaillon, ridden by himself, beating five others; and the Château Margaux forced Handicap, with 2000 francs given by “no one knows whom,” “*per l'anonyme*,” as the programme had it, by the Duke's Dansemaiti beating four others—a capital race. Next followed the grand prize of the meeting—the French Derby, for which nine horses came to the post, eight paying forfeit. It ended in a beautiful race between the Duke's Tragedie and Lord H. Seymour's clever little mare, Poetess, ridden by W. Boyce. Faustus, by Emilius, his dam Fleur de Lis, the favourite mare of George IV., as was expected, turned restive, or he was consi-

dered good enough to have won. Great interest was created in the issue of this race with reference to the relative position of the horses, especially Poetess and Tragedie, they having previously met and encountered severe struggles. When two years old, Poetess beat Tragedie at Chantilly, and again in a match in the October meeting at the same place, after a most severe struggle, at equal weights. Then at Versailles, the same year, Tragedie beat Poetess, and Florence who was also in the race I am alluding to, but was not placed, as was also the Duke's Locomotive, who had beaten Poetess the same year. Again, in the October Chantilly meeting of the same year, Locomotive beat Poetess, Tragedie being in the same race, but not placed—Mr. Lupin's *Fiamella*, out of *Wings*, being the winner, with Locomotive second to her. *Wings* was also purchased at Hampton Court sale.

Three English steeple-chase horses afterwards started for a hurdle-race, which Sam Weller won, as might have been expected, from his superior appearance and condition. He was ridden by a French gentleman named Alloire, as was Creighton, the Prince of Moskowa's horse, by his brother, Count Edgar Ney, who came in third and last. Another hurdle-race also followed, won by M. de Perregaux's *Farmer*, ridden by himself. In these two exhibitions the jockeys were all French, with the exception of Mr. Gale, who had no chance on *Revealer* in the first race, and was put *hors de combat* in the second by a fall. The French gentleman jockeys, however, should take a lesson from the manner in which he, Mr. Gale, handled his horses at their leaps, and not disturb their horses' mouths, and consequently their action, on coming up to their leaps. But leaps indeed they could scarcely be called, the hurdles being not more than three feet and a half high, and leaning from the horses.

I found a London artist, Mr. Moore, of St. Martin's-lane, on the ground for the purpose of publishing four prints of this beautiful scene, in which undertaking he is patronized by the Duke of Orleans, who has agreed to purchase the pictures from which the impressions are to be taken.

Some estimate may be formed of the future progress of French racing by the facts of one breeder alone, M. Eugene Aumont, who resides near Caen, in Normandy, having named eight colts and fillies for the Foal Stakes of 1843,* at Chantilly spring meeting, and the Duke of Orleans having named the produce of six mares for the Produce Stakes of 1844. Two of them are by Lottery, and four by Ibrahim, late the property of Lord Jersey. M. Lupin also names the produce of his three celebrated mares, purchased at Hampton Court sale, and of one other called *Amiable*.

Not having attended the autumn Chantilly meeting, I have nothing to say on that subject, and have only a few observations to make on the one I am now writing about; two of which, however, I hope may meet the eye of an influential member of the Paris Jockey Club. In the first place, a quarterly (at least) sheet-calendar, should be published. It would save a great deal of unnecessary correspondence between owners and trainers as to engagements, &c., and be of great service to the latter in getting their horses ready for any changes that may be made, besides refreshing their memories as to all essential points. Secondly, there is a necessity for more jockeys that can ride light, or

* Two of these are by Lord Westminster's Touchstone.

the weights to be carried should be increased. It is murdering jockeys to cause them to waste, as some of them did at the last Chantilly spring meeting. I now forget what Charles Edwards told me he lost by wasting, but I remember Twitchett (who, by the way, was hired by the Count Duval de Beaulieu) saying, he reduced himself more than fourteen pounds in a short time, and then could not ride the weight. I also wish to notice the incorrectness of the book-calendar. For example—in that of 1840, Beggerman's sire is said to be Cadland instead of Zingance. The Duke's Locomotive, Weeper instead of Alteruter—Weeper (late Lord Exeter's) being her dam; and a gray mare that ran twice at Toulouse, is said to be by Royal Oak or Cadland, whereas her sire is Allington. These mistakes in blood might lead breeders in a young racing country astray.

There were nearly two hundred race-horses in the town of Chantilly during the last spring meeting; but the show at the post, for nearly all the races, was very much lessened by the epizootic that was raging throughout the stables, with the single exception of Lord H. Seymour's, whose stud, under Boyce's management, appeared in high feather. This untoward event caused some horses to win against those better than themselves, but not fit to run. Neither is the amount of money to be run for at this meeting, by any means to be thought lightly of. To the Jockey Club stakes of last year but one, there were twenty-nine subscribers of 600 francs each, with 7000 francs given by the society for encouraging the breed of horses in France; to the Trial Stakes, eighteen; and to the Foal Stakes, twelve; and to the Trial Stakes, 1842, of 1000 francs each, half forfeit, with 3000 francs added, there are seventeen *. Supposing all to start, the value of this stake would be 800%.

On my not seeing Edgar Pavis on the course, and inquiring the cause, I found he was in his grave. He was for many years the favourite and successful jockey of his royal master, the Duke of Orleans, and there was a suavity of manners, added to the total absence of affectation in his deportment, which gained him the goodwill of both his superiors and his equals. In person, he bore a strong resemblance to his late Newmarket brother; was esteemed a good jockey (an excellent judge of paces on horses that did not require the extreme of horsemanship, he not having been very powerful in his seat, and wanting a little in that energy which a jockey should display in a closely-contested race).

The handsome conduct of the Duke of Orleans, in his present of the Goodwood-cup, in return for that which Beggerman won for him the preceding year, will never be erased from the memory of British sportsmen; but it is my opinion that with all his means and plances to boot, his royal highness will be disappointed in future attempts to win this, or any other great English prize, *with a French-bred horse*. My general readers are all aware of what value I put on the effect of good food on horse-flesh. To the very letter, I agree with the well-known aphorism of the great John Warde, that "*half of the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.*" There is then that striking difference in the hay and oats of the two countries as to their nutritive properties, to say nothing of the journey from France to England, that must greatly operate against the French-bred horse, let his blood and action be what it may.

It is apparent that a great change is working in the general character of the upper and the next class of the French people, and that independently of racing, the proprietors of estates are amusing and employing themselves with pursuing objects which, when brought to maturity, will prove more useful to their country, and more honourable to themselves than those to be met with in the saloons or "*hells*" of Paris—if such at present exist—or at watering-places and spas. Agriculture is becoming a principal one, and noblemen and gentlemen in France are beginning to find out and write about the virtues of a Durham short-horned bullock, a new Leicester or South Down sheep, or a pig *made like a pig*, and not like a Welsh greyhound-dog, of which the indigenous French pig is nearly a *fac-simile* in a great many of his points. Those pursuits were long since considered beneath the notice of the highly-bred French gentleman; but times are changed, and, united to the greatly prevailing and rapidly-increasing passion for horse-breeding we Englishmen of a certain age now see *monsieur* a very different character from what we were taught to look upon him in our younger days, and, indeed, to that which he formerly sustained. The example of the heir-apparent to the crown in one or more branches of rural and manly pursuits, will materially tend to the desired end produced by this change; nor is it possible that his royal highness can be without the influence he ought to possess, in whatever walk of life he condescends to move. It is indeed merely sufficient to see him during the four days at Chantilly race-meeting, to observe his earnest desire to afford pleasure to all who come thither in pursuit of it, and it is delightful to see how affable he is in his conduct to those with whom he mixes on these occasions. An instance of this might be produced from the manner in which I myself was saluted by him on the first day.

"Ah! Mr. A.," said his royal highness to me, "I was *very* sorry not to see you at St. Omer."

The fact was, I had been honoured by a special invitation to his fête in April last, but a slight attack of influenza, at that time prevalent, prevented my obeying the command, which I should have much liked to have done. There was a heartiness of expression in this salutation of a prince of his royal highness's rank, to an humble individual like myself, which could not fail to create esteem.

I must now bring this somewhat mutilated story to a close. My memory, charged as it has since been by the various scenes and circumstances which it has been in part called upon to keep in store, does not admit of my entering into minute details of all that passed at this *splendid fête*, for such it may be called from the numerous addenda to the avowed object of the meeting—the races, which in the eyes of nineteen in twenty of the spectators were a mere secondary consideration. Neither can I now enumerate the company, whose names and stations were included in my notes, which were consigned to the flames, on the lost MS. being sent off. Amongst them, however, were her majesty the Queen of the Belgians, the Marchioness of Genlad and the Countess of Plaisance, both beautiful women, and good specimens of their order. The Duke and Duchess of Fitzjames, the Prince of Moskowa and his brother the Count Edgar Ney, one of the aides-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Caylus, the Duke of Mouché, the Duke of Richelieu, the Count de Gambis, master of the horse to the Duke of Orleans; Count Montgyon, Count D'Hedouville,

Count de Pontalbas, Count Guy de la Tour du Pin (with his four-in-hand), Duke and Duchess of Dino, the Countess of Segur, the Marquis de la Feerté, the Countess of Beaumont, the Marquis de la Valette, Counts Charles and Henry De Gieffulhe, Count Valeski, Lord Henry Seymour, Baron Rothschild, Messrs. Grammont, Charles Laffitte and lady, Lobau, Lupin, Lord and Lady Frances Gordon, Sir Alexander Mallet, Mr. Manners Sutton, and many others whose names I cannot remember.

As for the doings at the château, whatever could be procured by money, as contributing to effect, was there in profusion. Even the dramatic performances of the evenings were said to have cost four hundred pounds each, including the handsome presents of necklaces, bracelets, &c., for the various distinguished actresses. At least ten thousand persons were said to have come from Paris to partake of the pleasures of this fête; a number of couriers were employed to keep up a constant communication with the capital, and to bring supplies of such luxuries as could not be obtained at Chantilly, amongst them a profusion of bouquets for the ladies! But what is the highly-dressed lady without the flower, be it artificial or natural? The one is the product of human skill, and faithfully is the form of the original conveyed to us; the other, is the emblem of nature in all her charms, in all her pride, in all her freshness, and pity is it that it fades so soon.

Lo! when the buds expand the leaves are green,
Then the first opening of the flower is seen;
Then comes the honied breath and rosy smile,
That with their sweets the willing sense beguile;
But as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,
And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays;
Till all is gather'd, and the wintry blast
Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past.

So 'tis with beauty—such the opening grace
And dawn of glory in the youthful face;
Then are the charms unfolded to the sight,
Then all is loveliness and all delight:
The nuptial tie succeeds, the genial hour,
And, lo! the falling off of beauty's flower;
So, though all nature is the progress made—
The bud, the bloom, the fruit,—and then we fade.

I now take my leave, for the present, of the subject of Foreign Sporting in these pages, but not without somewhat of a satisfactory reflection that I have been an humble instrument in promoting the love of those manly pursuits for which my country is so conspicuous, in several distant parts of the world to which they were lately either little known, or less regarded. In one respect I have myself witnessed the good effects of this adoption of my country's example. I have narrowly watched the intimate association of Frenchmen and Englishmen on the French turf, and I can truly say that nothing can exceed the good fellowship that exists between them on that ground—in fact, a total abandonment of any feelings connected with the position of their respective countries in former days less auspicious than the present, is the happy result; and nothing short of that kindred good fellowship which ought to exist between gentlemen of all countries, when jointly pursuing the same object with the same views, is to be observed in their proceedings on all occasions.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON.

BY AN ETONIAN.

CHAP. III.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play ;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day.
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baneful train !
 Ah ! shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band.

GRAY.

WITHIN two or three years of my entrance at Eton, a most unfortunate and truly pitiable accident occurred to one of the lesser boys of the school, and which created a great sensation of sympathy among his schoolfellows, not merely from the agony which the poor little fellow endured for four days, but from the general love which was entertained towards him for his particularly amiable disposition. His name was Grieve, and if I can recollect aright, he was the son of the Russian ambassador.

Living, as Etonians do, under the immediate wing of royalty, they have always, as a body of youths, been attached to their king (or as the case now is, their Queen) and the constitution of the land ; and of course being enemies to those who would endeavour to subvert and destroy the kingly power, they have always participated in the customary fun of the fifth of November by showing their abhorrence of popery and all its knavish tricks in burning Guy Fawkes's effigy, and demonstrating their joy with as much noise as squibs and crackers could produce.

Poor G——, *inter tot multos*, had filled his pockets with what proved to him the instruments of death, to enjoy the frolics of the evening, when Lord C——, in all the mirth and happiness then predominant, unfortunately squibbed, as it is called, poor G——. Some of the fireworks, which were in his pockets, immediately ignited, which communicating to the rest their deadly errand, exploded, and literally tore off a portion of flesh from his bones. The poor fellow's screams were dreadful, and he died in four days' time.

This sad affair threw a gloom over us for a long time : our sports were almost forgotten ; and more particularly when the day came for his burial, its awe being strongly augmented by the solemnity with which the funeral service (that most beautiful and sublime selection of prayers) was read by the head master, I think

I may with truth aver, that among our whole body of upwards of five hundred boys, not a dry eye was to be seen. To my dying day, I shall never forget the impression made on myself, when, with a trembling anticipation of the approaching procession, I heard the first words, "I am the resurrection and the life," and then, as by degrees, the funeral procession wound up the church-stairs, and at length the sky-blue coffin broke upon my sight, I could scarcely command my feelings so as not to have fainted. A schoolfellow, one with whom but a few days before I had played, was for ever removed, and nought but earth remained!

It was a long time before Lord C——, the innocent cause of his death, recovered from the melancholy into which he was plunged by this untoward circumstance. Poor G——'s sorrowing parents (he was, I believe, an only son), immediately returned to Russia in consequence. One of the favourite games among Etonians, is that of football,* which requires great activity and spirit, and is frequently the occasion of a battle from the violence with which it is played: and where an opportunity is too often taken, of wreaking a spite on the shin of another, to whom you have no particular favour. (Once in my own case, I recollect a boy, with whom I was at *daggers drawn*, and somewhat my superior in age, was opposed to me in the game. I was going away with the ball in style, towards the goal, a large tree in the playing-fields, when I was opposed by this other boy, who determined, I suppose, to stop me in my career. He struck, ~~as~~ he pretended, at the ball, but most maliciously, as well as judiciously, gave me an exceedingly violent blow on the shin, which laid it open, and floored, or rather grassed, me. I was confined for upwards of a week at my dame's. Whenever any disputes arise among the boys, *after four* is the time generally appointed for settling the question of supremacy. But a quarrel having originated between a colleger and an oppidan, much his superior in size and strength, it was so managed between the seconds, that the morning of a whole holiday should be selected, as giving more time for deciding the superiority of the antagonists. It was well known, as had been previously proved, that the colleger was *game*, and would not very soon call out, *I yield*. It may perhaps be as well in this place to mention, that a kind of rivalry generally existed between colleger and oppidan—I can scarcely account for the feeling, but that such was the case in my time was pretty certain—it is now, I believe and hope, subsiding.

Owing to collegers having nothing else but roasted mutton for their dinner and supper, the oppidans applied to them the name of *tug-muttons*; but woe to him who dared to use that term, indicative of reproach, if an upper colleger heard him—he had no mercy

* Made by old Strugnal of my day, celebrated for being such a long-winded fellow in tightening the bladder of the football with his mouth (by means of a piece of tobacco-pipe), which bladder was covered with strong leather.

shown to him—but to our combatants. Bets, to a large amount for boys' pockets, were made on the occasion. It was in our commonwealth, something like the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii (only that our heroes were single on each side), it was to decide which were to be the superior. The two heroes (and they justified my term by their courage), came into the *arena* at six. All due preliminaries having been adjusted, they set to, and after continued fighting, were just as forward as when they began. Such was their obstinacy, that neither would yield, though cruelly beaten, until the head master, having been apprized of what was going forward, made his appearance, and with his all-potent authority, separated the combatants. This battle was long remembered, and was of nearly three hours' duration.

Battles are an everyday occurrence. A mere look is sometimes construed into impertinence, and the demand made whether such a one intended to be impertinent? If assented to (though not in the first place thought of perhaps, but merely from a spirit of opposition), then a battle ensues. It is very seldom that anything serious occurs; yet I observed a few years since, in the year 1825, the death of the Hon. F. Ashley Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, after a pugilistic combat with a schoolfellow. This is a thing of very rare occurrence, and considering the variety of dispositions, and the great number of boys congregated together (at present six hundred and thirty), we cannot be surprised at an accident happening, which it has, nevertheless, seldom fallen to the lot of Etonians to record. In short, if I recollect aright, this young nobleman's death was occasioned by his head falling on a stone in the school-yard, the battle having taken place there at the heat of the moment, instead of the usual resort of combat, the playing-fields. I cannot consider the game of football as being at all gentlemanly. It is a game to which the common people of Yorkshire are particularly partial, the tips of their shoes being heavily shod with iron, and frequently death has been known to ensue from the severity of the blows inflicted on the shins thereby. Another amusement, cricket, one of the most scientific and manly sports, is that in which Etonians are particularly adepts. No club, no school, being able to say with any degree of justice, that they can conquer them. *That and rowing*, in the round of athletic amusements, *Eton all the world over*. A match which took place while I was there, caused a great deal of talk in the sporting world, and raised the boy who was the principal actor in it to almost that of an idol among his *fellow-workmen*. To prove and determine the evident superiority of Etonians above all other schools in the cricketing-field, the Marylebone Club, the great arbiter of the bat, ball, and stumps, challenged our boys to a trial of skill. The *Playing-field*, on the news being proclaimed that a match was to take place, became the scene of more than its wonted bustle and activity. The whole hive were on the *qui vive*; the *sawnies*, who would rather have been at their books, or taking

some meditative strolls, were fagged to fetch the balls, stop behind, and various drudgeries, not much to *their* amusement. As to losing a quarter of an hour to drink tea after *six*, either the oppidan at his dame's, or the upper-colleger at his rooms *up town*—no, the fags must make it and bring it in bottles on the ground. The day of joy and hope, and a holiday of course selected for the occasion, all was visible delight; the *sawnies* even, and the bookworms, could not help taking some pleasure in the wished-for success of the day, and it was a glorious one—one in which that noble game is enjoyed to perfection, when not a cloud obscures the sky.

The tents, as usual, were erected in the shooting-fields, the wickets were pitched, and the Marylebone having gained the toss, went in first. At the second ball from my old friend P——e, down went a wicket. The spirit which usually pervades the breasts of Etonians (though longing to shout forth their joy at the downfall of their adversary), was pent up; it was only the silent language of the eye, or the smile that decked their countenance. The gentlemen of the Marylebone Club were our visitors, therefore no exultation during the progress of the game would have been considered as correct, or befitting the characters of gentlemen. In short, the bails struck off by my friend P——e, flew into the air, aided by the scientific *stumping* of my poor friend Jack Slingsby, now gone to his last home.

The Marylebone were out. The number they scored were few. Our principal batsman, Sir Christopher Willoughby, went in first, and from a system of beautiful blocking, he not only wearied out the skill, and even the patience of his adversaries, but he staid in to the very last—nor was he then out. Eton nearly doubled the score of their opponents in the first innings. One of the bowlers on the other side, somewhat annoyed at the incessant blocking of his excellent balls, could not help saying, though a little too loud for Sir Christopher's ear, "D—n the fellow, there is no getting him out." Upon which, with the greatest mildness, he answered him, "You need not d—n me though, for you will not get me out a bit the sooner, I assure you; and now, sir, bowl on again, if you please."

After the refreshment of dinner, provided by our old friend Garraway, the respected landlord of the Christopher Inn at Eton, the friendly strife was again renewed. *Play* was the word, and the Marylebone fetched up their lost notches, and marked a most respectable score besides. At the conclusion of their innings, it was considered too late in the evening for Eton to go in, ⁽¹⁾ match was therefore postponed until the following day.

Again our hero, Sir Christopher, began the innings, and continued it until a sufficiency of notches were gained to make us the conquerors of the first Club in England, and that in a great measure from the admirable batting of the young baronet. The scene is now as fresh in my memory as when, heated with the exercise of

the game, and followed by the applause of the remainder of the *eleven* (the rest being in school) Sir Christopher made his appearance in the upper-school. For the time all construing ceased, and our head-master greeted the modest Sir Christopher with language savouring of the greatest delight. He might have applied to him the words of Cicero to the conspirator Cataline (though not in the language of reproach, but of admiration), *in te omnium convertuntur oculi*; the eyes of all were indeed upon him, but they were those of the highest pleasure. Thus ended the long-talked-of match. I believe in his own boyish days, our respected head-master had played no indifferent part in the field of cricket; at any rate he used always to be much interested in its progress, and encouraged the practice of it, by having *absence* called in the *Playing-fields* during the summer, in order that the boys might not be taken away from their play to answer to their names being called in the school-yard. Among those whom I recollect as being partial to that manly game, and who was at the same dame's with me, was the late Lord Sondes, of Lee's Court, in the county of Kent, a nobleman in whom nearly every virtue that can adorn the man was truly conspicuous, who yearly indulged his friends and the neighbouring gentry with that amusement in his beautiful park, where the hospitality of an English nobleman presided over the whole—a nobleman liberal to the poor in his neighbourhood, and ever ready to relieve distress. So much for cricket.

CHAP. IV.

My gay competitors noble as I,
 Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength;
 While the fair populace of crowding beauties,
 Plebeian as Patrician, cheered us on
 With dazzling smiles and wishes audible,
 And waving 'kerchiefs, and applauding hands
 Even to the goal.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari*.

I WILL NOW turn the attention of my readers to a different element for amusement. *Water* shall be my theme, for in it and on it, Etonians shine. Mostly speaking, they are excellent swimmers, and frequently display their skill in the art, by leaping, head-foremost, from the top of Windsor Bridge, or according to an Eton phrase, *taking headers*. Sometimes also by swimming from the *Upper Hope*, through Windsor Bridge, down to *Cotton's Hole*, a distance, I should think, little less, if any, than three miles. *That I have known repeatedly done.*

As fishers, they are excellent, particularly one of them in my time, now a reverend divine, Tom H——, with gut and hooks twisted round his hat; could I put words into the mouth of the

*Cobler** or the *shallows*, where *scaggers*† abound, they would sufficiently testify, those places being noted for trout, as well as sometimes for salmon-trout. *Fellows Ayot* would also come in as a witness to what I assert, in respect to the number of barbel caught at its point by the boys.

On the broad bosom of the Thames, the oars of Eton have often gained the prize: and the young gentlemen of Westminster have usually been compelled to yield the meed of honour to their hitherto superior adversaries in the art of rowing.

The 4th of June has been, for more than half a century, a day of joyful anticipation to Etonians, it being the birthday of our late revered monarch, George III. For months previous, on every Saturday evening, it was the custom to practice in the several boats appointed to row to Surly Hall, on that day of festivity to a delighted nation.

At this spot a handsome supper was prepared for the boys under the shade of some fine trees; and this rural and aquatic fête was often honoured by the presence of some of the royal family, and a numerous assemblage of rank and fashion, delighted to observe the rapidity with which the several viands made their exit. His Majesty used to grant the co-operation of his Band, which was a most powerful auxiliary to the pleasures of the evening.

The allotted boats with their envied crews, neatly appareled in fanciful dresses, proceeded to this place, which is situated not far from Monkey Island, where having partaken of the various viands, as before mentioned, they again embarked on their return for Windsor Bridge, the principal goal of their exertions.

Among the dresses of the boats' crews, was one which excited general admiration. It belonged to the foremost ten-oared boat, and was in the costume of Turkish galley-slaves; and what gave an additional charin, particularly in the eyes of the ladies, was, that they were all selected for their beauty—it was a most decided *hit*. Had I the pen of a ready writer, I would endeavour to describe the emulation of the different rowers, the eager endeavour to pass the foremost boat, and snatch from her the honour of the distinguished superiority; but futile was the attempt; the boat containing the Ottoman crew, chained to their oars through the whole evening, kept its place as admiral of the fleet. I would also endeavour to depict the shores lined with spectators,

The busy sounds, the bustle on the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar—

the royal *cortége* on the bridge, the delightful echoes of the various instruments, floating in harmonic cadences on the waters: the rush-

* The Cobler is a stone projection in the Thames below Windsor Bridge, separating the main river from the locks.

† Scaggers, a small kind of trout peculiar to the Thames.

ing flight of the rockets, the innumerable fireworks displayed on *Pipers Ayot*, casting their resplendent glare on the stream of our favoured river: the deafening shouts of the populace, or the high-pitched voices of the crew of that boat which had the misfortune to be *bumped*—an Eton term for one boat being struck on the stern by the prow of the one succeeding it, or as the sailor would say, *following in its wake*, and which generally terminated in challenges for mortal combat on the following morning. And last of all, this picture of happiness, heightened by the distant view of the turreted grandeur of Windsor's lofty Castle, giving the *coup de grace* to the beauty of the scene. These were indeed days of envied joys—days in which often originated the desire in the youthful bosom, that on a more stormy wave than that of Father Thames, where the fury of the battle raged, the boy might encounter the enemies of his country; and those wishes have been often realized, and with honour have they been crowned.

Among my schoolfellows was Horace Nelson, two boys above me, now, alas! gone to his fathers, the nephew of him whom this land, grateful for his services, distinguished by the title of the Immortal Nelson, from the noble daring, and subsequent success of his deeds. Well do I recollect the morning when, from information transmitted to the head-master, poor Nelson was called up to him, and in a kind and delicate manner, was informed of the untoward event, by which he was deprived of his uncle at the celebrated battle of Trafalgar; and though the tears were visible in his eyes, still was there lurking in his countenance a smile of delight at the greatest victory ever gained by this country in her naval engagements over our gallant, but in that case, unfortunate foes. These are reminiscences, and I trust they will be received as such by my readers, for they are the words of truth. * The aid of fiction is not here called in: of everything I relate (with but one exception) I was an eye witness, and often an active agent in their execution.

One of the many pleasures which we derived from our contiguity to the royal residence, was the frequent opportunity which we obtained of seeing our beloved monarch, who was much attached to stag-hunting; and as one of the favourite places where the swift-footed tenant of the great park was thrown off, was between Slough and Langley Broom—it mostly happened that he was taken through Eton—the appearance of the green-tilted cart about nine o'clock, was certain evidence that we should see the King previous to *eleven*—a conclusion in which we were never disappointed, while he was in good health, and resident at the Castle. Seated on Long-walk wall, a long wall in front of the school (where, by the bye, my name is cut out in glorious large letters, nearly opposite the church-door), we awaited his Majesty's approach. He was generally preceded by old Davis, the huntsman, with the stag-hounds; nor was

he long behind, escorted by his attendants, master of the hounds, and some of the neighbouring gentry. Sometimes he was also attended by that beloved daughter, the Princess Amelia, whose early death he so deeply deplored.

Here with hat in hand we greeted his arrival: nor do I ever recollect any time when he did not stop to ask various questions of those who had the good fortune to attract his attention—mostly some of the young nobility, with whose parents his Majesty was acquainted, and whom if once introduced to him, his peculiarly retentive memory never allowed him to forget.

“Well, well, my boy, when were you flogged last, eh—eh? Your master is very kind to you all, is he not? Have you had any rebellions lately, eh—eh? Naughty boys, you know, sometimes. Should you not like to have a holiday, if I hear a good character of you, eh—eh? Well, well, we will see about it, but be good boys. Who is to have the Montem this year?”

“Such a one, your Majesty.”

“Lucky fellow, lucky fellow.”

This was a general topic of conversation during the day, and though one of such frequent occurrence—nay, almost every week during the hunting-season, still was it always attended with delight, and the anticipation of something good to follow from it. It was amusing to hear the various remarks made by some of the boys who happened not to have been present at the time of the royal cavalcade passing, and who of course were anxious to hear what had occurred.

“Well, what did old George say? did he say that he would ask for a holiday for us? By Jove, I hope that he will, for I want to ride Stevens’s new chesnut to Egham.”

“You be hanged,” says another, “I want to go to Langley to see my aunt, who has promised to give me syllabubs, the first *after* four that I can go.”

Another perhaps wanted to have a drive to Virginia Water, a favourite excursion with the boys. Such and the like expectations of holiday happiness, were as often anticipated, and frequently realized, by the ride of England’s monarch through the town of Eton.

I believe few of our Melton Mowbray men would have liked to have followed the stag-hounds when his Majesty was with them, as he never rode fast, and of course it was the etiquette that no one should ride before the King. When I was in the sixth form, as the *walking præpositor*, I frequently have had a gallop with them, and once I recollect being a witness to a very fine sight—the stag at bay in a pond on Datchet Common. He wounded three or four of the dogs, but was eventually secured without being materially hurt by the hounds. Among the stags selected for the royal sport, was one noble fellow, which was dignified by the name of the Hendon deer, from his having been taken after a very severe run to Hendon in Middlesex. Whenever it was known that this deer was

to be hunted, there was always a very large field. In short, he was as renowned in the field as our noble *Arthur*, only that the one was as quick in flying away from his enemies, as the other was in pursuing them.

CHAP. V.

The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.

COWPER'S *Tirocinium*.

AFTER a servitude of nearly five years as a lower-oppidan, and during my apprenticeship having become a tolerably good proficient in the art of blacking shoes, or sharpening a stray roll or two from another boy's room for my master's breakfast, I got into the fifth-form, and at the same time was entered as a collegier, which term in other words means, the being a pensioner under King Henry VI. of blessed memory.* Now began a different life to that which I had passed at my dame's, the excellent hearted Mrs. Hunter. Many years have elapsed since the good old lady resigned her life to her Maker, but never to the latest moment of my existence, will I forget the genuine maternal kindness which she displayed towards me and other little boys under her care. Many and oft is the time when *lower-boy* has been called, that she has locked me up in a cupboard in her parlour to escape from the drudgery, and at the same time sad annoyance of the fagging system.

Though I make this remark, I am not averse to the plan, nor join in the outcry which a few years since was made against it at Winchester. If it is so bad and demoralizing to the character of a gentleman's son, what, in the name of Heaven, is it to be compared with the treatment which a *middy* meets with (or used to do) in the cockpit, from his brother *middies*, as well as from the senior officers of the ship? His rations frequently prigged by a brother blue—cut down in the dead of the night in his hammock—often mastheaded by some tyrannical first-lieutenant—obliged to take his part in the regular duty of the ship, by night as well as by day, and many disagreeable inconveniences attached to the cockpit, which we landsmen know nought about; and yet when they come to man's estate, are they at all the worse for their previous hardships, or less the gentlemen? For my own part, and I speak with some little experience, I think it is beneficial to a boy; for should he in after life experience the fickleness of fortune, he is able all the better to rough it. Can any one say, that as a body, more gentlemanly characters exist than officers of the British navy?—and I have had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with some of them. The quarter-deck of a man-of-war is no bad school

* The founder of Eton College and King's College, Cambridge.

even for politeness. Of course, to my assertion there are exceptions, where some, from the nature of the service, have a little spice of the Truncheon of old, and are more fitted to command a ship-of-war than to enter the drawing-room. This fuss then about fagging, I certainly consider to be something similar to the name of one of our old English comedies, "Much Ado about Nothing."

I have here diverged a little from my entrance into college, which was the beginning of a new and different sort of life to what is experienced at the dame's. There her watchful eye kept tolerably good order; but when once entered into long-chamber, the captain is the arbiter of your happiness or otherwise, though the other six-form boys, as well as the liberty boys (like lieutenants and middies in a ship), have great power over the lower boys; yet make the captain your friend, nothing is to be feared. A few words in this place respecting long-chamber. From what I can now recollect, I should think that it was about a hundred and eighty feet long, though I may not be quite correct in the length. On each side a range of old oaken bedsteads (the tenants for centuries of this ancient dormitory), no sacking and no curtains, and between every bedstead a high desk, with a cupboard under, for each boy. This desk contains all that they have (mugs, mousetraps, and all other groceries) or need require.

The leaf of a book torn off, doubled, and a hole cut in the centre, forms the only candlestick which the collegier has: should he wish to read in bed, the candle is removed from the pasteboard candlestick, and claims affinity with the back of the old bedstead, by being stuck against it. Should the drowsy god overtake the boy in his nocturnal study in bed, and his candle burn down to the wood, no harm will accrue, being pretty well striped with charcoal, evidences of the incombustible nature of the old oak, and he will not be long before he awakes from the unpleasant smell of the wood, or perhaps what is more likely, by a good tweak of the nose from his next-door neighbour. A coarse cloth gown is the peculiar badge and external form of being of a collegier. Woe unto the boy that ever enters college with a bad temper; be it good or bad, it will at first be tried in all manner of ways, disagreeable to those who have not been accustomed to rough usage; by degrees it will wear off, and I, as having been one who saw some little of long-chamber tricks, will have the ingenuousness to own (excepting the period when I was in Carter's chamber) that I never partook of more happiness than when lying on my hard wooden bedstead, fatigued with various sports, perhaps from a little skirring with some oppidans at hoop, a favourite and healthy sport in the autumn and winter season, in the school-yard and cloisters; and in the exercise of which some pretty hard blows arise, and when opposed to each other, which is always the case, the collegier, rather presumptuously, considers himself equal to at least three oppidans, something like John Bull's estimate of his opposite neighbours' fighting

qualities, though perhaps very wrongfully. It must be owned that the freaks of the upper boys are somewhat annoying. Many and many is the time, when writing at my desk, and my exercise all but prepared for the scrutiny of the head-master on the following morning, that a bolster, shaken down hard to one end, and urged with a skilful hand, has sent my poor candlestick flying on to my bed, and given to my rug the benefit of its tallowy odour: and in addition to this, my ink bottle, at that moment also overthrown by the same irresistible weapon, making certain inroads of the river *Niger* over my luckless exercise, equally as uncertain of its source—or perhaps should a boy be amusing himself after he is locked up at half-past eight, with a walk up and down chamber, *nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis*, he finds his head come in contact with the old oaken floor in a most sudden and unexpected manner. This is effected by one of the upper boys stealing from off one of the bedsteads on which he has been sitting (no chairs be it known), and the moment the other has passed on he comes behind his victim, and with one fell swoop of the bolster on the heels, down he goes. As to complaining, that was out of the question—it was the chance of war. But this was trifling when compared with others which I have known some poor fellows undergo, and what was very far from agreeable to the sense of feeling; that of being in the middle of the night awakened by finding a rope fastened to your great toe, and having been assisted by some officious *friend* out of bed in the dark, and at the same time kept by him from falling, run up, as the sailor would term it, the whole length of the long chamber and back again, and then thrown on your bed, the noose whipped off, and then to sleep with what appetite you may. You afterwards perceive, when left to your meditations, that the rope has been too fond of your toe, and a painful soreness follows your nocturnal wandering. That ordeal I had the good fortune to escape, though I was aware that I was booked for it. If a whispering was heard after all the lights were put out, it was then pretty certain that something was afloat: and as it was utterly impossible to know who was to suffer, the only way, supposing it was to be yourself, was to move quietly out of bed, put your rug up to the bolster as if you had not been there, and then creep under three or four bedsteads at a distance from your own, and there lie *perdu*, until the tyranny be overpast.

Another species of fun (like the log to the frogs, fun on one side and death to the other) or kick-shin annoyance, was put into practice on your entrance to a particular part of the school, equally as agreeable to the *tiros* as Neptune's visit to those who had never before crossed the line—I mean what is termed being *put into play*.

I will explain it. Around one of the large fires in the long chamber two bedsteads are placed close together on each side, and two at the end, making a tolerably sized inclosure. The boy who is

put into play is placed in one corner, next to the captain, a certain number of the *élite* or head boys being seated on the bedstead. At a given signal the captain starts him with a kick of no slight nature, *a posteriori*, which generally sends him to the opposite side; from thence he makes a return, quite as expeditiously: backwards and forwards he goes, like a shuttlecock—with this difference though, that the one is composed of cork and feathers and *no feeling*, and *he* is made of flesh and blood, being very sensitive. After a reasonable, or to speak more correctly, unreasonable time, when he has been pretty well bandied about, with some few bruises beginning to make their appearance, he is permitted to make his way through the hostile phalanx, and clear the bedsteads, leaving his place to be taken by another, who has been a shivering spectator of number one's amusement: something in the style of a Portuguese execution of traitors, where each has to await the death of the other, and to be the unwilling spectator of their sufferings. This is denominated *play*, though the next morning a certain stiffness generally accompanies the waking hours. But it is only once, soon over, soon forgotten—though previous to it often thought of with dread; and the worst of it is, that unlike to a freshman's entrance to Neptune's dominions (who can be appeased by a gallon of rum), *here* there is no remission, no bribery allowed, no outward semblance of a *grampounder*, all are intent on giving him a benefit. Still with all these essentials necessary to your degree as a collegier, I would prefer that life, had I the option as a boy, to that of the oppidan; though both are agreeable, still there is more of life in the former.

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

PSHAW! away with leaf and berry,
 And the sober-sided cup!
 Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
 And a bumper fill me up!
 Though a pledge I had to shiver,
 And the longest ever was!
 Ere his vessel leaves our river,
 I would drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,
 Since it pleases him to roam,
 And to paddle o'er Atlantic,
 After such a *sale* at home!
 May he shun all rocks whatever,
 And each shallow sand that lurks,
 And his *passage* be as clever
 As the best among his works.

T. H.

December 31, 1841.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN POOLE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

CHAP. XX.

OUR HERO ASSUMES A NEW AND MORE ELEVATED POSITION IN SOCIETY—BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH A LADY WHO, SPITE OF PRESENT APPEARANCES, MAY, PROBABLY, CONTRIBUTE TO A VERY IMPORTANT CHANGE IN HIS CONDITION.

NATURE is an obstinate old lady who will have her own way: she will not easily permit her intentions to be frustrated. True, you may catch her napping, and play her a trick *once*; but, that discovered, she will not allow you to improve your advantage. A mule is neither all horse nor all donkey, but—Nature is still more obstinate than the hybrid.* You cannot, by any process of cultivation with which we are at present acquainted, convert potatoes into pine-apples; nor induce red cabbages to become roses; nor can you—and this illustration is more to our purpose—nor can you by any known contrivance, physical, artistical, or mechanical, produce a silken purse from the ear of a mother of little pigs. We might have conveyed this illustration in form more compact by simply adopting the well-known proverb, "You can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear;" but, as we hold it to be vastly ungentle to quote a popular saying (except, indeed, in some foreign language, dead or alive) we prefer rather to be circumlocutory than defile our page by the use of it.

The new position, then, which wealth entitled our hero to assume, was that of gentleman; but as, by force of Nature, he had been a scrubby, selfish, low-minded, low-principled shopboy, and as these characteristics abided by him upwards in his career, so was he now a scrubby, selfish, low-minded, low-principled gentleman.—Gentleman?—But we are not accountable for the abuse or the misapplication of terms: we must take them as we find them current: he was a man of wealth, *ergo*—

It now was but a matter of course that Quiddy's society should be much

* When Louis XVIII. was in exile at Holyrood, his Majesty allowed himself to be kidnapped by the manager of the Edinburgh playhouse (at that time not quite on a par, perhaps, with the *Théâtre Français*) to honour with his presence the performance of a tragedy. On the following morning the manager waited upon the King, and, thanking him for his gracious condescension, expressed his hope that his Majesty had been pleased with the entertainments.

"O *charmant*!—delightful!—beautiful, very!" replied Louis, as in common civility he was bound to do.

"Then," said the manager, "I may hope your Majesty will condescend to name a night for your next visit."

"No—no," hastily replied the King; "*once* of such fun is enough."

So says Nature in like instances with that which we have cited:—"Once of such fun is enough."

courted. His company was eagerly sought after by the highest and most distinguished families in his neighbourhood; by some even whose chiefs enjoyed the honour of being common-councilmen. Scarcely was a dinner-party given to which he was not invited. By families where the daughters had much to expect from their fathers he was invited sometimes; where little, often; where nothing, still oftener. By the mothers of the first class he was considered to be far from ugly, and not so very disagreeable; by class 2, quite handsome enough for a man—"But not for a woman," as one sly girl replied)—and vastly pleasant; whilst the mammas, No. 3, vowed and protested he was positively charming. All this, carefully reported to Quiddy, could not but be flattering to him. But although he swallowed their compliments as freely as he did their dinners; the daughters were (to use his own expression) at a discount. As well might you hope to induce a wary old jack to quit its watery home by the offer of a bare, unbaited hook, as to trepan him into matrimony with a dowerless daughter.

In the meantime he continued to accept their dinners, for, as he prudently considered, by that he saved expense; and being a bachelor, without an establishment, he was absolved from the necessity of paying them in kind. To do him justice, however, he was continually hinting at the delight it would be to him to return the hospitalities of his friends *if ever he should marry*; besides which, he never failed to present the mammas and grown-up daughters with a tooth-brush each on their respective birth-days (*a queer present, but such was the fact*); whilst to the younger children, when they were served up with the dessert, he was liberal almost to profusion in bestowing fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats—from their parents' tables. With Herod's "favourite aversions," therefore, he was deservedly popular. Not so with that proverbially dissatisfied and ungrateful tribe, the servants. These "base ingrates" (to use a melodramatic phrase) were wont to speak of him as "that stingy hound," although he made it a rule to give to one servant in each family he dined with five-and-twenty times in the year, half-a-crown at Christmas. He made it a rule, also (such was his delicacy !) to present his donation with so studied an attempt at concealment, that the act was certain to be observed by one or other of the family, and reported accordingly.

Yet had he for some time past resolved upon marrying, if he could find any ten thousand pounds who should be willing to have him; nor was it long ere he had the good fortune to discover what he sought.

To the ten thousand pounds to which he paid his addresses, was appended Miss Honoria St. Egremont, a—*a maiden lady*. But wherefore hesitate? for we believe that, according to custom, we are perfectly in order in so describing her, she being two-and-thirty, and unmarried. Some, indeed, might have used a term less considerate. And hence arises a question that has always perplexed us; or *though* a married woman of about that age is considered to be a young woman, yet, for some reason or other, of which we have not the most remote idea, one unmarried is always looked upon as an ——— Hold! rather than pursue the point, we will abide by the perilous responsibility of describing a lady who is detected in the fact of being unmarried at thirty-two, as a *maiden lady*.

About fourteen years prior to the period which we are now treating

of, Honoria St. Egremont, being then in her eighteenth year, and passably pretty, was invited by a kind uncle to live in his house and manage his little establishment. This uncle was Mr. Slymore, a bachelor of fifty, who had just then retired from business as an underwriter at Lloyd's. In this pursuit the winds and waves had, upon the whole, behaved to him like friends who wished him well, and his ventures had been generally successful. But Slymore knew right well that his friends were by nature fickle: so having acquired sufficient to enable him to pass the rest of his bachelor-life in ease and comfort; and wisely reflecting that as in a fit of caprice they might some time or another play him a scurvy trick, as they had often done to others, he gratefully thanked them for their kind forbearance past, shook hands, and took his leave of them. He purchased the lease of a pretty, snug cottage in Lisson Grove, to which he betook himself, and (relieved from the anxieties of his hazardous profession) "Now," thought he, "though the winds

"blow
All the quarters that they know
I' th' shipman's card,"

here may I sleep o' nights undisturbed by thoughts of how much each gust may cost me."

The invitation of this uncle Miss St. Egremont accepted; and Slymore, *being* her uncle, very properly introduced the lady to his friends as his *niece*—his "niece from the country." But, as it was perfectly well known that Slymore was the only child of his parents, consequently that he never had had either brother or sister, these matter-of-fact people were puzzled to make out the relationship: however, as he gave good dinners and excellent wine, there could not long exist any doubt upon the subject, so uncle and niece they, one and all, admitted them to be. Even if not—it is a thing of common occurrence, and perfectly allowable, for a childless, elderly gentleman to adopt some deserving young female as a *daughter*; why not, then, as a niece, or even a cousin, if so it please him? As to Quiddy (judging from the result, and aware as we are of the sensitive delicacy of his mind), that *he* believed in the genuineness of the relationship there can be no doubt.

As our business is not with Uncle Slymore, except as the accidental introducer of Quiddy to his niece Honoria, we shall state briefly that it was not till near the close of his earthly career, that he made acquaintance with the wealthy haberdasher. Once, and once only, he invited him to meet a party at dinner at the cottage, and upon that occasion it was that Quiddy became acquainted with the niece of his entertainer. Now Slymore himself was a pleasant little fellow, and loved pleasant company, while Quiddy being — But a short conversation which occurred between uncle and niece after the party had broken up, will, better than a formal description, exhibit him such as he was at this time.

"My dear Tom," said the *niece* to her *uncle*, "where *did* you pick up that tall, lanky, knock-knee'd, disagreeable Mr. Quidsy, or Quibsy, or whatever his name is?"

"I met the fellow, my dear Norey," said the *uncle* to the *niece*, "I met the fellow at dinner the other day at Sir Gog Cheshire's in Fins-

bury-square — Cheshire, formerly the eminent cheesemonger, you know, in Bishopsgate-street—for this Quiddy, being enormously rich, gets into the highest society."

"But why invite him here, Tom?"

"Why, my love, I couldn't well help it. He was close at my elbow when I asked two or three of the men who were here to-day, and so, you know—"

"And such a vulgar person, Tom! Then, what a life he leads the poor H's, with his 'ouse and his 'ome, and his *heyes* and his *hears*! and the fastidious care with which he misplaces the unfortunate V's and W's, emphasizing his blunders in ostentatious display of his imagined accuracy: 'I don't like to see a *Voman* travel except in a *Weil*!—Ha! ha! ha!'"

"Upon which," said Slymore, "I whispered to Harry Scott, 'I hope she'll be better pleased with her conveyance than Jonah was.'—However, I shouldn't care much for his vulgarity, my love, if there were anything in him, nor for the manner of his speech if his conversation were good; but he's such a heavy, prosy dog!"

"Such as he is," said the niece, "he scarcely spoke a word till he had swallowed four or five glasses of champagne."

"And then," said the uncle, "he prosed and bored our very heads off about his 'rise in life,' and his 'sheer industry,' and the 'few thousands, or so, of his own.' By the bye, my love, it is a great mistake to give a stupid fellow champagne in the hope of making him lively. A man who can talk well, it will generally assist to talk better: it brightens his imagination, and gives wings to his tongue; but to your stupid, dull rogue, it just serves to loosen his heavy organ, and sets it lumbering and rumbling drowsily on like a broad-wheeled wagon."

"And how ridiculously pompous he is!" continued Honoria.

"That's his notion of dignity," said Slymore. "And then, like all up-starts, he is either arrogant and overbearing, or insolently condescending."

"And judging by his looks, Tom, I should think he's a very ill-tempered person."

"I should think so too; and, certainly, he's plaguy touchy. Just after you left the dining-room, George Hancock civilly offered him his snuff-box, saying, 'Do you take snuff, Mr. Quiddy?' whereupon Quiddy drew himself up, as if he would have lifted his head off his own shoulders, and to the great astonishment of Georgey (who did not know that he commenced life as a petty tobacconist) said, with ludicrous dignity, 'Do you mean to be personal, sir?' However, I sent round the wine, and turned the conversation."

"Well, my dear Tom, I hope you won't ask him again."

"No, no, my love. He doesn't suit my book—thorough snob—stupid *homo*—consequential ass; and such, in spite of his wealth, will he remain to the end of the chapter. Doesn't come here again, you may rely on it."

And he kept his word, for from that time, he and Quiddy never met again.

CHAP. XXI.

QUIDDY TREATS HIMSELF TO THE PLAY—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—
HE IS INFORMED OF AN IMPORTANT FACT—A PROVOKING MISTAKE—
A RAINY NIGHT NOT WITHOUT ITS ADVANTAGES EITHER TO THE
HACKNEY-COACHMAN OR HIS FARE.

SOME months after his visit to the cottage, it happened one evening that Quiddy resolved to treat himself—a person for whom he entertained so affectionate a regard as never to refuse him the enjoyment of anything that might conduce to his pleasure—to treat himself to the pit of Covent-Garden Theatre. Although the evening's entertainment was to consist of nothing more than a tragedy and a farce (“*Macbeth*,” and “*Raising the Wind*”) without the assistance of a short opera at the beginning, a little interlude in the middle, and a ranting melodrama at the end, to protract the performance till within a few hours of breakfast-time the next morning: although there was not the individual attraction of a star at fifty pounds a night, but merely the regular company of the theatre, including Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble and Charles, Lewis, Emery, Mrs. Mattocks, and such like—notwithstanding these drawbacks, the doors were besieged by crowds long before their opening. Quiddy, however, knowing nothing of the persons by whom he was surrounded, consequently holding himself absolved from any attention to their convenience; and feeling himself bound to bestow all his cares upon the party he was treating to the play, did, by dint of squeezing, sideling, and elbowing, contrive to make his way to one of the best places on the fourth bench from the orchestra.

Immediately after he had taken his seat, two ladies placed themselves upon the bench next behind him. One of them was in deep mourning, and whether it were that the dress became her, or that she really was a handsome woman, she certainly appeared so. We must explain that she was not in widow's weeds, a dress which is so very becoming, that few women positively dislike to wear it, while some, indeed, entertain an extreme longing for it. Her age might be thirty—certainly not less: her companion was considerably older. The dress of the latter was of that nondescript kind—a compromise between the natural inclination towards the fine and showy, and the professional demand for the plain and neat, which generally characterizes the London lodging-house-keeper.

Quiddy, upon looking at the lady in black, though he thought he had seen her before, was uncertain of it. She did not appear to recognise him. He looked again and again, and the who, the when, and the where, came faintly upon his recollection. Still was he not certain. Awkward and low-bred, he could not open a conversation with her, which a gentleman and a man of the world would readily have done. Between ~~men~~ who are strangers to each other, a snuff-box is an admirable medium for such a purpose: under circumstances like Quiddy's, a play-bill is a sublime invention. But in this he was unfortunate, for since both the lady and himself each held one

in their hand, he could neither borrow nor offer to lend. All at once, accident relieved him from his difficulty.

"That's Quiddy, the great what-do-they-call-it, in Mark-lane," said some one who knew his person to his companion.

This was spoken loud enough to be heard by the lady in black, who thereupon intimated her recognition of the great "what-do-they-call-it" by a slight inclination of the head.

Quiddy now was, as he would have expressed it, all "cock-a-hoop." Affecting the gay and the affable, without forgetting the dignified, he made what he considered to be the perfection of a bow (not bending his head, but just forcing his chin down into his cravat and drawing it out again) and said—

"Bless my soul, miss, how uncommon droll! Thought I know'd you from the first; but as I warn't sure, why—miss St. Egremont, eh? Sure I couldn't be mistaken. This lady I don't think I ever—"

"Mrs. Fleecer, sir," said Miss St. Egremont.

"Ha! Mrs. Fleecer—hope I see you quite well, marm. Long time since I had the honour of seeing *you*, miss: not since the day I had the honour of having the pleasure of coming to eat a bit of dinner with you at Lisson Grove."

Whilst saying this he kept rubbing his hands, giving them an occasional slap at the back, and every now and then bobbing his chin in and out of his cravat. The tone, too, in which he delivered himself was—but why need we particularize? In a word—he took it for granted that the world might now ask in vain what he had done with Phineas Quiddy, of Cow-lane, Shoreditch.

"At Lisson Grove, sir?" said Miss St. Egremont; "that was several months ago."

"It was, miss. But how uncommon well you're looking!"

Miss St. Egremont smiled.

"Why, to *look* at you, miss," continued the complimentary gentleman, "one wouldn't take you to be more than eight or nine and twenty—thirty at the very outside."

Miss St. Egremont did *not* smile.

"And pray, miss, how may your dear, good uncle happen to be?"

At this question, Honoria St. Egremont drew from her pocket a fine cambric handkerchief and covered her eyes with it. Her example was followed by her companion with one of coarser material, but as a compensation for the difference, excruciatingly scented with bergamot. The latter stooped forward, and putting her lips close to the speaker's ear whispered—

"Dear me, sir, don't you know? He has been gone nearly three weeks."

"Has he indeed! And when is he expected back again?" inquired our obtuse friend.

Mrs. Fleecer pointed significantly to Honoria's mourning dress.

"How uncommon stupid of me; Quite shocked, I declare. Ahem!—But I say, marm: not quite three weeks, and yet—"

Perhaps Mrs. Fleecer inferred from the unfinished question something which she considered to require a decent explanation, for she prevented its completion by saying—

"The truth is, the poor thing is in such a dreadful state of spirits

that I persuaded her to come here for an hour or two, just to banish thought."

"Ha! I shouldn't wonder—Ahem!—But," (in a cautious whisper,) "but, as to the main chance, marm? I hope Slymore has taken care of her!"

"Oh, sir," replied the lady in a similar manner, "he has behaved like a perfect gentleman. Having no relations—I mean no *other relation*, he—that's to say, her *uncle*, put her down in his will for ten thousand pounds."

"Whe-e-wh!—Ten!—Ten thou—!"

Here the rising of the curtain cut short the conversation. But the play proceeded unregarded by Quiddy. That he could not understand or appreciate a line of the author, need scarcely be said; but even the more palpable sublimity of the acting of Kemble and Siddons, which might have stirred stocks and stones, was lost upon him. His thoughts were occupied by "ten thousand" other matters. Occasionally indeed, he raised his glass to his eye, but the act was merely mechanical; he was unconscious of what he was looking at; nor was he roused from his reverie till the scene where the panic-stricken soldier, rushing upon the stage, cries,

"There is ten thousand—"

At these words, which somehow connected themselves with what was passing in his own mind, he almost involuntarily turned round, and, sighing, cast a sheepish look at Miss St. Egremont. And when in reply to *Macbeth's* impatient question

"Geece, villain?"

the same terrified hero replied

"Soldiers,"

Quiddy (who was far from being a first-rate Shakspearian) thought "pounds" should have been the true reading.

The tragedy ended,—“Ecod, I'll try and make myself agreeable to her,” thought he; “I can't lose anything by that; and, as most women are amused by small-talk, I'll give her a sample of my powers in that line.”

Small talk it was—and, truly, of the smallest. As for example:—

“Ahem!—Prodigious full the house is, miss!”

“Ahem!—How uncommon warm it is, miss!”

“Ahem!—Don't you think Mrs. Siddons a nice performer, miss!”

“Ahem!—I saw her off the stage once, miss.”

“Ahem!—Kemble's a tall man, miss. Indeed, the part would be nothing without a tall man in it, miss. Height is everything for *Macbeth*.”

“Ahem!—Don't you think ‘*Macbeth*’ a sweet pretty play, miss?”

To these, and to a hundred other questions and remarks of equal originality and point, the lady replied, “Yes, sir,”—“No, sir,”—“Indeed, sir!”—as the case might require.

To any one but our gentleman himself it would have been evident that by all this the lady was *bored*; but it is the paramount characteristic of the true bore that (to use Slymore's expression) he will “bore

your very head off," with as little consciousness of what he is inflicting upon you, as the more agreeable, because the less tedious, operator, an eight-and-forty pounder.

Notwithstanding the amazing resources of his mind, Quiddy's powers of conversation began at length to flag; nor did the inhuman lady supply the smallest modicum of fuel to the fire of his talk, either by proposing a question, or by originating a remark, which might have kept alive the flame. To one even of a more lively imagination than his, this is a trying predicament. He felt himself all but burnt out. The materials in his head being exhausted, he searched his pockets for something that might possibly suggest a topic; but in vain.

But as it frequently happens to one to be turning the house topsy-turvy in quest of the ring which all the while he has on his finger, or the spectacles which are on his nose, so did it chance with him. His opera-glass!—a trifle, which like many trifles in this world, was destined to assist in forwarding an important event—his opera-glass was in his very hand! Here was a fresh start for him. He requested Miss St. Egremont to "take a look through it"—he expatiated on its merits—told her where he had bought it, and when, to the very day and the very hour—how much he had paid for it, to a fraction: "Two p'und-five—that's to say, miss, bating two-and-threepence discount, at five *per cent.* for ready money."

At this last remark, Miss St. Egremont removed the glass from her eye, and cast at Quiddy an indescribable sort of look. She said something in praise of the instrument, and handed it to Mrs. Fleecer. The latter praised it vehemently and returned it to its owner.

"Yes, ladies," said he, "everybody gives my hopera-glass an 'igh character."

"An *eye* character is the most satisfactory one which an opera-glass can receive," said Honora; who, infected by the vicious example of her late uncle, occasionally ventured a pun.

"You are very flattering to say so," said the impenetrable haberdasher. And having exhausted this subject, he was again floored. But relief was at hand, for the afterpiece commenced.

Throughout the whole of the first act Quiddy was occupied in revolving in his mind a point of considerable importance. He was, as it were, composing a "Raising the Wind" of his own. His opera-glass was evidently concerned in his cogitations, for, frequently in the course of them, he looked at it, turning it about in all manner of ways.

"I will," thought he, as the curtain fell to the first act of the after-piece—"I will—ten thousand pounds—worth making a dash for—it is but two-p'und-two-and-ninepence after all; and if she *should* accept it, who knows what may come of it."

Thus resolved, he half turned round on his seat, and, without venturing to look the object of his thoughts in the face, said in a hesitating, awkward, sheepish manner—

"You—you admired this, and—and if you *would* accept it, I—I'm sure I—"

To his infinite satisfaction the glass was instantly seized, when, upon looking up, his eyes met those of Mrs. Fleecer!

"La, air!" said she, "I'm sure you are monstrous polite. I'm almost ashamed to deprive you of it; but, since you are so kind, I—"

Then addressing herself to Miss St. Egremont, who had all this time

been standing and looking another way, she continued—"Do but see what the gentleman has given me. Well, I declare, I never did meet with anything half so polite."

Miss St. Egremont whispered to her something about the impropriety of accepting a present from a stranger; and Quiddy, mortified and confused, began to stammer an explanation of the mistake; but ere he had time to deliver himself of three words, the precious object found itself in the "lower deep" of Mrs. Fleecer's capacious pocket, in company with a bunch of keys, a quantity of halfpence, a pincushion, a pair of scissors, a lump of orris-root, and a nutmeg-grater. Whether or not the rapidity of this movement was occasioned by any suspicion in the lady's mind of the possibility of a mistake, we cannot say; but fortunately for her, explanation was prevented (for the present, at any rate) by the return of a person who, a short time before, had quitted the theatre. With true English politeness thrusting his head between the parties, this person called to two young women (apparently his daughters) who were a few seats off, and told them that, as it was pouring of rain, they had better come away as, later, they might have some difficulty in procuring a coach.

"Pouring of rain!" exclaimed Honoria to Mrs. Fleecer; "then we had better go too."

Quiddy, for the moment forgetting his loss, eagerly availed himself of this fortunate accident. He offered his services in procuring a coach, which were gladly accepted; so giving his arm to the ten-thousand-pounder, and followed by her companion, he triumphantly marched forth.

Rainy nights are the hackney-coachman's Saturnalia. Upon these occasions the Hackney Coach Act—the law which in more genial weather keeps Jarvey as honest and civil as in hackney-coachman nature it is possible to be—is, by general and tacit consent, considered a dead letter. It therefore needed not that our party should see and hear the pelting shower to convince them that there *was* a pelting shower; for long ere they reached the piazza, they were made aware of the fact by hoarse cries of "Four shillings to the Temple!" "Three shillings to Somerset House!" "Seven shillings to Newman-street!" "Half-a-crown to over the way!" and so forth.

Quiddy called a link-boy—for in those days of invisible lamp-light there were link-boys in the land—and desired him to bring a coach.

"Where to, your honour? Shocking bad night, your honour!"

"Lisson-grove," was the reply.

The lynx-eyed functionary—(N.B. No pun is intended)—a proficient in his vocation, seeing the gentleman with only one lady in his company (for Mrs. Fleecer was behind them), and that lady a showy-looking woman in spite of her deep mourning dress, instantly, to the great consternation of the gentleman who had received permission to see his companions safe home, ran off bellowing, "Twelve shillings to Lisson-grove!" Now, why Lisson-grove and a lady combined should aggravate the expense of hackney-coach travelling is a mystery which we are not prepared to solve: but such was the fact.

"Not Lisson-grove," said Miss St. Egremont, hastily, "we are only going to Surrey-street."

The boy was recalled, and the error rectified.

"Five shillings to Surrey-street!" shouted the boy, who seemed to

consider himself empowered to use his own discretion in settling the terms between the parties. After some trouble in procuring one, he brought up a coach.

Quiddy, having handed the ladies in, and followed them, desired jarvey to drive on, and was hastily drawing up the side-glass when he was saluted with—

“Please to remember the link-boy, your honour. Shocking bad night, your honour! Good deal of trouble to get a coach, your honour!”

This appeal was irresistible; Quiddy threw the boy a halfpenny, and the coach moved onwards to its destination. Hereupon the young gentleman taking up the *money*, violently threw it back to the donor, and bestowed upon him and his companions a string of epithets which (though delivered in a voice *not* “inaudible in the gallery”) we forbear to repeat. Quiddy, re-pocketing his coin, angrily observed, “This is too bad!” adding, “there is no satisfying those rascals, *give them what one will.*”

Meantime, for reasons best known to themselves, the ladies were occupied in noisily letting down and pulling up the glass on the opposite side of the coach; nor was it till they were quite clear of the piazza that they succeeded in adjusting it to their satisfaction. This done, Quiddy said, “Then you are not going to the Cottage to-night, miss?”

“I abandoned it a fortnight ago—for ever,” replied Honoria, mournfully shaking her head.

“Ah! I can understand your motive, miss,” said he in a sympathizing tone.

“With every object around me to remind me of my loss!” continued the afflicted lady.

“Ah! poor thing!” sighed Mrs. Fleecer; “besides the lease was out, and the landlord would not renew it. And, then—the distance from all places of amusement!”

Miss St. Egremont trod heavily on the speaker’s toe—the corn-toe, *par excellence*.

“Ah—well!—It is some comfort he cut up so well,” said the delicate-minded haberdasher.

But this observation was unheard by the ladies, as, at the moment of its utterance, jarvey rattled down the front window and bawled in—

“What street did you say, sir?”

Mrs. Fleecer having told him “Surrey-street” he again drove on.

“Then it is there you are living?” said the gentleman, inquiringly.

Mrs. Fleecer (who, as we have already hinted, was one of the respectable sisterhood of lodging-house keepers) replied for her:

“She is lodging with me, sir: she is my drawing-rooms. Better for her, I am sure, than moping alone in that place.” And she continued—(for chattering “is the badge of all her tribe”)—“Beside I have known her for years, ever since she came to me as—”

Another and a heavier tread on the identical toe lately introduced to notice, and which caused the speaker to wince, occasioned also the suspension of her intended information. Miss St. Egremont turned the conversation to another subject, which occupied the time till the coach reached her lodgings.

Rat-tat-tat. The street-door was opened by a yawning, half-asleep servant-maid, carrying in her hand an unsnuffed candle in a flat candle-

stick. The gallant alighted from the coach and handed the ladies into the narrow passage, or, as it was nicknamed by Mrs. Fleecer, the *hall*.

"That stupid girl always forgets to light the hall-lamp," cried Mrs. Fleecer—not reflecting how difficult it is for a poor girl to remember to do what she had never been *told* to do.

A short altercation occurred between Miss St. Egremont and the gentleman as to who should pay for the coach, which ended by the latter magnanimously insisting upon it that that was his "affair." Although it was still raining hard, Quiddy, instead of calling the man into the passage, went into the street, and, drawing him sufficiently away to be out of hearing of the ladies, inquired, in a half-whisper, what was his fare.

"Five shillings, your honour."

"Five shillings! why, the distance is scarcely half-a-mile! 'Tis but a shilling fare."

"I've nothing to do with distance," said Jarvey, holding out his open hand; "five shillings is what was agreed for, and you know it."

Quiddy reluctantly paid the demand, at the same time threatening the man with a summons. The latter still standing with his outstretched, open hand—for was ever one of his class satisfied without a something more than the already too much—Quiddy inquired what he meant by that, as he had been paid what had been agreed for.

"Agreed for, sir?" said the coachman, in a tone of remonstrance; "that I've a right to; but I hope you'll give me summut over and above, considering what a horrid rainy night it is."

"What! five shillings for a shilling fare, and, now,—! You'll get no more of me. As to paying more than the fare for *bad* weather, would you have allowed me discount if the weather had been fine?"

Having said this, he re-entered the passage.

But the precaution he had adopted to avoid standing ill in the opinion of the ladies upon the score of liberality, was defeated by Jarvey, who, following him to the door, roared out—

"Allow you discount, indeed! Ha! ha! ha! A reg'lar shabby one! I say, ladies, you've got a friend here as wants discount!"

Having said this, he remounted his box and drove away.

The ladies, who were still in the *hall*, thanked the gallant for his polite attention to them, but, not a little to his disappointment, made the lateness of the hour a pretext for not inviting him to walk in. He expressed a hope that he might be allowed to call upon Miss St. Egremont, and inquire concerning her health; but this civility she declined as, under her "present circumstances," she received no visitors. By this apparent disinclination on the part of the ten-thousand-pounder to extend her acquaintance with him, he was somewhat disconcerted. But he was not to be entirely baffled. Fixing his eyes upon an umbrella which was standing in a corner, he said that, having discharged that extortionate scoundrel of a coachman, upon account of his insolence, and as it was still raining hard, he should be obliged if they could lend him "such a thing as an umbrella."

With this request Mrs. Fleecer eagerly complied, handing him the one in question.

"Anything to oblige you, sir, who have been so polite to me. This," added she, in her lodging-house jargon, "this belongs to my parlours,

who is gone out of town ; but as he will return to-morrow night and may want it, I beg, sir, you will *bring* it back in the morning."

There was a marked emphasis on the word *bring* which was not displeasing to Quiddy, who, promising punctuality, made one of his most elegant bows and departed. Him, for the present, must we leave to his wet walk, his cogitations, and his kind wishes concerning the present proprietor of his opera-glass, and remain with the ladies in Surrey-street.

CHAP. XXII.

A COMFORTABLE AFTER-THE-PLAY SUPPER, WHICH LEADS TO UNCOMFORTABLE REMINISCENCES — A DOUBTFUL POINT BETWEEN ASPARAGUS AND THE WING OF A CHICKEN ; BUT—*HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.*

THE moment the street-door was closed, and even ere they allowed themselves time to throw aside their bonnets and shawls, Honoria and Mrs. Fleecer refreshed themselves with a draught of that beverage which upon ordinary occasions is called, and in fact is, nothing more than *porter* ; but which, by a long sitting in a close, warm theatre, is refined, sublimated, etherealized, and becomes—swoon, Sir Daffodil Fitz-Faddle, swoon at the barbarous idea ! but true it is—Nectar. They then sat down to a nice little supper (which was served in Mrs. Fleecer's room on the ground-floor), consisting of a hot roast chicken and asparagus. While this was making its *dis*-appearance (the servant-maid being in attendance) they spoke but little, and that little (in addition to an occasional exclamation of admiration on the part of Mrs. Fleecer of the "gentleman's present," which was displayed on the table) was principally touching legs, wings, and sidesmen, liver, gizzard, and "*grass*."

Betty having cleared the table and left the room to bring materials for warm negus, and Honoria being engaged in refreshing her memory by looking over the play-bill ; Mrs. Fleecer left her seat, and, negligently humming a tune, went to a cupboard in a corner—her back being towards her fair lodger. The latter looked up, and perceiving that the head of Mrs. Fleecer was thrown rather backwards, and her right elbow elevated a few degrees above the level of her mouth, cried, somewhat sharply—

"Fleecer ! Fleecer ! what *are* you at there ?"

Fleecer hastily replaced a *something*, which caused a slight, dull sound as it touched the shelf ; and, closing the cupboard, repaid with a *simper*—

"The grass, dear ; just on account of the grass."

What was the real nature of the little incident which produced the question and the reply to it, we forbear to inquire.

The servant having been sent to bed, and the ladies being left to themselves, Miss Honoria St. Egremont, in a tone rather savouring of displeasure, thus began :

"I am exceedingly vexed, Fleecer."

"Bless my soul ! Why, what can have vexed you ? I'm sure we have passed a very pleasant evening."

"You have vexed me. First of all by accepting a present from a

perfect stranger. Then to tell him that I left the Cottage because the lease was out! And again, to talk about its distance from places of public amusement! What must he think of me under my present circumstances, when such a reason as that is given for—"

"Oh! nonsense, dear," said Fleecer, interrupting her; "he paid no attention to what I said: it ran in at one ear and out of the other with him."

"The truth is, Fleecer, when once you begin to talk you have no command over your tongue. If I had not trod upon your toe till I thought I had trodden it off, you would just have blurted out that—"

"Oh—that you once lived with me in a humble compacity—servant-maid, in short? No, no; there's reason in roasting of eggs; I should have stopped short of that naturally, without your hint—which went to my very heart, let me tell you. No, no; you know me too well for that, Nanny, dear."

"There again! Nanny! I declare, Fleecer, if you are not more discreet I shall be obliged to quit your house, and never see you again; or you'll get me into sad trouble some day or other."

"Well, well," said Fleecer, good-humouredly, at the same time concocting for herself a second glass of negus; "it's only between ourselves: if any stranger were here, I should be on my guard. And do you know, Nan—ahem!—Honoraria, your being in the house again does so remind me of old times. It seems to me only like yesterday, though it's a good fourteen years ago, when poor Mr. Slymore, who was my drawing-room at that time, and—"

"But there's no need of being reminded of old times," said Miss St. Egremont, peevishly. "You were always very kind to me, I own; but if you wish that we should remain friends, I must insist upon it that you *forget* old times and remember only the present, and who I am now."

"Ay, ay, I understand, dear; that's quite right and proper. For the future I shall think no more of Nanny Streggers than if there never had been such a person in the world. What a sweet-pretty change! Streggers, St. Egremont!—Nanny, Honoraria! Well, poor Slymore had a deal of taste in all things, that we must both allow. And with regard to you, dear—"

"Mrs. Fleecer you had better take no more of that negus; you have put a great deal too much wine to it, and it makes your tongue run till really you don't know what you are talking about."

"As weak as water, I protest," said Fleecer: who, knowing not the art, in conversation, of stopping at the proper point—of "letting well alone," as it were—rattled on in perfect good-humour, without the slightest intention to offend. "No, no, Norey—you know poor Tom used to call you Norey—I can be as discreet and silent as a brick wall, when there's need for it: but when by ourselves I do delight in a little chatter. Besides, you know I love you as if you were a daughter of my own—as, indeed, you might be, considering that—"

"Of course," said Honoraria, with a gracious inclination of the head.

"Of course," continued the loquacious lady, "for there's nearly twenty years' difference between us, as I am fifty-two turned, and you will not be three-and-thirty these five weeks. But what is three and-thirty?" rapidly continued Fleecer, perceiving an indication of dis-

pleasure on Honoria's countenance. "What would *I* give to be three-and-thirty again, and with such a figure and face as yours—and such an education! Well, to his praise be it spoken, poor S. did do his duty to you in that respect. Only to think! when first you came to me, you could neither read nor write, while now—"

"Come, Fleeceer, come," said Honoria, impatiently; "finish your negus, and let us go to bed, do."

— "while now, as I was going to say, French, Italian, music, drawing, dancing! I'm sure, from your appearance and manner, everybody must take you to have been a lady born;—"

Honoria smiled approval.

"—while your poor mother, rest her soul! kept a fruit-stall in Covent-garden-market, and your father was—"

"Really, Mrs. Fleeceer, this is no longer to be endured!" said the other, about to rise, while a tear stole from her eye.

Fleeceer gently placed her hand upon Honoria's arm to detain her, and with unaffected kindness said—

"This is between ourselves, my dear girl; I meant no harm. We can't help who were our fathers and mothers: they are no fault of ours, though sometimes our misfortune, I own. We are born whether we like it or not, and nobody asks us whom we would choose for our fathers and mothers. I've lived long enough in the world to know *that*, my dear Norey."

This assertion of her acquired knowledge was accompanied by a bending of the head, of gravity befitting its importance, and also by preparations for a third glass of negus.

"Now, really, Fleeceer," said Honoria, "this is very wrong of you. This is the third, and you are talking all manner of absurdities, as it is: why can't you be satisfied with one, as I am! And then—remember the cupboard."

"A thimbleful, dear—not a thimbleful. Besides, I'm an old woman. When I was a young girl, like you, indeed—Ah! Norey: if I had my time to come over again, and were young and handsome as you are—I'm sure *this* can't hurt anybody," continued the speaker, sipping her glass: "Negus, indeed! water bewitched! But, as I was going to say, if I were young and handsome as—"

"There! make yourself one nice, good glass, my dear Fleeceer, but pray let it be the last, for it is growing late," said Honoria, mollified by her companion's complimentary insinuation.

Fleeceer, without the smallest opposition, did as she was desired.

"And what were you going to say?" inquired Honoria.

"Who—I? Oh, I say nothing—ha! ha! ha! ha!—but here's wishing you a good husband, Norey! And who is it *wouldn't* make a good wife! How *elegant* you used to do the honours of the table at the Cottage! To be sure, poor S. never invited me, except when you were quite by yourselves—though I couldn't blame him for that.—Once more, a good husband to you!"

"How ridiculous you are!" said Honoria, smiling.

"I've heard of him often," said Mrs. Fleeceer. "He's not over-handsome, to be sure; but then he's monstrous rich, and in this world, money makes the man."

"Who *are* you talking about?" inquired Honoria.

"And extremely chatty and agreeable," continued the other, rattling

on without heeding the question, "and the sweetest opera-glass! I couldn't but admire it! Uncommon polite of him!"

"Oh, I perceive," said Honoria; "'tis of him you are talking. Ha! ha! ha! What a chandler-shop mind! Told me the exact price he paid for the thing: 'Two-pound-five, bating two and threepence discount for ready money.' Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha! ha!" re-echoed Fleecer, while, unperceived by her companion, she filled her half-emptied glass with sherry. After a silence of two or three minutes, during which Mrs. Fleecer appeared to be getting drowsy (?) Honoria gravely said—

"By the by, what could have put it into your head to tell the man that poor Tom left me ten thousand pounds? I heard you, though I took no notice of it at the time."

"What, I, dear?" said Fleecer, speaking though with less rapidity, yet with no greater distinctness: "Oh, no, quite impos—possible.—Delishush negush!—Wouldn't ha' been true, dear, and I hate a lie as I hate—No, dear; I said he *put you down in the will* for ten thous—ten thou—and so he did; and when he did so, he had it to leave: 'twasn't your fault he lived nearly up to his inc—income. But he left you all he had—nearly two thoups—two thousand, and blesh him for it—I say blesh him! But I always like to put the best fa—I say, Nanny—Norey—I always like to put the best face upon things; for who knows—I say who knows—"

"Come, Fleecer, go to bed, pray do."

"Ye—yesh, dear. But I know the world—when I looked at him, I saw with half an eye—Ha! ha;—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—couldn't take his eye—his eyes off you. I say, I know th' world—Nobody knows th' world better than Bet—Betshy Fleesher—So leave me to manage matters—I shay—I only shay, leave me to—"

Miss St. Egremont started up, and indignantly said—

"Hearkee, Fleecer: I think I understand you. That gentleman will no doubt make the returning of the umbrella a pretext for calling here to-morrow. I will not see him: you, I suppose, will. Now, mark me: should I discover that you implicate me in the remotest way with him, that instant I quit your house, and drop your acquaintance for ever. Come, light your candle, and go to bed."

Saying this, she took her chamber candle, which was on the table, and lit it. Mrs. Fleecer (still retaining her seat) took hers, and endeavoured to follow the example. But, for some reason best known to itself, *her* candle rebelled against submitting to the operation: it would not touch the flame: it went above it and below it—beyond it and to either side of it; but, no; it would not consent to light.

"Ha! ha! ha!—Never saw s'h-a can'le—Norey, did you ever see s'h-a can'le? Ha! ha! ha! How very odd!—Shwe—shweteshst op'a-glassh—No, I'll do nothing to 'splease you—I love you like my own child, and I say I'll do—" Here the tears came to her eyes, and she grew pathetic,

"I'm ashamed of you!" said Honoria, taking the candle from her and lighting it. "I never saw you so before, and trust I never shall again."

"Grassh, dear—that abo'nable grassh we took wi' th' shiken. Come, dear, we'll go to bed—blesh you, I love you as if—"

Mrs. Fleecer quitted the room and was followed by Honoria.

"Fleecer—Fleecer," cried the latter, "why I declare you are going down to the kitchen!"

"Ha! ha! ha—dear me! how ve'y odd! Only think—kisshen—going down to—ve'y odd—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—Norey, what was I going to shay? O—Never shaw Kem'le act La'y Macheath so well in a' m' life.—That 'bo'nable grassh to serve me so—I'll not pay a—beau'iful op'a-glassh—Well; there—I'm going, my dear Nan—Norey—blessh you—good night, dear—Oh! blessh you."

The ladies retired, each to her chamber, and there we must leave them—just stating that Honoria did what she never had done before (and why she did it now we must leave to conjecture): having assured herself that her friend was in bed and, by certain indications, asleep also, she went softly into her room, and put her candle out.

Now—

"When a lady's in the case,
All other things must needs give place :"

and this necessity being multiplied by two, it becomes by so much the stronger. We therefore shall not return to our hero till we have said a few words in favour of our ladies, one, at least, of whom may have somewhat compromised herself in the opinion of those to whom we have introduced them. And, first of the elder.

Mrs. Fleecer was, *in her way*, an excellent woman; but by this qualification of our praise, nothing more serious is meant than that she was subject to most of those little infirmities which are inseparable from her calling. She was as honest as the day: a lodger might leave gold untold scattered about his apartments, and it would be as safe as if deposited under triple locks in the deepest vaults of the Bank; *but* his tea-chest, his coal-scuttle, the unfinished decanter of wine on the side-board, were never benefited by her visits in his absence. She would scorn to charge him in his weekly bills for commodities which had not been supplied to him; *but* his daily pennyworth of milk occupied a modest space in his tiny jug, and his pound of butter melted away, as if, from Christmas to Christmas, the year were one entire and perfect canicle. She would have cut off her own good right hand sooner than unlock his writing-case, or break the seal of a letter; *but*, should either be left open, there was no cogent lodging-house reason to restrain her from just taking a peep at their contents. These, however, were, as we have said, the infirmities of her calling—not her own.

But what shall we say concerning the little aberration which drew upon her the just rebuke of Miss St. Egremont? We hardly dare trust ourselves to dwell upon it. It was an accident; but even as an accident, of a character so—(we advisedly use the strongest term the language affords as applied to a woman)—CONFUSING, that—But Miss St. Egremont confessed that she had never seen her so before, and as we never have met with anybody else that had—

There, Mrs. Fleecer. But, a word in your ear. Delude not yourself with the notion that the accident was occasioned by the "grass." We incline to attribute it to—a wing of the chicken.

We have seen that Fleecer would indulge in allusions to Miss St. Egremont's former condition: this, however, was not done in a spirit of malice towards the latter, but rather as it was soothing to herself; for

this occasional indulgence, *when they were by themselves*, served as a safety-valve to those natural feelings of envy in one woman towards another who has greatly distanced her in the race of life, and which, if closely pent, might have relieved themselves with mischievous effect on some occasion less seasonable than the present. For the rest, her regard for Honoria was sincere; and she would (to use her own comprehensive expression) have "stuck at nothing" to do her service.

Miss St. Egremont's history has in part been told by her friend. Her mother kept a fruit-stall. Well? So did Pomona, whom poets have sung and painters have blazoned on their canvas. Her father was—he was a private in the 1st Life-guards. Mars himself might have been proud to serve in that fine regiment which then had a king for its colonel. Miss St. Egremont, when first Mrs. Fleecer became acquainted with her, could neither read nor write. What then? There was a period in the life of Madame de Sévigné when *she* could neither read nor write: so was it with Madame de Staël: so with Lady Morgan. Women do not come into the world reading and writing. The thing must have a beginning: it is after all a mere question of time: and if Honoria's education was deferred till a later period than is usual amongst ladies, the fault was not hers. She got it at last, and right well did she avail herself of it. Her *uncle* himself was a clever man who, though not disinclined occasionally to fun and jollity, was fond of literature and the arts, and delighted in the society of men distinguished in those pursuits. These formed Slymore's *select* parties, to which the Cheshires and the Quiddys were never invited; and for these his niece evinced a decided preference; for, on such occasions the conversation was at once amusing and instructive, and marked by a tone of good breeding. Honoria was an apt and attentive listener; and her mind and manners (naturally not unrefined) were insensibly improved by such opportunities.

True, she saw little or no female society, for the reason, *perhaps*, that Slymore's friends had neither wives nor sisters to bring with them; but, as Horatio says, "twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Upon the whole, however, Honoria thrown into any society would have "passed muster;" nor would it have been easy for any but a practised and searching eye to detect in the composition of Miss St. Egremont a particle of the alloy of Nancy Streggers.

How impressible is woman! in the hands of man how ductile! What he would have her, that will she become. By his tastes and habits, his feelings, nay, his very thoughts, are fashioned hers; and if that drop of the angelic spirit which nature has infused into her bosom become polluted or debased, woe, woe to him, fool or villain, or both combined, for on his head rests the sin!

But we are straying from our narrative, whose straightforward, flowing course we have not yet interrupted by one single digression either to the right hand or to the left—excepting only when we could not help it—when, like Worcester's rebellion it lay in our way and we found it;*—so at once proceed we to our hero.

P*.

* "Rebellion lay in his way and he found it."—FAIRSTAFF—HENRY IV.—PART I.

ON THE USEFULNESS OF INUTILITIES.

Il n'est subject si vain, qui ne mérite un rang en cette rapsodie.

—MONTAGNE.

One of the greatest reasons why so few people understand themselves, is that most writers are always teaching men what they should be, and hardly ever trouble their heads with telling them what they really are.—FABLE OF THE BEES.

Of the many passions incidental to our impressionable nature, if the instinct of self-preservation is of most immediate value in the maintenance of life, vanity is assuredly of scarcely secondary utility in making that life tolerably comfortable. If, then, the well-known dictum of Solomon "that all is vanity" be founded in truth (as no sound believer will dispute), that truth must be sought in a more reconduite application, than is suggested by its ordinary use in the mouths of the *blasés* and of the ungrateful. As understood by these worthies, it implies the flattest and most barren of truisms. It is an obvious physiological fact, that the enjoyments which occupy and agitate the prime of existence, derive their influence from the perfection of the organs on which they act: the inevitable consequence being, that when these organs fail, the enjoyments and delights lose their charm, and so are turned to "vanity." Disgust and disappointment are indeed the natural termination of passionate excitement, as death is the "necessary end" of life. But the moral we derive from this physical fact is very different from that retrospective wisdom, which hugs itself at sixty on not having the vices of sixteen. Instead of disgraciously evil-speaking of the respectable nothings which have helped us through so many a dreary hour of this "workaday life," we are disposed to be profoundly thankful for the manifold distractions they have afforded, and for the agreeable illusions in which they have maintained us. We like not that silly endeavour to add a cubit to our stature, by affecting to look down upon our proper nature. It is a mere mounting on the stilts of pride; and pride, whether it takes offence at others, or at ourselves, is a most uncomfortable mistake. If whatever interests and occupies man be in this sense of the word vanity, what is man himself but a vanity? and the consequence, pushed to its extent, would be as impious and despairing, as we believe it to be false.

After all, "these little things will be great to little men," and there is no use in calving names. When, therefore, we assent to the maxim that "all is vanity," we would be understood as meaning, not that all is beneath the regard of a wise man, but that our vanities are all in all to us; and that the happiness or misery of our poor threescore years and ten, depends upon the more or less of skill with which we turn them to account.

When the matter is viewed a little closely, the contrary notion will turn out to be, not a mere exaggeration, but an absolute abuse of terms. For whatever may be thought of life, there are some things more respectable and important than others; and the greatest stoic or ascetic that ever existed, will admit that eating, drinking, and sleeping, are not absolutely without their uses, or wholly beneath the regard of a sage. If all things were really vain, to what end invent the word, and oppose it

to substantial? Let us, therefore, speak like plain and sensible people, so as to be understood, and leave pretence to the hypocritical and the prudish.

Vanity, then, dear reader, is a comparative term: the word is a Latin word, which our ancestors in their wisdom substituted for the English "emptiness." Now, we call a phial empty when filled with air, because as compared with a phial containing water or wine, it relatively is so. Thus, having filled a bottle with bullets, we can put in an additional quantity of shot; and we can repeat the process with other shot of smaller dimensions, and again with sand; while, after all these fillings, we can yet find room for a quantity of water. Now of this series, the first term is emptiness with respect to the last. In like manner is it with vanity; and it is rather too bad to make a man discontented with his havings, by calling what to his apprehension is fulness—vanity. Yet such is the end (we do not say purpose) of all those imputed moralists, more fastidious than discreet, who would place us above ourselves, by disparaging the little occupations and amusements, with which we contrive to get rid of our time, and to escape from man's deadliest foe, the demon of ennui.

Per contrà, it is equally clear that while fulnesses vary for the same capacity, all men are not of equal capacity. Men whose intellects are of small caliber, are more easily filled than those of vast dimensions; and since it is as physically impossible to force more sense or acquirement into a man's head than it can contain, as it is to cram him corporally into a pint pot, it is eminently illogical to insist on applying the same terms to their respective contents. Accordingly, a lord in the senate-house, or an alderman in his court, may be as gravely, that is as fully occupied, as a Newton in estimating the law of gravitation; and as far as concerns the first instance, we believe that this accusation of vanity, if not *scandalum magnatum*, would be liable to an action of libel. How purely conventional such notions of vanity really are, is demonstrable by the fact that each age, sex, and station has its respective licence. The dose of vanity which is ridiculous in an elderly lady, (we would not say old woman for the world—it's an unparliamentary phrase), would be graceful and agreeable in a beauty of fifteen. So, too, that trifling which in a professed beau would scarcely excite a passing smile, would qualify a judge or a physician for a lunatics' asylum. That the cares and the jealousies of a lover are vain, and his joys and his desires unsubstantial and dreamy, divines and moralists will alike agree,—especially when they have turned the corner of sixty; yet there is not the less a conventional reality about these affections, when viewed in the persons of a youthful couple, which is uniformly denied to a Lord Ogilvie, merely because they are ill-assorted with what the world expects from men of his standing. *Rideat et pulsat lasciva decentius ætas*, contains the whole philosophy of the subject.

Such being the facts, surely vanity is one of the *vices* of conscience, which every man should be permitted to decide for himself; and the measuring other men's corn in that particular by our own bushel, (no allusion to landlords and consumers) is an important interference with the liberty of private judgment; that is, with a right which is of the very essence of the Protestant religion.

Here, then, we have the ground cleared for the erection of an intel-

ligible structure. If it be not true that all is vanity, it is an equal exaggeration to say that there is no such thing. Not only are there vanities and substantial things, but there are vanities and vanities; while the same thing is, or is not, vain, not only as it applies to different persons and circumstances, but even to different epochs and ages. For many things which were of the gravest a century ago, have become the merest vanities in this letterpress age of ours; while some things which were then termed vain, are deemed of the last importance by the wiseacres of eighteen hundred and forty-two.

Taking our stand upon this ground, we boldly affirm that the human race is deeply indebted to vanities for its enjoyments, its amusements, nay almost for the circulation of its blood; and that if there be any one particular in which civilized existence is more excellent than savage life, it is in the greater number and better condition of the vanities which it contains.

Mandeville overlooked this truth, when he referred all the blessings of social life to the vices of the civilized man,—unless, indeed, he considered vice itself as no better than a vanity, which would have been to pay vice a compliment it would have most unwillingly accepted. Had he taken vanity for the basis of his system, he would have concluded many, who are now shocked at the cynicism of his doctrine; and he would probably have arrived at pretty nearly the same result. At all events, it is impossible to take a walk down Regent-street, or through the warehouses of Mincing-lane, without being satisfied that for the larger part, the success of trade depends on vanities. It will not do, then, to define solid things to be the business of life, and vanities its amusements; for besides that amusement is the great business of genteel life, and business the great amusement of the money-spinner, the vanities administer not less to the graver occupations, than they do to the idlest dalliance. If we should subtract from the business of the tailor, for example, all that it derives from fashion (the vainest of all vanities), and should leave it nothing beyond what decency and convenience require in the cut of a garment, it would fare with these ninth-parts of a man no better, than if the world should return to the use of fig-leaves. It was, indeed, but a silly boast of John Bull, that he had invented the shirt, as an appendix to the Frenchman's laced ruffles; for exclusive of the untenable anachronism which thus puts the cart before the horse, the ruffle worked the best for trade; and on the other hand, whatever may be thought of the comforts of clean linen, the possession of a shirt never gave the title of that happiness, which vanity has extracted from the superfluous addition of a few inches of Mechlin lace. Think of the gravity of the French courtier, whose equanimity was destroyed by the appearance of point-lace ruffles at court in the month of May, when everybody knows that a network of slighter "intercussions and decussions" (we forget the Johnsonian definition) alone befit the advanced season of the year. Think how the majesty of the throne must have been endangered by such a practical anachronism; and then say, if you dare, that such things are beneath the study of a philosopher.

After all, the great difficulty of making out our case lies more in the fluctuating value which is assigned to the word, than in any real obscurity hanging over the nature and attributes of the thing. The greater part of the gravest and most substantial employments of life

which are set down as vanities and vexations of spirit by half-witted ergotists, are the sources of the bitterest privations and sufferings; and if called upon to justify our proposition as regards these, we should be terribly puzzled to perform our task. Love, war, money-making, parliamenteering, dowager-hunting, &c. &c., are anything but vanities: vexations of spirit, indeed, they may be; "heavy blows and great discouragements" to the lovers of tranquillity, and of the *poco curante*; but not vanities—no, anything but that: even Grundyism, which every one affects to despise, but of which everybody lives in bodily fear, is very wrongfully placed in the category of vain things—as any one will acknowledge, who has inhabited a cathedral close, or lived under the inspection of some village piece of antiquated and prudish virginity.

It is not alone that men's judgments are unsettled on this point, and that the term *vanity* is an abstraction bearing the greatest differences of value in the fancies of different individuals; but the fact that mankind change the character and influence of the same thing, by the way in which they treat it, is a source of still greater confusion. It is not in any case the thing itself, so much as the true or false estimate which men make of its value, that influences human happiness. The veriest trifle that ever amused the idleness of the emptiest and most fatuous of our species, if taken to heart, and made a serious business, *ipso facto* becomes one; and is as capable of being turned to mischief, as a spark in a magazine of gunpowder, or a bull in a china-shop. Did not the factions of the Circus shake the imperial state of the Cæsars worse than a corn bill, or a repeal of Jewish inabilities? Nay, did not a single iota serve the purpose of dividing the Christian world, and filling it with persecutions and slaughter, quite as efficiently as if it had been a question of the existence of a deity, or of the authenticity of revelation itself? Who amongst us has not heard of the famous O.P. riot? What a coil that made in the town, even at a time when Bonaparte was lord of the ascendant, and threatened in his "wrathful displeasure to swallow us up quick," as we were then told in all churches and chapels!

So, too, when the French revolution was suspended by the last thread over the devoted heads of the princes and nobles of France, did not the Gluck and Piccini question agitate men's minds more deeply than the assembly of the notables or the double vote. Among the many more serious causes of dispute which led Peter Ramus such an uncomfortable life, and cost him his life itself in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, must be enumerated his contest for the pure pronunciation of the Latin letter Q. In the year 1550, Q was not, for once in its life, in a corner; for such was the importance then attached to that vanity, that a certain student in theology would have been deprived of his benefice by the *Sorbonne* for not howling with the wolves in the orthodox wrong tone, if Peter had not stepped forth in his behalf, and "shamed the rogues" from their prey. This act of constancy was not forgotten. Any stick, they say, will serve to beat a dog; and there is nothing too vain and futile to serve for an *auto da fe*, if society can only be persuaded to look it gravely in the face.

Be it therefore thoroughly understood, that we do not make ourselves responsible for such abuses of a good thing; and that in upholding the advantages, comforts, benefits, emoluments, and easements

of vanity, we intend and mean thereby not only things vain in their own nature, but vain things properly so estimated and treated : and we by no means desire to be suspected of approving or relishing the gridiron of St. Lawrence, the arrows of St. Sebastian, no not even a crushing article in my "grandmother's review," merely because they should happen to be put upon active service on a trifling occasion.

Under such restrictions and with such understandings, it becomes obvious to common sense, that vanity is in reality better to a man than the best waterproof great-coat, wrap-rascal, or pea-jacket ever invented. Observe, reader, we say nothing of women : not because as some may suspect, *cela va sans dire*, or because women are naturally more vain than men, and find vain things consequently more congenial to their nature ; but because in this instance, if in any, *homo* is a common name for all mankind : for if women are in truth more frequently given to that affection than their male partners in iniquity, and less commonly chary of showing up in its indulgence (which may be rationally doubted), it is beyond all denial that a man, when he does give himself up to vanities, beats the sex by chalks in his extravagance, and sticks at nothing that can probably tend to their thorough enjoyment.

It is scarcely possible to mention a single thing really good and desirable *per se*, which is not set off and enhanced by a spice of vanity. What would the most succulent dinner be thought of, if cut short of those vanities of vanities, a second course and a dessert ? What would Madame Carson have said to the handsomest cap, the best fitting, the warmest, the most appropriate to the peculiar style and countenance of the wearer, if curtailed of its fair proportion of vanities, the ribbons and laces ?

It is indeed a question meriting special consideration, whether that august ceremony, a court drawing-room, would not be stripped of all effect, by a downfall of lappets and feathers. Well and wisely did the French lord in waiting exclaim, "*Tout est perdu !*" when the chief of the Girondists appeared at court with ribbons instead of buckles in his shoes. It would scarcely be deemed a fanciful speculation to trace the triumphs of the Montagne, and the reign of anarchy and blood (for some part at least) to this act of *lèse-vanité*, of the republican minister. If majesty itself be but a ceremony—(we put the matter hypothetically, because the notion is not ours)—if we say majesty be but a ceremony, its lightest bauble must have its mission ; and we doubt whether the other majesty of the people in parliament assembled, could long make itself respected, without the adjunct of the speaker's mace and wig. Nay, our holy religion—but we leave that cause to the Puseyites—a worthy theme for their professor of poetry "to try his prentice hand on."

But, to come to things of still greater moment, the legitimate drama itself is far more dependent on vanity than most men will think. The toll of a bell, *à propos*, has often told better in the fifth act, than the finest tirade ; and we seriously recommend it to Mr. Sheridan Knowles to pay more attention to blue and crimson lights in his last scene, than he hitherto has bestowed on such vanities. Let him reflect how much Shakspeare himself is indebted for toleration to the *mis en scène* of a conscientious manager ; and let him remember that a tyrant *en habit bourgeois*, is twice a tyrant in black and scarlet cut velvet. Nor is

costume a matter for stage consideration alone : it would curtail the pleasures of the chase too fatally, should we suppress hunting-caps and red coats ; and it may be suspected that not even the example of our gracious sovereign could keep female equitation in fashion, if a sumptuary law should cut short the blue riding-habit, by a single half-yard.

Not, however, to confine ourselves to things, let us look at that "piece of work," man himself—how noble in attributes, in apprehension how like a god ! Yet what is the most substantial man that ever broke a horse's back, to that veriest vanity—a star and garter. It's all very well for a tipsy poet to exclaim,

A man's a man for a' that ;

(an exciseman, by the by, ought to have known better :) the stoutest republican in England can feel the difference. Mrs. Inchbald's pupil of nature might be excused for hesitating between the bishop and his wig ; but there was not a full-grown parish-clerk so simple, as to despise the superior influence inherent in the hairy portent, over all the virtue and all the Greek of a Bloomfield and a Bathurst united in the person of one unfledged individual. But, to sum up all in one word, did not a surplice set two nations by the ears, and overturn the English throne ?

Influenced by such considerations, we trust that none of our readers are so infected with the anti-cake-and-ale heresy, as to go up and down the country, seditiously inflaming men's minds against the honest trifles of this world. Should such persons be listened to, novel-reading and poetry would be frowned out of countenance, and a large range of bibliopoly be seriously endangered. It is not too much to suppose that the fitness of magazine-writing itself, might be called in question. Yet, heaven knows, that if our readers have received half the pleasure in reading these our lucubrations, that we have experienced in putting them together, such vanities must have done more to sweeten the bitter cup of life, than it would be prudent for a public functionary in his modesty to own.

That we may not, however, be altogether one-sided in this our philosophy, nor injure a good case by overstating it, it is as well frankly to own that trifling may be overdone, and that in this, as in other cases, *corruptio optimi pessima*. Although vanities do make up the better part of existence, though nothing that amuses can justly be considered as unworthy of a respectful consideration,—still it does not follow that all vanities are *bona in se*, and that all trifling contributes to amusement. Far from it. Life may be as thoroughly wasted, and the spirit as bitterly harassed, by an insane pursuit of vanities, as in that of the most useful and most ennobling objects. The first thing therefore is, to determine which of the infinitude of vain things that cross the path of humanity, really are desirable in themselves and pleasurable in the chase ; and the next is to leave off trifling, whenever practical experience declares that it is becoming a bore. It really is a most mortifying reflection to a moralist of common benevolence, to behold how much of invaluable time and energy are expended in the details of tedious trifles, which might be so much better spent in more agreeable vanities. This is so sad a truth, that an European congress could

not be assembled to better purpose, than for the revision of the whole code of conventional vanities, of which so many have no other claim on the world's respect, than that which results from ancient usage. We must, however, do the present century the justice to acknowledge that it has led the way in this particular, and set many glorious examples of the abolition of trifling and conventional bores. It was as Mr. O'Connell would say, "a great day" for humanity, which witnessed the downfall of cocked hats and of periwigs. The decline of gold lace also, saved mankind many a heart-burning; we speak not of its relation to political changes, though there can be no doubt that the abolition of this outward and visible sign of social inequality had much influence on the downfall of the thing signified. Thus considered, gold lace was no vanity—no superfluity; when, therefore, we speak of it under that head, we refer only to the yearnings of those who had not the *de quoi* to pay for the tinsel, and to the miserable, not to say wicked shifts which such persons too frequently made to attain to its possession. The chinaware of the creation, who are born with gold spoons in their mouths, are in our days as vain, as conceited, and as happy without the lace, as they were when it was customary to sport it; and the rest of the world are spared the misery, the repinnings, and the envies, which so manifest a token of fortune's frohes was likely to inspire. Powder and pigtails, too, have been dropped to the content and ease of every mortal, except hairdressers, and the manufacturers of starch. It adds not a little to the merit of such reforms, that they were not won without an arduous and painful struggle. In the last instance, indeed, an indiscreet tax very powerfully aided the revolution; but even here, much daring and resolution were necessary, not only to abolish the evil, but to prevent its speedy revival. We ourselves can bear witness to the gallant contempt for authority and long persevering opposition which was necessary to drive cotton stockings and shorts out of the universities; and to the reiterated anathemas launched (but launched in vain) against the *vultus truces et ocreata crura* of innovating undergraduates.

Another improvement not to be undervalued, relates to the vanity of long-winded subscriptions, and terminations of letters. What an intolerable waste of time, spirits, and good ink was bestowed upon the "worshiptuls," the "righte worshipful," and reduplicated "righte-trusty and right trustys" of the old school; to say nothing of the "poor beadsman and oratouns," and the more modern "your lordship's most devoted, most obedient, and most faithful servants," which even yet are not entirely banished from epistolary intercourse. On this head, the Italians of the last age were grievous offenders. Every simple gentleman with them was an "excellence;" and an attorney was nothing less than "a most illustrious signor and most high-prized patron;" nay, even a tailor or a butcher was "a very magnificent signor" for the nonce; the signor being twice repeated *honoris causa*, or rather for the sake of making man forswear the use of pen and ink, *à tout jamais*. Then, God knows the prostrate kissings of hands, the reverent *congrès*, and humble self-recommendation to the prayers and consideration of superiors, which terminated the commonest letters of business; and of which the formulae were as varied as they were tiresome.

Contemporaneously with the abridgment of these written vanities occurred a similar reform in the interchange of personal salutations. Would, reader, that we could present thee with an extract from Joannus de Barranco's book "*De Copiositate Reverentiarum*," which would doubtless have thrown a strong light on the usages of the ancients in this respect, who notoriously carried such matters to an excess, "*pratiquant mille vètilles d'humilité, avec une friponne escopetterie de langage courtisane:rie.*"

But without going back to such remote times, it is sufficient to witness the ceremonious bowings of two Germans,

Precipites

Dans les convulsions de leurs civilités ;

or even to retire into the provinces, and listen to the salutations of two country-gentlemen, as still practised there. What elaborate inquiries after health, what "hopes I see you well," what eternal askings after wives, aunts, and cousins, all of whose *états de sante*, are to be passed in review, like those of a regiment, before the inspecting medical officer ! Then there were the salaams to every person in the room, the separate drinking of each individual health, with every tumbler of small beer ; and, oh ! the agonies of the bashful stranger, who could not declare the names of half the party ! To trace the hopeful abbreviations of such ceremonious and most disagreeable triflings would weary, worse than Homer's catalogue of ships ; besides carrying with it a risk of speaking of things as existent, which are already passed and gone ; for every day carries off more and more of these superfluities, till even a passing nod of recognition must be well weighed, before it is hazarded in anything like good society. As for drinking wine as a civilized practice of ceremony, one might now actually hob-and-nob as appropriately, or spoil one's host's best carpet, with a libation to Bacchus ; while there lives not a gentleman breathing so exceedingly Gothic, as to recommend a good dish or to press his guest to eat.

In national intercourse, a similar tendency towards abridgment of ceremony is visible. Fancy Louis Philippe sending a herald to Spain before he commenced an attack on Espartero, or the autocrat of all the Russias challenging the aristocracy of Poland to a *champ clos* ! It is in the memory of the youngest, that the most solemn of our national festivals, a coronation, was stripped of its principal ceremony, the dinner ; though we fancy that many very grave persons would have preferred the abolition of the chrism ; not so much as being a practice papistical and anti-protestant, as because a dinner has its substantial point of view, and is therefore less a mere ceremony than the spilling of oil. This is a subject truly inexhaustible ; and we shall merely hint at the prospective dropping of those obsolete forms, a king's speech, and a ministerial budget. Since it has been universally agreed to render such documents as completely unintelligible as ingenuity and rhetoric can make them, there is such an obvious *gène* to all parties in keeping up the vanity, that it is not probable they can be of long endurance.

Here, too, may be cursorily mentioned another empty form which has nothing but its antiquity to recommend it—the Chiltern Hundreds : a form so superfluous and idle, that foreigners are apt to mistake it for

the children's hundreds'; thereby intimating that in their estimation such child's play is unworthy so weighty an assemblage as an English House of Commons. But then *quid te exempta juvat*, what is the use of knocking one unvirtuous virtuality on the head, while so many other vanities remain to weary the spirits, and to put realities out of countenance? This, however, is quite out of our sphere: so, no more of it.

After all, vanity is so congenial to human nature, that in the midst even of the actual and almost universal *nisus* towards a retrenchment of superfluous inutilities, new ones are ever springing up. In the matter of eating, especially, immense waste of time is daily occasioned, as well by the revival of ancient vanities, as by the invention of new. What Hercules shall relieve man from the nuisance of detonating *bonbons*, and the scarcely less offensive mottoes which, if they do not hint at something nobody dares openly to say, are (maugre their brevity) as stupid and wearisome as an heroic poem or a five-act tragedy? What Esculapius will drive away the abomination of colouring *blanc manger* with poisonous drugs to please the eye? Then, there is the minor vanity of preposterous garnishing—of roses elaborately carved out of carrots and turnips, to decorate, forsooth, an honest edible; and the still lingerer's vanity of crossing a bird's legs for roasting, which forms a Gordian knot, requiring an Alexander to undo: think, too, reader, of the time lost in blanching almonds! These, it is true, are but formal vanities of the table; and there are others which, despite their vanity, we must still call substantial; such as the outrageous multiplication of fishes, &c. &c., or the increasing luxury of glass and plate, which render a dinner as tedious as a sermon; but these belong rather to the account of finance than of morality.

Returning, therefore, into the moral world, there is no vain superfluity that calls more loudly for the pruning-hook of reform, than that of morning visits, a matter of minuter diplomacy than the nicest series of protocols necessary to save the liberties of a nation. To men, and more especially to men of business and parliamentary or official occupation, this is a vanity the very reverse of agreeable; and it really is an intolerable hardship upon a young student in the Temple, that he can only dine out of hall—but in proportion as he has wasted time and shoe-leather in the distribution of pasteboard, to announce that he has digested one meal, and is ready for another.

Scarcely a less uncomfortable way of earning a dinner, was that (now nearly obsolete) form of asking the dowdy daughters of the house to dance. We remember hearing of a certain worthy in his then majesty's service, who for his promptitude in performing this irksome vanity, had acquired the name of the cut-mutton-jig major: but the race is fast becoming extinct; and it may be readily believed, that the greatest epicures in the guards, or in the most crack regiment of cavalry, would take up with Andrew Marvel's cold shoulder of mutton—nay, dine with Duke Humphrey himself—rather than purchase "a fee!" by such an act of self-sacrifice.

There is a point of considerable importance, but which we will not take upon ourselves to settle, namely, whether honour is to be reckoned as a reality, or as a vanity; and, if the latter, whether it be a vanity

that merits preservation, or one worthy of being voted a bore. Much may be said on both sides ; and there is an infinity of *distinguos* which surround and obscure the truth. Most people think that honour is a very useful thing—to talk about ; or rather to swagger with ; while others maintain that the honour of a gentleman (more especially) is an *ens rationis*, a pure Platonism, as imaginary, as vague, and as vain as a *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*. On the other hand, there are not wanting a sect of philosophers, who so far consider it solid, that they esteem it a good and sufficient means for setting scoundrels by the ears, and compelling them to shoot each other—a safety-valve to society by no means to be undervalued. The general spirit of the age tends rather to have honour regarded as superfluous : so that he would be esteemed but a punctilious trifler, who should blanch before a little kicking, if it lay in the way to a round sum of money. Indeed, it stands an approved and confirmed article of club law, that the marking of a card, or the cogging of a die, however penal in the low proprietors of a vulgar hell, does not derogate from the honour of a man of real consequence ; or if it does, is too great a vanity to be entitled to much consideration, so long as the noble defaulter continues to give good and frequent dinners, or to possess influence over the fountains of patronage.

How far factious politics and sectarian philosophy may be justly considered as vain superfluities, it is no part of our province to determine : there are so many “ sad and learned ” persons who look on them as the most serious and important business of life, that it might be even doubly hazardous to disturb their belief. We may, however, be permitted to hint our suspicion that if they be vanities, they are not of the number of those which contribute to the comfort and happiness of society. At all events, we will openly express our conviction, that however good in themselves, they may be carried too far ; and that the late “ merry Christmas ” would have been much merrier in old England, if such indulgences had been employed more sparingly.

But it is time to conclude, lest this our periodical vanity should deserve inscription in the category of bores. We have proved, we imagine to the satisfaction of our readers, that the vanities of life are its best part, and deserve all the good things which Cicero has predicated of the *literæ humaniores* (which is natural enough seeing that these letters themselves take high rank among the mere vanities of life) : and further, that like all other good things, superfluities have got an ill name through their liability to abuse. We hold, therefore, that to become a perfect philosopher and a perfectly happy man, it is necessary to hold superfluities in a just esteem ; neither regarding them with an hypocritical disdain, nor indulging in them to an extravagant excess. Like lying, vanity is too precious a thing to be wasted ; for a man may be as easily *blasé* with trifles, as with indulgences of the most positive character. Set it down then, reader, hardily, among your truest truths, that

En fait d'inutilités il ne faut que le nécessaire.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. V.

In the last chapter we left Captain Charles Farmington at Brussels, with his wife and their infant. He was still suffering from the severity of the wounds he had received, and probably far more from the pinchings of poverty, to which he had been before unused. The wife, independent of the weakness occasioned by her premature confinement, and the want of those little solaces which render such events lighter and more easily to be borne, was doubly afflicted by the delicate state of her child, and by viewing the bodily and mental agonies of her beloved husband.

Her father had "fallen in fight" under the walls of Badajoz during its memorable siege, and shortly after the birth of the first child. Grief for the loss of her only parent, whom she had followed through all the terrors of a campaign, dried up the sources of nutriment, and her first babe perished. The kind attentions of her husband during her double bereavement, rendered him, if possible, still dearer to her than he was before. When, then, she saw him, the object of her adoration—if the term may be innocently used of any feeling for a mere creature—lying on his couch, hovering on the confines of life and death, and was uncertain in what way his sufferings might be terminated, her grief gradually subsided into despair, and in her hopelessness she would have murmured against the cruel decrees of Providence, had not the waters of the pure faith in which she had been baptized rushed back in mighty streams to her soul, and refreshed the dried up fountains of hope within her breast. She had almost prayed to be removed with her husband, and even the sight of her sickly infant, her second born, was scarcely enough to induce her to withhold her prayer. Religion came to her aid. The feelings of the wife and mother conquered the murmurings of the mere woman. She resolutely set about the arduous duties which devolved upon her, and in the discharge of those duties and in the confidence of being under the protection of Him who knew what was best for her, she recovered a degree of tranquillity and hope for the future which surprised while it cheered her in her task.

She was not long alone in her affliction, for the city of Brussels was quickly filled with many English ladies who had crossed the seas to pay their attentions to their wounded relations, or the last rites to the dead among their loved ones. Several of these, learning the pitiable state of their countrywoman, hastened to offer her those little solaces which none but women think of or know how to confer. The very presence of those of her own sex who could speak her own language and understand her feelings as a wife and mother was a great, a mighty con-

solation to her. To this was added the comforting assurance that she need not despair of obtaining through their assistance the means of procuring those delicacies which sickness demands, but often demands in vain.

Captain Farmington grew gradually but slowly better. The child derived a healthier nutriment from the renovated frame of its mother, and ere winter had put on the green garb of spring, the physician consented to the removal of his patient to their own, their much-loved shores. Aided by the friends whom they had made in their adversity they were enabled to pay for the accommodations of their humble lodging and the visits of their medical attendant, without depriving themselves of the means of reaching their native land.

As Mr. Matthew Scrawler sat at his desk one day, viewing through the rails that parted them the progress of his son, in the execution of some papers which were to be completed ere they left the office for their home, a knock was heard at the door. This was something unusual as everybody thought that everybody had a right to intrude, or rather enter, for they deemed it no intrusion, into the office of a mere copying-clerk, without giving any sign of their intentions. Matthew, therefore, left his desk and opened the door, expecting to see somebody who had at last formed a proper notion of the degree of respect due to so respectable a person as a copying-clerk of many years' standing.

When he opened the door, with his body prepared to acknowledge the respect so unexpectedly paid him by a bow, he drew himself up again to his full height. He saw, instead of the respectable and respectful person he expected to see, a man dressed in a remarkably shabby, blue frock-coat, buttoned suspiciously up to his chin, the stand-up collar of which covered a very rusty black stock. His face, which was very ugly indeed, and much disfigured by a deep scar, was half hidden by a black patch which covered the right eye, and by the black leathern front of a blue foraging-cap.

"Pshaw!" said Matthew, looking round to his son, "only one of those beggars which have annoyed us constantly of late."

"Turn him out, governor," said Matthew junior, "but give him sixpence, and deduct it from my account, for he is evidently a soldier."

"Here, my good fellow," said Matthew in accordance with his son's suggestion, "here is a trifle for you. I pity you sincerely, but I really—"

"I am not come to solicit alms, Mr. Scrawler," said the stranger, "though God knows I need them. I came to—"

"Eh—what—how? That voice—Charles! No, it can't be. Mr. Charles, that is, Captain Charles Farmington, eh?" said Matthew, pulling down his spectacles, which had been resting above his forehead, and surveying the stranger more attentively.

"I am that unfortunate man," said the stranger.

"Show the gentleman in, governor, and don't let us have an exhibition before the other clerks," said the younger Matthew, seeing that his father and the stranger were so much agitated as to be heedless of what passed around them.

"Come in—pray come in," said Matthew, seizing the hand which was nearest to him. "Son of my early friend—my kind patroness—why is it that I see you thus—shab—that is reduced to—that is—"

"Reduced to poverty, you would say, and so shabbily dressed," said Charles Farmington, as he passed his hand rapidly across his eyes. "Mine is but the fate of hundreds braver and more deserving than myself. The war is over and our occupation is gone. You know the circumstances which reduced my once opulent family to ruin. You know too the sad state to which I was reduced in a foreign land by wounds incurred in the defence of my country, and by the inopportune confinement of my poor wife. But for your kind aid we—"

"Not a word about that—not one word," said Matthew, who was engaged in wiping his spectacles, which from some cause or other were so dim from moisture that he could not see through them. "I only wish I could have spared more. I did all I could, I did indeed."

"Matthew," said the captain, taking his humble friend's hand, "you did enough. You saved the lives of myself, my wife, and our child. On the very verge of the grave—in a foreign land—without the means of procuring even the necessities of life, I must have perished but for your kind, your seasonable supply."

"Now don't—pray don't—do not allude to it," sobbed Matthew, as he transferred the handkerchief from the spectacles to his eyes.

The captain, too, found it necessary to follow his example, and while both of them were silently wiping away their tears they were roused by the violent sobbings of poor Matthew junior, who was crying as if his heart would burst.

The captain, who had scarcely noticed the presence of a third party, drew himself haughtily up, and inquired who he was.

"My son, Mr. Charles—that is Captain Charles—my son—and a good boy he is—he knows your history by heart, and he feels for you—I am sure he does. If he did not I would turn him out of the master's office.

When Matthew had contrived to elicit this explanation, the captain went up to the desk, at which his son was seated, crying like a school-boy on a black Monday, and shook him heartily by the hand. Poor Matthew junior, as a matter of course, shed tears in greater abundance at this mark of condescension in a person to whom his father had taught him to look up to as the greatest man, or one of the greatest men of his age.

When the feelings of the trio were sufficiently calmed by a copious discharge of tears and their convulsive sobbing had ceased, the captain began to explain the cause of his calling at the office.

"My kind friend," said he, "I regret to say that I am not here with the intention of cancelling the debt I owe you."

"Of course not—of course not. I never meant you should," said Matthew.

"Don't think of taking it, father," said his son.

"I have it not in my power to do so at present," continued the captain, "but I trust I may be able to repay you before long. I am come to ask you a favour. I am in want—"

"Here's the check-book, father," said Matthew the younger, "and here's the pen and ink."

"I am not in want of money at present, but I am in want of employment. I have tried to eke out a subsistence on my half-pay, but

I find it impossible, My own wants are few, but I have a sick wife, a weakly child, and a dying infant."

Matthew, instead of waiting to hear his friend's tale to the conclusion, or showing any other sympathy for him than a sob or two, shut his desk door, and wrote something or other—what, the captain could not tell. Before the agitation which the short recital of his sufferings had excited had subsided, Matthew opened his desk-door again, and placed a check for fifty pounds in the captain's hand.

"Well done, governor," said Matthew junior, who knew what his father had done, and had considerably retired to his desk.

"I will take it—I will use it—and may God bless you for your kindness—I will try—I will work—my suffering children—you are no longer destitute—no longer without bread to eat—I—I—God bless you, Matthew, to-morrow you shall know all."

When the captain had with difficulty managed to utter these unconnected sentences he rushed out of the office, across the hall and down the passage steps so rapidly that Matthew, who wished to stop him, could not overtake him. From the top of the steps he saw the skirt of his blue frock-coat as it whisked round the corner into Chancery-lane.

Had Matthew been able to follow his friend to his lowly lodgings in a little court near Bell-alley, and seen the sight which there awaited the return of a husband and a father, he would have had his kind heart more severely wounded than it had been by the painful interview with his early companion.

Over the sad scene I will draw a veil. Let the reader imagine a sick mother and two sickly children—for Mrs. Farmington had given birth to a third child—almost perishing from want, and thinly clad, in a wretched garret, in a still more wretched court, anxiously waiting for the return of the husband and father, who had at length been induced to subdue a just pride, and to apply to the "charity-boy," to whom he was already indebted, for further assistance. I think he may fill up the picture.

On the morrow, Matthew awaited the return of the captain with a nervous fidgetiness, which caused him to commit many official blunders, and drew upon him the notice of Master Snug. To him Matthew revealed the cause of his unwonted absence of mind. It is needless to say, it was overlooked.

The hours dedicated to business were over; the office was deserted by every one, save by the two Matthews. They were waiting with anxiety the return of Captain Farmington. Matthew, junior, who was too much excited to sit still, made frequent visits to the outer office-door, and cast his eyes up Southampton-buildings to see if he could recognise the captain among the passers by. He ran to the corner of Chancery-lane, popped through Staple's-inn, and turned his eyes along Holborn, but still no captain was to be seen. He returned in despair.

Matthew Scrawler locked up all the desks and drawers in the office as deliberately as he could to prolong the time, but when the clock struck five, and he heard the porter raking out the hall-fire, preparatory to closing the building, he gave up all hopes, took down his hat

and coat from the pegs that held them, and set out for his home. Though he dined at five precisely, and Mrs. Scrawler was punctual to the minute, and though the clock had already struck the hour, Matthew was determined to fulfil a promise he had made of calling on a friend in his way home, who dwelt in Smithfield, and not far from the gateway of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

"Dreadful accident this afternoon—a poor man—but a gentleman, I'm sure—gored by a nasty over-driven bullock—carried into the hospital with a hole through his blue coat and his left thigh—bullock took to goring his foraging-cap instead of him luckily, and tossed it about like anything."

This "*multum in parvo*" mode of describing an accident, caught the attention of Matthew, and by sundry questions as to the outward appearance of the wounded man, he elicited sufficient to convince him that the sufferer was no other than his expected visitor.

He abruptly left his friend, and easily obtained access to the accident-ward, where he found that his conjectures were too true. He saw Captain Farmington stretched upon a truckle-bed, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, who were examining and dressing the wounds he had received from the over-driven animal. As soon as Matthew had ascertained from the house-surgeon that no fatal consequences were to be apprehended from the wound, and that the patient might be removed, with care, to his own house, he sent his son to Clerkenwell to relieve the anxieties of his own spouse, and to request her to make up a bed in the first-floor, which was generally let to lodgers, but was now fortunately vacant.

As soon as the wounds were dressed, he told the captain that he had arranged everything at home for his reception, and with difficulty prevailed upon him to accede to the arrangement. He was then carefully conveyed to Matthew's home, in the company and under the care of one of the assistant-surgeons; while Matthew, to whom he had reluctantly disclosed the place of their abode, went to the court near Bell-alley to remove his wife and children, and bring them to him.

Matthew had a difficult and an unpleasant task to execute. He, however, did it speedily and well. He briefly explained who he was, the accident that had happened, and the arrangements he had made in consequence. Mrs. Farmington was satisfied that he spoke the truth, and that she was in friendly hands. A coach was called to the end of Cary-street, and the mother and children were placed in it, and sent to Clerkenwell by Matthew, who stopped behind to see every article of clothing, and whatever else belonged to them, placed in another coach. These articles were not very numerous, but they occupied much more space in the coach than they would have done on the previous day, as most of them had been redeemed from "mine uncle" by means of the check, which Matthew had forced upon their owner.

For some weeks the captain lay helpless on his bed of agony; but by the kindness of his host, and the little comforts his hostess procured him, he gradually got better. Mrs. Farmington, too, and the children, were stronger and more healthy than they had been; and this sight probably did much to recover the wounded man.

When he was convalescent, the captain explained to Matthew the ob-

ject he had in view when he called upon him at the office. It was to request him to supply him with writing, by means of which he might add to his pay sufficient to enable him to support himself and his family.

To Matthew's inquiry, "why, during two long years, he had not made known his distresses to him, who had eagerly sought to find him?" he replied that he had hesitated to do so lest he should add to the debt which he hoped, by some means or other, to be able to repay him when he saw him.

"I knew," he said, "your generous disposition. I remembered, too, the promise you made when I was in prosperity, that your all was mine if I stood in need of it, and I resolved to incur the charge of ingratitude rather than, by explaining my distresses to you, add to the inconvenience to which I had already subjected you."

Matthew was hurt at first, but when he understood he appreciated the motives upon which Captain Farmington had acted. He begged of him to accept, for a time at least, of the little accommodations and comforts he could offer him as his guest. To this proposal the captain turned a deaf ear, and resolutely proposed leaving him with writing sufficient to enable him to pay him the sum he would have gained by letting his lodgings to a stranger. To this Matthew reluctantly consented.

Mrs. Farmington, too, made known her intentions of working with her needle, with a view of adding to the family resources, to her kind hostess, who, with her daughter—the kind nurse of the weakly children—did all she could to dissuade her from the irksome, the ill-paid, unhealthy task. She was as firm and as resolute as her husband. Her talents were considerable, and she soon found a means of turning her talents into money—little enough it is true—but still it was *money*.

Poverty is a great evil in any state of life; but poverty is never felt so severely as by those who have, to use a common phrase, "seen better days." The poverty of the poor is misery, but it is endurable misery—it can bear the sight of men. The poverty of the whilome affluent is unendurable; it avoids the light of day, and shuns the sympathy of those who would relieve it; it preys upon the heart, and corrodes the mind; it screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cool look—the averted eye even of a casual acquaintance known in prosperity, snaps the chord at once, and leaves the self-despised object of it a mere wreck of a man. If he is not a maniac, or does not commit suicide, it is owing to "the faith that is in him."

By day and night the pen was plied by the husband, and the needle by the wife, to the great annoyance of Matthew, who tried all he could to induce them to relax their efforts, and accept of further assistance from him, until their health should be entirely restored. Though aided by his wife and children, he failed in his kindly purpose. The captain worked harder than any slave in a law-stationer's office. His wife did more work than the commonest drudge who takes in plain-work. The consequences were speedily visible. The man, unused to sedentary employment, became nervous, irritable, and dyspeptic. The woman grew pale, loathed her food, though she tried to swallow it to deceive her husband, and knew not the blessings of sleep. Each tried to hide

their feelings from the other, but the eye of love is not to be deceived. The captain complained to Matthew that his wife over-exerted herself, and unnecessarily, as *he* could earn enough for their support. The wife begged of Mrs. Scrawler to assure her husband that *her* labours would suffice for all their wants.

Matthew and his wife expostulated in vain. The captain's health grew gradually worse. Mrs. Farmington became seriously ill. The apothecary who was called in, was fortunately a *rara avis*, or *rarus*—if the pragmatic require correctness—who preferred the patient's recovery to a long bill. He told them plainly that medicine was useless, that they must at once give up all application to business, and retire into the country, if they wished to save their lives.

Matthew hit upon a plan for carrying these orders into effect, which fortunately succeeded. His mother, who was still living in the little house which he had built at Ashmoor on the freehold he had purchased, would, he knew, gladly receive Captain Farmington, his wife, and children as inmates; that he should be her lodger, and pay her twenty pounds per annum, and that he would send him down by coach, weekly, sufficient copying to enable him to cover all his expenses. He accepted freely the fifty pounds, which he knew that his guests had been striving, heart and soul, to earn in order to pay him, and saw them and their children start by coach for his cottage at Ashmoor. He smiled as he parted from them, for he had fully made up his mind that all their future support, independent of the captain's half-pay, should come from him, until then health was fully restored.

The sympathy shown to them on their arrival at Ashmoor, went far to reconcile them to their altered condition. Hope beamed in their hearts, and though they were angry with Matthew for having entrapped them, as it were, into being partly dependent on his bounty, they readily forgave it when he explained to them his motives.

Among the most attentive of the villagers of Ashmoor, was the *ci-devant* butler of the family, and now landlord of the Farmington Arms, Mr. Polisher. He was sincerely attached to the memory of the family that had nurtured him, and glad to have an opportunity of showing his gratitude to the only surviving branch of it. Every dainty of which the Farmington Arms could boast, was supplied to the "last of the Farmingtons," as Mr. Polisher called the captain; and what was of more importance to a gentleman who had been used to his valet, the personal services of Mr. Polisher were placed at the captain's disposal for one hour every morning.

A stranger rented the remains of Ashmoor Park; that is to say, the house—for the park, denuded of its timber, had been let and ploughed up. This stranger was an officer in the army, who soon discovered in the lodger at old Dame Scrawler's, a brother sufferer at Waterloo. His offers of friendship were not rejected. His wife, too, was quickly on the most intimate terms with her poorer neighbour. Their every wish was gratified before it was expressed by the prescience of their new friends.

The health of Mrs. Farmington and her infants was fully restored. Charles Farmington seemed to grow better. His cheek bore a ruddier colour, his eyes beamed with a brighter lustre—but these were the effects of consumption. A cough, slight, but continued, was observ-

able ; his frame gradually fell away ; his step grew more feeble, and at last he took to his couch. His friends foresaw what the result must be. His wife would not believe them when they told her. Vain were the hints—pretty plainly given—of the medical attendant. Charles looked well, and until he expired in her arms, Mrs. Farmington would not believe that his life was in danger.

We must now pass over a period of some fifteen or sixteen years. Mrs. Farmington is still resident in Matthew Scrawler's cottage, though old Dame Scrawler has long been gathered to her fathers. Matthew is still a copying-clerk to Mr. Snug, who is still a Master in Chancery ; and his son, Matthew, junior, is a senior clerk in the office of another master.

" I have received a letter to-day," said the Bursar of St. Peter's College, Oxford, to his friend the Dean, as they sat over their quiet pint of wine in the common-room, " which has interested me much."

" From a Bishop perhaps, with an offer of a living on a snug prebend in his cathedral?" suggested the Dean.

" No, I am not episcopally connected," said the Bursar, " neither have I any anxiety to remove myself at present from the comforts of a college life—I am not connubially inclined."

" But the letter?" said the Dean, as he nodded an approval of his friend's notion of retaining his singularity.

" It is from a lady—"

" Ahem!" coughed the Dean.

" It is from a lady, I say, *Mister* Dean ; and I suppose there is nothing wrong in my receiving a letter from a female in my official capacity," said the Bursar, looking celibacy. " It is from a lady who has written to inquire if her son, the orphan child of an officer who died from wounds received at Waterloo, may come up and stand for our vacant scholarship ; and if he should succeed in obtaining the appointment, whether he can exist here—mark the word—*exist* upon forty pounds per annum, which is all she can allow him in addition to his scholarship, which amounts, as you know, to some forty pounds more. She has another child, a daughter. Her income from her pension, and an annuity which some unknown friend has purchased for her, amounts to but one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. She speaks of her son, Charles Farmington, as a docile, clever boy—"

" Of course, all mothers do—ay, and some fathers too ; but we, Bursar, know that every crow thinks—"

" In this," said the Bursar, interrupting the Dean, " she is corroborated by the testimony of the master of the grammar-school under whom he has been educated."

" It is not likely he would speak ill of his own pupil," said the Dean.

" Now really, *Mister* Dean, you appear to me most ridiculously fastidious this afternoon ; I really cannot help saying so : there is the letter, read it, and perhaps you may feel as much interested in it as I do when you have perused it," said the Bursar, as he flung it on the common-room table.

The Dean smiled at his friend's touchiness as he took the letter and opened it. When he had finished reading the little history of Mrs.

Farmington, he returned it, and pressed the hand of his friend, only observing,

"If the boy wants a ten-pound-note, let me know—but he can, as you well know, *exist*, and live respectably in college on eighty pounds per annum."

"Yes," said the Bursar, "the actual expenses incurred in college by a prudent man, are but small—the out-college expenses over which we have no control, are those which prove burdensome in most cases—in some instances, ruinous."

A reply was sent on the following day to Ashmoor, which induced Mrs. Farmington to send up her son Charles, under the kind superintendence of Mr. Polisher, to stand for the vacant scholarship at St. Peter's. He was requested by the Bursar to present himself to *him* on the night before the examination commenced. Charles, accompanied by Mr. Polisher, knocked timidly at the Bursar's door. A scout admitted them, and told them that the Bursar was dressing, but would be with them immediately.

The room in which they were left was a comfortable-looking apartment; the walls were covered with bookshelves, well filled with books of all sizes and all ages; two or three reading-tables, some for sitting postures, some for standing attitudes, were scattered about amidst reading-chairs and sofas of all manner of shapes and makes. In the centre of the room, and near the fire, stood a small table covered with the preliminaries for dinner, and laid for three. Before Charles had finished his survey of the style of room peculiar to college dignitaries, the Bursar entered, and shaking his visitor kindly by the hand, told him he expected him to dine with him, and had invited the Dean to meet him.

Charles expressed his thanks for the unexpected kindness in a manner so frank, yet so respectful, as won the Bursar's heart.

Mr. Polisher was placed under the care of the scout, who had orders to treat him as kindly as possible. As college scouts are proverbially generous and jealous of the honour of the colleges to which they are attached, Mr. Polisher had an unlimited opportunity of investigating the contents of the buttery and kitchen.

The impression which Charles Farmington had made upon the Bursar, was confirmed by the Dean after he had left them for the night, and retired to the bed which the Bursar had prepared for him in a vacant room. They both allowed that they had not met with any young man more likely to do credit to their college by his manners, learning, and correctness of conduct, than the youth who had just quitted them.

Charles Farmington, who was nearly twenty years of age, had, after passing through the grammar-school of the nearest town to Ashmoor, with the greatest credit, been placed for economy's sake, as a writer to an attorney in the same town. He submitted patiently, for his mother's sake, to the drudgery of copying and engrossing deeds and parchments, and adhered rigidly to office hours. The time which any other youth would have devoted to exercise or something worse, Charles devoted to his classics, in which he had made considerable progress, and of which he was enamoured.

Mr Matthew Scrawler, who came down to visit his native place, saw

that Charles would never excel as a clerk—his heart was not in the business. He told the parson of the parish his opinion. That kind man questioned Charles upon the subject, and ascertained that the object of his wishes was to enter at the University, and if possible, to get ordained. The parson, who of course took an Oxford paper weekly, as all parsons do who retain an affection for their Alma Mater, saw in the Oxford *Herald* an advertisement, inviting young men to stand for a scholarship at St. Peter's.

A consultation was held. Matthew, as usual, was too liberal, and offered to pay all extra expenses. Mrs. Farmington calculated her outgoings and incomings carefully, and found that she could spare forty pounds per annum out of her limited means. This consultation was the cause of the letter, which, as we have seen, was received and responded to by the Bursar. Matthew was resolved to do something—he purchased a set of books, which Charles had hinted at as being necessary for reading for a scholarship, and sent them down by the first coach.

Charles Farmington, in his personal appearance was tall and handsome, though pale. His figure was, perhaps, a little too thin to be perfectly symmetrical. He was, however, stronger than he appeared to be, and what he wanted in muscular strength was made up for in resolution. He excelled in all athletic exercises. He was the best bowler and batter at cricket in his school. He could run faster and farther than any other boy. Though not quarrelsome, he could use his fists in a manner that would have excited the attention of the lovers of the ring. He never fought on his own account, for no one could be offended with him; but if he found a great lout of a fellow bullying a little boy, his great delight was to attack the bully, though he was half as big again as himself, and he never left him until he had proved himself his conqueror, and taught him a lesson he did not readily forget. Charles never refused an innocent lark, and never engaged in a vicious one. Though he read more than any boy in the school, he played quite as much, from his kindness of heart and his social qualities, and he was much beloved by all his schoolfellows.

After leaving school he resigned all intimacy with his friends, and though he had invitations for every day in the week, he declined them all—on principle. He knew he was chained to the desk to obtain his livelihood, and rid his mother of the expense of supporting him. To his desk therefore he adhered, in spite of all temptations to quit it, and his only relaxation was his classics, when he returned home to his quiet room for the night.

The morning dawned gloomy and chill. The examination was at hand, and after partaking but slightly of a very excellent breakfast with the Bursar, Charles was leaving the room to go to the library, where the contest was to be carried on. Previously to his leaving him the Bursar, who knew that nerve was almost everything on such nervous occasions, poured out a glass of sherry into a tumbler, and rubbed it up with an egg and a little sugar. He insisted on his young friend swallowing it before he left him. As neither he nor the Dean were on the foundation which boasted of the vacant scholarship they had no voice in the decision.

Charles was shown by the college Cerberus into the library. He saw a long table set out, covered with rusty green baize, and a huge number of books. On each side of it lounged some twenty candidates—boys of all sorts and sizes, some in full university costume, some in little round jackets and other puerilities that indicated a rashness on the part of their respective pedagogues.

To the remarks and conversation of these his brother candidates Charles paid no attention, though he might have gained an insight into the character of his competitors had he done so—the result might have diminished his fears of failure.

About a quarter of an hour after all the candidates had assembled, and just as their fingers and toes began to ache from the chilliness of a large room without any fire in it (this by the by seems to be a favourite plan, in Oxford, for adding to the discomforts of an examination, for the men are starved to death with cold in the examination schools), the doors of the library were thrown open to their fullest extent by Cerberus, who preceded the principal and some five or six seedy-looking men, non-resident fellows fresh from the country, and the junior tutor who happened to be on the foundation which required a scholar to fill up its numbers.

The candidates of course rose to receive the dignitaries. Some looked respectful, others winked; some had the hardihood to smile, and some went to the awful extent of pinching a brother competitor, though not previously on the most intimate terms with him, in a very tender part.

Each candidate was called up in his order. The tutor, by universal assent examined them *rià voce*. The non-resident fellows nodded as knowingly as if they understood the fidelity of the construes, and the principal, who was a very kind-hearted man, found some point or other on which to congratulate every candidate.

After spending four or five hours in cold and uncomfortableness, the men were dismissed, and ordered to appear on the following morning to finish their paper-work—that is, their translations, verses, themes, essays and exercises, *utriusque lingue*.

The result of the fugid examination was, that the Eton men did the best verses, the Winchester men wrote the best prose Latin, the Westminster excelled in translating Terence, the Charter-house boys were most particular in pronouncing their words with a rigid adherence to quantity, and the private schoolboys did “everything by turns but nothing well,” and—Charles Farmington was elected *nem. con.*, which means, being interpreted, without the slightest hesitation.

Mr. Polisher as he drove him back in his shay-cart, looked at every one whom he met, and wondered whether they knew or did not know that he was conveying back to Ashmoor the successful candidate for the scholarship of St. Peter’s, “Oxford College,” and whether he had or had not had an opportunity of tasting the excellent contents of St. Peter’s buttery and kitchen.

The joy at Ashmoor was great and universal. The bells were rung—without the hope of a fee—the neighbours, one and all, called to congratulate the widow and her son. Little presents of tea-caddies, silver spoons, linen, and other college necessities, were supplied by voluntary contributions. Every one contrived to make Charles some suitable present. Matthew Scrawler, as soon as he heard the news, ob-

tained the name of an Oxford upholsterer from one of the trade in London, and gave him an order to find out what rooms were set aside for Mr. Farmington, the new scholar of St. Peter's, and furnish them neatly and comfortably, and to send the bill in to him. The receipt was sent down to Ashmoor.

When Charles arrived in Oxford to reside, he called upon his friends the Bursar and the Dean, both of whom gave him many useful hints as to the course of study to be pursued, and the associations to be formed. Both of them invited him to breakfast, but as he had not been used to a double-barrelled meal, he accepted the invitation of the former. Instead of a solitary meal, such as he had partaken of in his former visit, he found six or seven young men assembled who had been asked by the Bursar, in order that he might have an opportunity of introducing his young friend to the "best set in college." Charles met with a kind reception from these young men, for the Bursar had not only explained to them his history, but had asked them to bestow their friendship upon him as a favour to himself. It is almost needless to say that they readily assented to his proposal, as he was a perfect gentleman, and though a rigid disciplinarian, the undergraduate's friend.

After a very merry meal—for the Bursar was a wag—not only a wit himself, but the cause of wit in others—Charles left the Bursar's rooms and was invited by his friends to join them in the archery ground, which was in the extensive gardens attached to St. Peter's College.

Charles readily agreed, and shot so well—though he rather despised the art of shooting with the long-bow—that Lord Edward —, and Sir Thomas —, requested him to become a member of the archery club.

Charles was leaning on his unstrung bow, amid a crowd of young men, when this request was made to him. He hesitated but for a moment—until a slight effusion had vanished from his face, and he felt that his voice had recovered from its tremulousness. He then said, "I feel obliged by your kindness, but I am not ashamed to say that I am too poor to feel justified in incurring the expenses attending your meetings. I have a mother who has sacrificed many of her comforts—nay, actual necessities, to support me at college, and I must decline your kind offer."

A murmur passed through the assembled group—every hand was held out to him in succession—Lord Edward —, proposed, and Sir Thomas — seconded him, as an honorary member of the St. P. A. C., his election was carried by acclamation. His moral courage procured him many friends, and from that day he was known as one of the "best set in college," though he did not give dinners and spreads.

As he could not invite his friends to his rooms, he refused all invitations to theirs, except to a quiet little meeting or two in the course of the term. These invitations he never hesitated to accept, as he felt that they were given out of real kindness, and that it would be folly in him to refuse them. He got many a mount—for he was an admirable rider. He took a seat in a buggy, had a shot now and then at a pigeon, and pulled the stroke oar in the St. Peter's eight. There is no amusement so cheap and so harmless as boating at Oxford, and the dons do well not to interfere to prevent it.

In the midst of all these amusements, Charles Farmington never for

one moment forgot the main object of his residence at Oxford. He read regularly for a certain number of hours, night and morning. His tutor gladly gave him access to all his books—the Bursar and Dean left their libraries at his disposal. He attended the schools regularly to get initiated into the mode in which the public examinations were conducted and rigidly adhered to the few and easy rules laid down in college for attendance in hall, at gates, and chapel. At his first collections—the terminal examinations in college—he received the thanks of the seniority for his moral conduct, as well as for his attention to his lectures. He left the hall, accompanied by the porter, who bore in his arms 20*l.* worth of books—a present from the society.

Just before the long vacation commenced, at the close of his first term (for the Easter and Act terms are looked upon as one) Lord Edward — left a note for him, begging him to dine quietly with him and Sir Thomas —, in his rooms. Charles accepted the invitation, which he knew was freely given, and from kindly motives. After dinner was over, and the private tiger, or nigger, as some men call “the slavey,” had placed the claret on the table, and retired, Lord Edward — took from his pocketbook a letter which he had received that morning from his father, who held a high office in the administration of that day, which contained a polite request to Mr. Charles Farmington to undertake the office of private tutor to his younger sons during the ensuing long vacation. It was couched in gentlemanly terms, and contained no allusion to a pecuniary recompence. Charles read it, returned it to his friend Lord Edward, and gratefully accepted the proposal, upon condition that he should be allowed to spend a week with his mother and sister at Ashmoor, previously to going down to — Castle to enter on his duties.

Lord Edward thanked him so sincerely for his kind acceptance of the office, that Charles felt he was bestowing instead of receiving a favour. Sir Thomas congratulated him on gaining access to one of the most fascinating families in the county of —.

Charles “went down” to Ashmoor, having discharged every bill, and retained some four-pound-ten in his purse out of his quarterly allowance of twenty pounds. He passed a happy but not an idle week with his mother and sister, for with them he called on all his kind friends in the country, and received their congratulations on his opening prospects of success in life. Ere the week expired a franked letter from his patron, sealed with the seal of the “House of Lords’ Library” reached him. It ran thus :

“My dear young Friend,

“I have ventured, I trust without offending your feelings, to enclose a check for a small amount to cover your expenses to — Castle. My carriage will meet you at —, which you will easily reach by coach. Your apartments and your own servant will be ready for you on your arrival. I trust I shall be able to join you when the session is over, and to find you comfortably settled in the library.”

“Yours, very faithfully,
“_____.”

Mr. Polisher "got up" this letter, *verbatim*, and recited it to every visitor at the Farmington Arms for at least three months. Charles, on his way to — Castle passed through London. He hurried down Chancery-lane, to the master's office, from the Blue Boar in Holborn, to see his kind friend the "charity-boy." He found him plump and hearty—his eye beamed with joy through his spectacles as he listened to his young friend's prospects, and drew out his check-book from amidst the warrants, and only closed it when Charles showed him his patron's letter, and told him of the amount of its contents.

"I shall live to see Ashmoor Park once more in the possession of the Farmingtons yet," said he to a solicitor's clerk, who wanted a copy of an affidavit, "and you and your affidavit may go to the—eh—what was I going to say? Well, well, I humbly beg your pardon."

The clerk smiled—Matthew went to his closet and indulged in two glasses of sherry before he slipped into master Snug's room to tell him of the news of his friend's success in life. Master Snug congratulated him on the fair prospect before him, and, as he had often done of late, for he appreciated his clerk's character, took Matthew home with him in his carriage to dinner.

When Charles arrived at the stage named in his patron's letter, he found the carriage ready to convey him to — Castle. When he arrived at the castle he was met by the rector of the parish and his pupils, two very fine lively lads. They shook him cordially by the hand, showed him into his rooms, and told him that his servant should attend him immediately, and, after he had dressed him, should show him into the dining-room, where he would meet his friend Lord Edward, who was trout-fishing a few miles off.

Charles felt himself at home. Everything had been so well, so kindly arranged for his reception that he felt as one of the family. His mornings were passed in reading with his pupils, and with Lord Edward, who gladly availed himself of his services. He had a horse set aside for his use—he ranged the fields, the woods, and the neighbouring streams as if they were his own. On his return to dinner he met his pupils and the rector, and the evenings were spent as delightfully as evenings could be. He had access to one of the best libraries in the kingdom, and Charles was truly happy. In August Lord Edward left him for grouse-shooting in the north, but told him that a week or two only would elapse before his father would come down to the castle, and bring with him the female branches of the family, and most probably a large company with them.

This event Charles rather dreaded; he had not yet seen much of the Earl; he had only passed one hour with him in town; he had not been introduced to the Countess, or the Ladies —. How would they treat the tutor—the depeudant? Many and many were the different answers his mind gave to this question. When they did arrive, Charles was happier than ever—they treated him as a gentleman, and the companion of their sons and brothers.

Well the long vacation was over; the Earl and his sons took leave of their tutor; the Ladies —, each presented him with some little result of their ingenuity. Lady Anne gave him a purse; Lady Emily a little landscape-drawing, and Lady Julia a very slight pressure of the hand, and a look—a very peculiar look, which Charles returned with a

sigh. There was more of real ingenuity in this little squeeze, than in the purse or picture—so at least thought Charles Farmington.

In the company of his friend Lord Edward, Charles returned to Oxford. On their arrival, Charles was hurrying off to his rooms, when Lord Edward told him that he had ordered his servant to prepare dinner for them in *his* rooms, and said,

“By the by, my father begged me to give you this little pocket-book, and to bespeak your services for every vacation, unless you have found your visit to —— Castle so disagreeable as to render a return to it unpleasant.”

Charles took the embossed pocketbook, and when he reached his room, opened it. It contained a bank-post-bill for one hundred pounds. He kept twenty pounds, and remitted the eighty to his mother.

The Bursar and Dean were sincerely delighted with the account which Charles gave them of his sojourn at —— Castle, and the results of it. They explained to him the contingent advantages of the situation in which his good conduct had placed him, and urged him to persevere unto the end. Charles read—read hard to gain honours. The Bursar recommended him to try for the prizes. Charles did so; he succeeded; the Latin and English essays were given to him; he gained the Latin poem, and in his third year the Newdigate—the English poem.

The year in which he gained this—the most popular of all prizes—happened to be the year of the Grand Commemoration. The theatre was filled by all “the great of the land.” Amidst the visitors was his kind aunt, who was to be admitted an honorary D.C.L. He was accompanied by his family, and amidst the din of applause which burst forth as Charles rose in the rostrum to recite his poem, and nearly unnerved him, he saw, in the ladies’ circle—the *via lactea*, as some wag called it—the beaming eyes of Lady Julia ——, filled with a tear of triumph as she gazed approvingly on the Earl’s tutor.

The nerve of Charles was restored at once—he felt that friends were nigh. He recited his poem, and quitted the rostrum, satisfied that the tears which followed his recitation from all within the walls which Sheldon erected, were a higher tribute than the shouts which had greeted him before he commenced it.

Charles went into the schools for his examination; the building was crowded, for his fame was spread abroad; his examination was short—but the examiners rose in a body, thanked him for the services which he had rendered the University by his example and his perseverance; and when the lists came out, the name of Charles Farmington appeared in the first class in classics and in mathematics.

On the same evening Lord Edward and Sir Thomas dined with him in the bursary. The principal and all the college authorities were at the dinner, to which the Bursar had invited them. After the cloth was removed, Dr. —— proposed the health of the most successful man of his year, which was received in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of Charles, and prevented him saying one word in return, except, “I thank you.”

Many very excellent offers to undertake the tuition of the scions of noble houses, were made to Charles after the list came out. He re-

fused them all, and returned to —— Castle to complete the education of his young friends, and to gaze upon the beaming eyes of Lady Julia ——, who, in congratulating him on his success, displayed her ingenuity once again—the squeeze was a *little* harder. The Earl watched the interview, and smiled.

A few years passed away. Mrs. Farmington was no longer at the cottage. Miss Farmington was married to Sir Thomas ——, who, with his mother-in-law and his wife, was residing at Ashmoor Park—no longer the property of Herr Doem or his friends. The three were seated in the drawing-room before a blazing fire; two lights were burning on a side-table; the curtains were drawn, and everything proclaimed that somewhat uncomfortable hour which passes before dinner is served. It was not, however, passing uncomfortably to the trio assembled—they were as happy as any three persons could be. The clock struck seven, the door was thrown open, and the servant ushered in a little active-looking old gentleman in black, with spectacles on his nose, as Mr. Matthew Scrawler. The party rose up to meet him, and after shaking hands with him rather violently, placed him in a snug chair near the fire, and earnestly asked after Mrs. Scrawler, and all at the cottage, to which Matthew had at last retired.

Ere Matthew, the “charity-boy,” could answer all these interrogatories, the noise of wheels was heard. Two carriages drove up to the door of Ashmoor Park, and in a few seconds its owner, Charles Farmington, entered, and passing by his mother, sister, and friend, Sir Thomas, placed the hand of Lady Julia —— into the hand of the “charity-boy,” as that of his wife. The Earl of —— shook him kindly by the hand as soon as Lady Julia had released it. The “charity-boy” was informed, as soon as his feelings would allow of his listening to the information, that through his grateful conduct, and the perseverance of his young friend, “Ashmoor Park was again the property of the Farmington’s.”

Lord Edward told him, that by his advice, Charles had gone to the bar, fought his way manfully; and through the interest of his father-in-law, the Earl of ——, who appreciated him highly, as he had proved by offering him one of his daughters in marriage, was placed in a position to arrive at the highest honours which the law holds out.

Matthew Scrawler dined, as he believes, with the Earl, and all the great people; and he has a faint recollection of going down to the Farmington Arms afterwards, and communicating all the good news to Mr. Polisher. He has visions, too, of a punch-bowl being introduced, and sundry toasts given and drunk, but beyond that, all is a blank, except a curtain lecture—a very mild one—and a severe headach in the morning.

The gratitude even of a “charity-boy” may effect a great deal of good.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN NORWAY.

CHRISTMAS-DAY in Norway! Good reader, you have probably an unpleasant shivering at the very idea of a Christmas in such a latitude. You have visions of silent forests, large frozen lakes, and ice-locked rivers; and as for the people assembled at Christmas time, you perhaps figure a heap of poor shivering, chapped, chilblained, blue-nosed beings, huddled together to keep each other warm, handing round some fiery drink and coarse edible, to stimulate them to merriment on the occasion. You are partly right and partly wrong. Old Norway has indeed its miles of forests of the deepest gloom, splendid lakes, and rivers that bear the foam of cataracts to the sea: but as for the people, why there does not exist under heaven a more hardy, cheerful, warm-hearted, hospitable race. They have their parties at Christmas time and other times, and right pleasant scenes they are. There are plenty of lights in the room, abundance of viands and wine on the table, and more agreeable still, two or three goodly rows of warm hearts and smiling countenances. Very long and gratefully shall I remember the 25th Dec., 1840, which I spent at the clergyman's house in a parish near the shore of the Glommen. From his very first peep above the horizon, the sun shone cheerily o'er a cloudless heaven, and beamed with almost painful lustre on the wide expanse of snow. It was a glorious morning. Though the temperature was about 18° of Reaumur below Zero, there was something inspiring, health-giving to soul and body in the clear, cold, bright freshening air. The neighbouring glorious old cataract of Sarp thund' red in my ears, and the exhilarating aspect of the weather seemed to have softened into cheerfulness his usual sounds of terror.

Having despatched a comfortable and tolerably copious breakfast at my own home, I equipped myself in my cloak of Siberian fur, sledge boots, sable cap and woollen gloves, ordered my sledge, and drove away to the parish church, willing to try the power of a sermon as a provocative to appetite, and to partake of the spiritual feast of my reverend friend as well as of the after carnal pleasures to which he had invited me. My little Norwegian horse stepped out briskly over his snowy road, the little brass bells on his collar tinkling merrily in the clear frosty air, and encouraging him forward at a pace which very soon brought me to my destination.

A Norwegian church is always an interesting scene, not from architectural decoration and long-drawn processions of priests and choristers, as in catholic countries; not in "storied urn or animated bust," painted windows, elegant pulpits, liveried charity-children, and swelling organs, as in more southern Protestant lands; its interest lies in the very reverse of all this: in the rude plainness of the building—in the thick undecorated walls of shapeless stone—the red-coloured wooden steeple, containing a bell about as sonorous as that of: muffin-man—in the burying-ground, with its wooden erections in lieu of tombstones, fashioned in every imaginable shape of ugliness—in the wildness and grandeur of the surrounding scenery—in the groups of rough vehicles and horses waiting just outside the churchyard till the owners came forth—and in the simple dress and demeanour of the congregation.

The Lutheran service in Norway corresponds, I believe, with the forms of [the Lutherans in other countries; it is simple, and offers but few points of novelty to the curious. But at certain periods of the year (Christmas-day being one of them) there is a form, which being new to me, excited my interest, though truth to say, not unqualifiedly my approval. It is the ceremony of making and receiving offers for the parish clergyman.

The reverend gentleman after the conclusion of his sermon, descends to the communion-table, puts on a very catholic-looking mantle, and turning his back on the congregation, awaits the deposits of money. First of all the militia of the district turn out of their pews, and in full uniform, with military tramp and jingling swords, make the circuit of the communion-table in single file, and before leaving it, bow to the parson and put down their respective offers, which seldom exceed ten or twelve shillings each man—a very small sum, but still a liberal gift from people so poor. After these comes a wealthier class, whose offers vary from two marks to two dollars, and some few perhaps of still higher amount. The lensmand or petty magistrate, and official auctioneer of the district, is generally the first to approach the table, and after him the other members of the congregation in the order that accidentally arrives.

Church being over on the day I am speaking of, a tolerably large body of us proceeded, according to invitation, to the parsonage for dinner. The first courtesy shown to a male guest on entering a Norwegian house—no matter at what hour of the day—is a pipe of tobacco; and accordingly after civil salutations exchanged with the hearty hostess, her pretty daughters, and the company assembled, I availed myself of the proffered indulgence and sat down to a few tranquil whiffs from my meerschaum.

I had not been many seconds in the revery which my friendly pipe procures me, before I was summoned to partake of the refreshment which always immediately precedes a Norwegian dinner. On a table in the apartment where the company assembles awaiting their summons to the dining-room, a tray is placed, on which are two decanters, the one containing the strong colourless spirit of the country, and the other French brandy. There are also several slices of bread, a plate of fresh butter, slices of sausage, and hard eggs, thin shavings of cheese, and sometimes a kind of salad made of minced potatoes and onions. To a moderate man this list of articles would seem almost enough for a meal, and a dyspeptic gentleman would probably be frightened out of his appetite by the very sight of them.

Norwegians, however, can put by a very comfortable portion of these preliminaries, and a few minutes afterwards play a vigorous knife and fork at the dinner-table. For the ladies who have, or assume a delicacy in such matters, some lighter refectations are provided; cordials are substituted for the brandy, and little glass saucers of strawberry-jam and other preserves, take the place of the coarser articles. We had not completed this preliminary meal many minutes, when the servant opened the door of the adjoining room and announced "*spiser paa bordet*" (dinner on table).

This intelligence was loudly repeated by host and hostess, and all immediately proceeded to the dining-room. Here the eye wandered

pleasantly over an expanse of nice white table-cloth; clean *serviettes*, all in a row, stood up in conical form, like tents in an encampment; a long array of wine-glasses sparkled by their sides: here and there rose a graceful piece of plate of shining silver; and a goodly line of dark-green bottles of *vin ordinaire* stood like a regiment of riflemen round the table.

Having taken our seats, the work of demolition began. Fish, poultry, meat, cakes, pickles, preserves, and sauces went round and round, again and again; considerable intervals, however, being allowed between the courses for the singing of national songs, the drinking to health and touching of glasses between the guests assembled, and for the standard toasts of such occasions. Among these were the opening toast always given by the entertainer, "Welcome to the table"—"Absent friends"—"Prosperity to the household of the host"—"Good new year"—"Happy voyages to travellers"—"Norwegian girls," and "Sweethearts for the new year;"—this latter sentiment exclusively addressed to the single young people unprovided with such dainties.

In this way, between eating now and then, and drinking very frequently, nearly three hours slipped away without any lack of excitement or any disagreeable occurrence, save a few spillings of gravy and sauce over a coat or a gown, as they were handed over the shoulder by servants behind.

At Norwegian dinner-parties, when the eating has been completed and the drinking carried to the limits of prudence, one of the guests, generally a senior, rises and proposes "*Tak for marden*" (Thanks for the entertainment); which is responded to by all present, who repeat the words and bow to the host and hostess at each end of the table. After this toast no other can be proposed, and the company accordingly rise and withdraw to another room, each guest shaking hands with every other as he leaves the apartment—a singular but pleasing custom, born of good feeling and tending to keep it alive.

These matters having been duly and heartily observed by our party, we adjourned to take our coffee and smoke our *meerschaums*, while the ladies, grouped on the sofa and around it, held a confidential, and seemingly mirthful conversation among themselves. Presently the card-tables were set out, and "Boston," "Boston," "Pars," "Pars," and other terms used in the game, resounded from every corner of the room. But as the game of Boston could not be the *passe-temps* for all assembled, a number of us kept apart from the card-players, and in company with the ladies, formed round games, such as cross-questioning and ludicrous answering, stealthily passing a brass ring along a piece of cord from hand to hand in a circle, while one in the midst vainly endeavoured to track its progress and to pounce upon it before it had passed the fingers of the person with whom it might chance to be discovered. These games were enlivened by talking, laughing, and singing, under the stimuli of liberal supplies of punch and a kind of negus called "*birkop*."

Tea was introduced at about seven o'clock, and it was during this meal that we were furnished with an entertainment from without in one of the singular Christmas customs of the country.

A knock or two was heard at the door of the apartment, and in answer to the order "Come in," four or five youths made their appear-

ance dressed in white pinafores or surplices, with paper caps on their heads. One of these held an immense paper lantern in the form of a star, smartly decorated with colours, and illuminated in the interior by two pieces of candle fixed on the wooden axis by which the star was held. Another lad held a small glass box or lantern lighted, by a piece of candle, and containing two little Dutch dolls, one representing a woman sitting in a chair, the other an infant lying in a cradle. By means of a little crank in the bottom of this lantern, moved by the finger of the exhibiter, the cradle is thrown into a rocking motion as if communicated by the foot of the doll-mother at the cradle-side. While the side star is being put in rotatory motion and the cradle rocked, a Christmas carol is sung, which explains the mystery of the scene. The star is to represent that which guided the shepherds of old to the birthplace of the infant Jesus, and the dolls in the glass box respectively personify Mary and her infant child.

These youths were dismissed with some little gratuity, and very shortly another band of Christmas performers made their appearance. They were children of a little larger growth than the late exhibitors, and were dressed in military fashion, with tatters of finery on their clothes, masks on the face, and cocked-hats on the head, made of paper, with huge tassels, and decorated with paint and tinsel. These elegances, together with wooden swords suspended at the side, formed the accoutrements of the battalion, which very nearly resembled a collection of our November Guys, but more animated and amusing. These folks, ranged in single file in the parlour, underwent a review by their commander, and having performed the stated movements, marched out to the beat of what was literally called a *kettle-drum*, being a superannuated utensil of the class so highly-cherished by teetotalers. This pantomime is not always exhibited in military dress and fashion. The actors are sometimes boys and girls, who exchange clothes, and thus disguised, aided by masks and gaudy trappings, perform such fantastic tricks as make e'en angels—not weep, but smile, supposing that such beings deign to notice exhibitions so unspiritual.

No one in Norway thinks of refusing admittance to the performers in these annual mummeries, or of being offended at their Christmas liberties. People there are too good-natured and wise to sneer at the amusements of the poor: like the good-natured and wise everywhere they rejoice with those that rejoice, and wish that days of innocent saturnalia were more general and frequent, to loosen the cold, depressing restraints of semi-civilized society.

Such were the contributions to our entertainment by temporary and uninvited guests, and their exhibitions being over we were again thrown on our own resources.

I observed our hostess and some other ladies steal away to the clergyman's private room, and it was evident they had gone there to concoct some scheme to prolong the excitement of the evening. Such of the gentlemen as were not at the time occupied in the game of *Boston* were to be allowed a participation in the proceedings; but they were not admitted to the apartment except at certain intervals, and then only one at a time, it having been arranged that the mystery should be unveiled to them individually in the order of their introduction.

On entering the room, the most conspicuous object presenting itself

was a young lady of very respectable personal charms seated in an arm-chair, her feet resting on a large footstool, a light muslin scarf gracefully drooping from her shoulders, and a wreath entwined in her hair. On our respective introductions the young lady was announced to us as a princess sitting in state to receive the homage of her courtiers; but she, we were told, would not exact the hypocritical and degrading ceremonies of kneeling down and kissing fingers as usually practised in regal courts. She, on the contrary, liked nature, earnestness, and sincerity, and would therefore expect a good, hearty, veritable kiss, where kisses ought to be given, something genuine and unmistakable. This was rather a startling, but still a very delightful recreation. Who could hesitate a moment to give a kiss to a pretty princess? Who indeed could object to give her a dozen?

Each gentleman being informed on his entry of the privilege granted him, stepped eagerly forward to use it. But

"No! softly," said the conductress of the ceremony, "a certain preliminary form is necessary; the bliss may be tasted but not seen; the kiss must be given blindfold."

This was rather a suspicious condition, and it made one or two of the privileged waver at the very footstool of majesty. But what could be done? A kiss given blindfold was better than no kiss at all. There sat the lady smiling bewitchingly, and around stood the gentlemen who had previously had their turn. There was no appearance of trick; and to decline the proffered favour would be a horrid disloyalty. So each waverer overcame his doubts and scruples, submitted to have the handkerchief tied over his eyes, then stooped forward and kissed the representative of royalty. This done, the bandage was removed, and oh, what an appalling sight was there! Macbeth could not glare with more horror on the ghost of Banquo, than did the disappointed kisser on the object before him. Instead of the pretty maiden with delicate mouth, dimpled cheek, and flowing hair, a large, muscular figure, clothed in ordinary male attire, was seated in the chair, wearing a hideous mask, blackened with soot from the chimney. Oh, nasty deception! cruel substitution! But thanks to a friend at my elbow, I, when it came to my turn, escaped contact with the mask, for just at the critical moment, he tore the bandage from my eyes.

Although this practical joking rather verged to an extreme, no offence whatever was intended; and the unfortunate kissers knowing this, soon brightened in countenance, wiped their faces, thought no more of the unsavoury salutation; and the slight irritation that the deceit perhaps for a moment produced, passed away into smiles and good-humour. The good-natured sufferer by a joke is always the heartiest laugher at it, so each of these kind people laughed more at himself than at his neighbour.

The evening being now pretty far advanced, we were summoned to the supper-table. The meal consisted of the remains of the dinner, with some slight addition, quite as much as was necessary and having quickly despatched it we returned to the adjoining room, the gentlemen to smoke a tranquil pipe, and the ladies to have a confidential *tête-à-tête* among themselves previous to departure. Orders were issued to the stable-boys and farm-servants to get ready our respective vehicles, and presently a huge heap of coats, cloaks, sledge-boots,

scarfs, caps, and gloves were brought into the apartment and placed near the stove that they might be made warm and comfortable for their several wearers.

We could hear the neigh of our horses and the tinkle of their bells in the front of the house; so equipping ourselves in our winter costume we performed our parting ceremonies. Hearty shakings of the hand were exchanged all round. "Tak for i dag" (Thanks for the day)—"Gud velsigne dem" (God bless you)—"Sov vel" (Sleep well)—"Kom snart igjen" (Come again soon)—"Gud nacht" (Good night)—"Adieu," were passed from mouth to mouth in gentle tones and with kindly feeling.

We then left the hospitable mansion, and having given a few skillings to the lads that tended our horses, homeward we drove "over the hills and far away," by the light of the moon, made brighter by the reflecting snow.

A blessing, many blessings, on the innocent, hearty merriment of such Christmas-days. But alas! the spirit of our times seems to threaten the extinction of them. Men's heads are now so full of trading schemes that their hearts are growing cold; and sympathy, love, and joy, are becoming obsolete words in their vocabularies. Commerce, with all its civilizing and moral influences in connexion with other pursuits, has, when made the sole, absorbing, unremitted business of life—a disastrous power over the human heart. Men become hard, cold, selfish, cunning: they grow earthy and vulgar in their aspirations, and sneer at spiritualities. The European world seems to be now approximating to this state of evil, and many of its sad concomitants are already before us,

The curse of the Serpent, the sweat of the brow,
Lie heavy on all things surrounding us now.*

But it is not too late to amend and to give the rising generation a prospect of better things—to give them larger opportunities for enjoyments, merrier Christmases, and happier New Years.

E. A.

S O N N E T.

I seek on nature's lovely breast to hide
My cares and sorrows as in former days,
When I withdrew from cities and their pride,
And shunned society and its false blaze;
But nature will no longer grant relief,
But sends me back to cities and their crowd;
"For here," says she, "thou'lt best increase thy grief,
Seeing her charms reflected in each cloud,
Or stream, or shadow, o'er the sunny plain,
Her voice re-echoed in the flowing rill,
Or Philomela's when the world is still,
Until thy woe is turned to deeper pain;
But go, and seek of men the busy throng"
But ah! I lonely am their densest crowds among!

* Vow of the Peacock.

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

DRESS.

NATURE, the universal tailor, provides for every other animal a birthday suit of clothes which is to outlast his life; but man, though so peculiarly sensitive to the assaults of the elements, is ushered into this nether sphere without any covering, in order that he may be compelled to exert his faculties, and become his own tailor, and thereby his own civilizer. It may be true that "manners make the man," but the garments make the manners, so that the foundation of our humanity is the *toggery*—a word, by the by, not to be repudiated by the fastidious reader, since it is classically derived from the Roman *toga*. The mind of a naked savage is like his body; beyond the gratification of his animal impulses he has no more occasion for a thought than for a wardrobe. And what character shall we assign to the Queen of the South-Sea Islands, who, when arraying herself for a drawing-room, exclaimed,

"Bring me my palm-leaf fan, and my crown of peacock's feathers : I sh^l wear nothing else this morning."

And what were those early European races who roamed through their native forests in the skins of wild beasts? Little better than the animals whose hides they wore. There was no civilization till there were garments for all, and variety of materials and forms for each; from which auspicious moment men, fashioning their characters from the character of the fashions, did not show their minds in their attire, but their attire in their minds. They dressed themselves inwardly from the outward pattern, and *were* what they *wore*. The costumes of different classes where such distinctions prevail, form the dispositions of their wearers, not less effectually than the Indian divisions into castes. You may as well talk of innate beards as innate ideas; men have none till they hug their own clothes, and then, like certain insipid viands, their minds derive variety of flavour from difference in the mode of dressing. Every man's habits, in short, proceed from his habit; if any one doubts this fact, I will make an *Arbiter* of Petronius, who says,

Natura etenim dat
Exterius specimen quod latet interius.

Depend upon it, that although men may not always cut their coats according to their cloth, they religiously cut their minds according to their clothes, and suit themselves to their suit. The garments are the mould, the character is the coin: or rather the cast of the clothes, before the clothes are cast.

Now for examples:

Will any one tell me that a Quaker would be a Quaker if a fashionable suit were substituted for his drab-colour dittoes, and broad-brimmed hat? The creature would bear no more resemblance to himself than the painted butterfly to the brown grub. His doctrine is in his drab—his character in his castor—an affirmative proposition which may be

proved by taking the negative. What has occasioned the recent diminution in the numbers of this, the most respectable of all our sects? A heresy in the cut and die of their vestments. In turning the colour of their coats from the orthodox tint to various shades of a dark hue, they have realized Castlereagh's celebrated figure, and have turned their backs upon themselves; while in the suicidal alteration of their castors, they have lowered themselves by raising the crown. And then, as Lord Castlereagh would have further said, had he been now living—that *increasing diminution* of the brim—must not this loss—I would urge the question with all the solemnity it demands—must not this loss be inevitably *much felt*? If they will not attend to *my* pen, let them recollect the example of William Penn, remembering, moreover, that they have no Barclay now to write their apology, though they have so much more occasion for it. And their demure-looking damsels, too: have I not seen them in bonnets, smug and untrimmed I candidly concede, but of a deep Tyrian die, such as might have better become a royal *Porphyro-genita* of the lower empire? If, in addition to the fine linen in which they always indulged, they betake themselves to purple, the distinctive *thee* and *thou* will soon be swallowed in their hunger for worldly fashions, and a genuine Quakeress will be a *rara avis*, as difficult to find as a living Dodo or an Apterix Australis.

If any one doubts that in this free and happy country dress makes the law for the man, as well as the man himself, let him attend our police-offices, where he will find a broad-cloth system of legislature which measures all offences by the state of the coat, suffering swell-dressed culprits to escape with comparative impunity, while if the sin be clothed in rags, “a pigmy’s straw doth pierce it.”

A good coat claims benefit of clergy, that is to say, of the cloth; a shabby one stands self-convicted, and the sapient magistrate sees proofs of guilt through “its looped and windowed raggedness.” A superfine merino may split a policeman’s skull, and escape better than the fustian-jacket whose wearer has only tweaked a constable’s nose. Why do justices, (*lucus à non lucendo*) delight in thus committing themselves? Simply because they are “*clothed* in a little brief authority”—an additional proof that the clothing makes the man.

I am a strong advocate for class costumes, which, like professional ones, entail responsibility and operate as a salutary check. The want of them in this country is one great cause of the demoralization of the lower orders, and it is, moreover, one to which we ourselves are accessory. We give them our cast-off clothes, and then wonder that they *succeed to the abandoned habits of their superiors!*

THROWING AWAY TIME.

To kill time, the material of which life is made, is clearly a species of moral suicide; and yet, how shall we prove our time to be our own, unless we may throw it away as we like? Is not this property in the same predicament as the Duke of Newcastle’s? Ay, but if *that* has its duties as well as its rights, so has old Time, and most formidably does he assert them, taking special care to kill those the first who have been the most anxious to kill him—*comme de raison*. Deduct the hours spent in sleep, meals, in doing nothing, or mischief, and even along

life will be short enough: yet there are persons utterly unconscious how they waste the waning sands of their hour-glass. Josephus Molitor records an old lady's exclamation on hearing it observed that much precious time was lost at whist, "What! in shuffling, and cutting? very true, very true; but how can we prevent it?"

PREJUDICE.

A CAT has nine lives, but a prejudice has nine times nine. It dies by inches, and at the rate of an inch a century. If it assume the form of religious intolerance it never dies entirely, though its virulence may be modified by public opinion and the progress of time. Long and dreary is the interval between the first religious roasting of a fellow-creature and the repeal of the last Test, Corporation, and Exclusion Act. The last! we have not yet reached that era, for the Jews still labour under civil and other disabilities. Meantime the persecution of opinion is still left to us, and we may hate and malign those whom we have no longer the power to torment in any other way. We have still many worthy successors of the orthodox old lady who died because she would not swallow a dose of bark, "or anything else that came from those horrid Jesuits."

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

WHAT a proper estimate of their own importance must be entertained by those modest methodists who imagine that the deity of a thousand worlds is perpetually interfering by some special providence in the domestic concerns of Obadiah Muggins of Salem-street, Lower Clapton! After the profane mummery of Huntingdon, with his heaven-bestowed rather inexpressibles, one would have imagined that sane and sober people would eschew all similar pretensions; but the feeling is in human nature, though it may not always take the same offensive direction, and Swift's "P. P. clerk of this parish" has had predecessors as well as followers. "At my nativity," says Owen Glendower,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward,

It is of no use to tell such a man, in the words of Hotspur, that the same would have happened if his mother's cat had kittened. We have all read of the Italian poet who, sitting unconsciously under a figure of the Madonna, adduced the salutations of the passengers as a proof of the high estimation in which he was held. Just as Cardinal Mazarine was dying, some one told him that a comet had appeared.

"It does me great honour," he exclaimed, courteously bowing his head towards the sky!

Nothing wounded so much the harmless self-importance of the late Tom Hill as to suppose that he did anything like the mass of mankind.

"Have you seen the eclipse of the sun this morning?" inquired a friend.

"What! I go poking about among the mob, with a bit of coloured glass at my eye. Pooh! pooh! I happened to know what was coming, and got admitted to the private view yesterday!"

CONVERSATION.

IT has been said that conversational power attains its greatest excellence under despotic systems, such as the *ancien régime* of France, where the men having nothing to do with politics, devote the whole energies of their mind to the cultivation of the social powers, and thus place themselves more upon a par with the other sex. The subjects of free governments are very often slaves, that they may preserve their liberty. In London party and politics, in the country field-sports and quarter sessions, deprive the fair of their fair influence, and are consequently hostile to social eminence; to say nothing of those still existing though rare bacchanalia, whose smoking and tippling votaries pronounce that talking spoils conversation. Men of the greatest capacity are not always the pleasantest companions, for society is jealous; it requires some degree of equality, and is perhaps the most delightful when it resembles a vacuum, of which all the occupants have the same specific gravity or levity. A prudent *esprit fort* will, therefore, live as much within his wit as his income, well knowing that a mind of great caliber will only be deemed a great bore, if its capacity be rendered too manifest, and that a man taller than his neighbours only runs the risk of knocking his head against obstructions underneath which others escape. Besides, the general subjects of discussion, in mixed society, are so light and frivolous, that even if a powerful intellect were to put forth all its strength upon them, it might not succeed better than a weak one; for Hercules cannot throw a feather any further than a child.

EPITAPHS.

PERICLES, in his noble funeral oration for the heroes slain at Marathon, says, "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men, nor is the epitaph engraven on tombstones in their native land the sole guardian of their fame; but the memory of their actions in other countries forms a more faithful record in the heart than any that human hands can fabricate." The epitaph upon our celebrated Admiral Drake is but an expansion of the same idea:

The waves became his winding sheet, the waters were his tomb,
But for his fame the ocean wide had not sufficient room.

In contrast with these grandiose orations and epitaphs we may turn to the shortest, and perhaps the most appropriate upon record—that which is sculptured on the tombstone of an actor, the contemporary of Shakspeare,

Exit Burbage !

II.

CAT LATIN.

"Why don't you carry your young ones in a bag as I do?" inquired a Marsupial Animal of one of the feline species.

"Non possumus omnes," replied the Cat; "we're not all possums."

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.

IF, before we had heard of the existence of *The Diary of Madame D'Arblay*, a portion of which is now before us, we had been required to name that individual among those distinguished in the English literature of recent times, whose private journal we should most desire to possess, it is probable that, after "much meditating" on all the various phases of the question, we should at last have fixed on the author of "*Evelina*," "*Cecilia*," &c. ; for reasons which, if they do not at once occur to the reader, this assuredly is no time or place to allege them ; since we are called to the infinitely more grateful and useful office of proving that at least they were "reasons good ;" for here *is* a portion of the very "Diary" that a month or two ago we could have had no hope of compassing but through the aid of Fortunatus's wishing-cap ; and we have no hesitation in declaring that, so far as it proceeds, it greatly surpasses, both in immediate interest and entertainment, and in high literary, historical and social value, whatever our utmost expectations could have assigned to it. The truth is, that if the present ample volume (comprising nearly 500 pages) may be accepted as a fair sample of the whole (of which there can be no reason to doubt, since it is printed in chronological order, from the autograph of the writer, verbatim and intact, except as regards the omissions which family and other considerations must necessarily have demanded in a journal evidently written, if ever a journal was so written, without the remotest view or thought of after publicity) ; if, we say, the present volume may be taken as an average specimen of the six in which this "Diary and Letters" are announced to be comprised, we may look to possess in the whole a work most assuredly not second in value and curiosity to that which has hitherto borne the palm from all others in this class of writing, (we mean of course Boswell's *Johnson*,) and as certainly quite superior to every other work that has, up to this time, competed with that most popular of all English biographies, *auto* or otherwise. In fact this delightful volume proves Miss Burney to have possessed all the qualifications for a social annalist which the most ardent admirers of *Johnson's* biographer would assign to him, without a single one of those manifold errors, weaknesses, and deficiencies, which compel us to smile at Boswell (not seldom contemptuously), even while we are most amused and obliged by him. That the woman who wrote the greater part of "*Evelina*" long before she was twenty years of age, must have possessed rare penetration to observe, and rare judgment to estimate, human character—that she must have been gifted with the finest moral tact, and the most delicate sense of humour—that she turned to the most high and pure, yet the wisest and kindest account that "learned spirit of human dealing" with which she was gifted perhaps beyond any other woman of the same age that ever lived ;—all this, and much more, those who are acquainted with "*Evelina*" must be fully aware of : and it is, in this first portion of her "*Diary and Letters*," the author of "*Evelina*" alone that we have to deal with : for none of her other works were written till long after the date (1780) at which the present volume closes. But it remained for the "*Diary and Letters*" before us to prove that Miss Burney still further owned (in addition to that untiring industry, without

which all her other gifts would have been worthless as regards the present work) a simplicity and singleness of mind and principle, a depth and delicacy of social affections, a feminine softness and sweetness of disposition, an almost infantine innocence of character, and a rare modesty (almost amounting to positive disbelief) as to her own intellectual pretensions that have rarely, if ever before, been united in any one woman. It proves too, that on all these happy attributes, a degree of success and admiration unparalleled in the history of letters, considering *who* it was that accorded and confirmed them, had no more effect than if they had been conveyed to her in an unknown tongue. At the threshold of this Diary we find the "little Fanny Burney" of her few dear friends, the "our Fanny" of her amiable and happy family, and the "Fannikin" of her dear "Daddy Crisp"—her "second father," as she called and felt him,—rejoicing in a "frolic" she has just brought to a happy conclusion, and therefore seems to have had pretty well enough of; and which conclusion consists in her having, to her own utter and almost incredulous astonishment, received the magnificent sum of twenty pounds for the said "frolic"—in other words, for a "little book" (as big, by the by, as any two ordinary novels of *our* day) which she has been as it were "playing at" writing during certain stolen hours ("few and far between") of the last two or three years; and which writing, for fear of being laughed at, she has concealed from every member of her family except a favourite sister and brother, up to the hour of its completion and publication to the world. Well—the result of her "frolic" sees the light;—it begins to be talked about by some of her acquaintance, and she gets into all sorts of little scrapes by hearing it praised or dispraised before her face;—the *Monthly* and *London Reviews* come out, and deign to accord it, the one four, and the other about four and twenty rapid lines of patronage and patting on the back;—her father, by the merest accident, finds it out, reads, admires it, and (this is seven months after its publication!) begs her permission to disclose the little secret of its authorship to—her mother!—she reluctantly consents,—though, as she says (with an innocence and simplicity that incredulity itself cannot doubt) "I only proposed, like my friends the Miss Branghtons,* a little 'private fun,' and never dreamt of extending my confidence beyond my sisters." In a word, the novel and the name of its author spread—she becomes, first the wonder, then the admiration, and presently the pet and idol of the entire literary and fashionable worlds—fêted, flattered, almost worshipped wherever she goes, and compelled by the wide literary connexions of her father, Dr. Burney, to go everywhere. Meantime, Edmund Burke sits up all one night and half another to read her "little book," that has been written for a "frolic"; Dr. Johnson declares it to be superior to anything of Fielding's; Sir Joshua Reynolds offers fifty pounds to know the name of the writer; Sheridan tenders her *carte blanche* to write a comedy on the strength of it; Cumberland can scarcely keep from poisoning her, out of sheer envy at her popularity;—and, "though last, not least in *our* dear love," i. e., the *littérateurs* of this age of trading authorship—her publisher pockets his four or five thousand pounds by his speculation, and is generous enough to send her "six copies" of the book gratis,—over and above the "mag-

* Characters in "Evelina."

nificent" twenty pounds which he gave her for the copyright! And what is the consequence of all this upon the character and temper of its object, by the time we reach the end of this first instalment of her "Diary"—namely, three years from the publication of "Evelina,"—during all which period she has been daily rising in public popularity, and in private admiration and esteem?—Why that she is still the simple and blushing "little Fanny Burney" of her old acquaintance—the affectionate and caressing "our Fanny" of her amiable family—and the endearing "Fannikin" of her "Daddy Crisp." The only noticeable change is, that she has (not without a sort of astonished perplexity, which she never gets over to the end of the chapter), grown in her own estimation "nearer to heaven by the altitude of a chopine," in consequence of finding herself the "dear little Burney" of the great autocrat of literature—the all-admired and all-dreaded Dr. Johnson,—whose touching fondness for her was evidently greater than he ever felt for any other human being, and the instances and descriptions of which afford some of the most pathetic and exquisite pictures of the kind that pen ever drew.

We must really apologize for this long preamble, which strikes us as being something akin to an usher intercepting an eagerly expected guest, and keeping him waiting outside the door, while he announces those numerous titles to admission which everybody who hears him knows as well as himself. But we could not for the life of us help marking and illustrating our sense of what we hold to be at once the most remarkable personal trait in this charming volume, and that one which must give to every reader the most perfect faith in the verity of its contents—without which faith they would lose the best half of their value.

We shall now chiefly confine ourselves to the pleasant task of making the volume *speake* for itself—merely premising that its materials may be divided into two distinct portions, each comprising living and speaking pictures of English literary and general society as it existed among the higher and middle class in the days of Johnson, Burke, Sheridan, Reynolds, Garrick, Murphy, Cumberland, Franklin, Topham Beauclerk, the Whartons, Bishop Porteus, &c.—also among the brilliant circle of the female wits of the time, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Cholmondeley, Lady Di Beauclerk. &c. &c. In short, one portion places before us, "in their habit as they lived," almost every one of the literary and other celebrities of that day, and in particular all of those above-named; the other includes portraits equally authentic and elaborately finished with the above, and equally like, but of people who (never having heard of them before) come upon us with the air and effect of characters in a new comedy, or novel, at the same time that they impress us with a feeling of truth and vitality which nothing coming before us in a work of fiction can ever convey. At the same time, their recurrence at intervals during the whole volume, as well as that of the historical characters who figure in it so admirably, gives a consecutive interest to the work, equal if not superior to that of the best constructed fiction.

As instances of the latter, more forcible, spirited, truthful, and individualized than anything else we are acquainted with, except the principal characters in Miss Burney's own novels, or in those of Fielding or Richardson,—yet with the vast advantage over all these, of being actual and literal draughts from nature,—we may point, among others, at the

dandy of sixty years ago—the weeping beauty, who had tears at will—the female sceptic and misanthrope—the Bath alderman and his “Folly”—the incomparable and *impayable* “General”—the fat female Mecenas of the Bath wits—the fastidious “man of refinement,” for whom nobody is good enough—and a score more such pictures of London and Bath life sixty years ago; most of whom (as we have said) go through the volume with us, and make it a better thing in its way than the best comedy of Murphy or the best fiction of even Miss Burney herself.

It would be doing extreme injustice to this book, and to those readers who wish to gain a specific notion of its contents with a view to its acquirement or otherwise, not to commence our specimens of it with its own opening page (written at the age of fifteen years), describing the writer's objects and motives in recording her thoughts, feelings, and observations in the form before us, and the expedient by means of which she proposes to do so with that perfect freedom from restraint which can alone ensure the desired result.

To have some account of my thoughts, acquaintance, and actions, when the hour arrives at which time is more nimble than memory, is the reason which induces me to keep a Journal—a Journal in which I must confess my *every* thought—must open my whole heart.

But a thing of the kind ought to be addressed to somebody—I must imagine myself to be talking—talking to the most intimate of friends—to one in whom I should take delight in confiding, and feel remorse in concealment: but who must this friend be? To make choice of one in whom I can but *half* rely, would be to frustrate entirely the intention of my plan. The only one I could wholly, totally confide in, lives in the same house with me, and not only never *has*, but never *will*, leave me one secret to tell her. To *whom*, then, must I dedicate my wonderful, surprising, and interesting adventures?—to *whom* dare I reveal my private opinion of my nearest relations? my secret thoughts of my dearest friends? my own hopes, fears, reflections, and dislikes?—Nobody.

To Nobody, then, will I write my Journal!—since to Nobody can I be wholly unreserved, to Nobody can I reveal every thought, every wish of my heart, with the most unlimited confidence, the most unremitting sincerity, to the end of my life! For what chance, what accident, can end my connexions with Nobody? No secret *can* I conceal from Nobody, and to Nobody can I be ever unreserved. Disagreement cannot stop our affection—time itself has no power to end our friendship. The love, the esteem I entertain for Nobody, Nobody's self has not power to destroy. From Nobody I have nothing to fear. The secrets sacred to friendship Nobody will not reveal; when the affair is doubtful, Nobody will not look towards the side least favourable.

We shall now place before the reader a few extracts, taken almost at random, from this delightful collection of literary and social *Ana* of the latter half of the last century—a period which may be said almost to belong to our own day,—at least for that class of readers who will feel most curiosity and interest in these pages. We shall take our extracts nearly in the chronological order in which they present themselves to us on opening the pages,—only *classing* them where, as in the case of Dr. Johnson, we wish to bring several under one head.

We cannot help premising the capital anecdotes we shall give of that illustrious and (with all his faults) truly admirable and excellent man, by expressing a doubt whether anything about him could be picked out of the entire of Boswell, equal, space for space, in characteristic spirit and force, to the following passages,—all of them occurring within thirty or forty pages of the volume before us.

The Household of Dr. Johnson.—At tea-time the subject turned upon the domestic economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit them,—for his charity is unbounded,—or, rather, bounded only by his circumstances.

The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of the set, was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing,—though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalise my dialogues.

Mrs. Thrale—Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, she does not like them at all; but their fondness for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. T.—And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

Dr. J.—Madam, he is a Scotchman: he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing anything properly, since I found he gave as much labour to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. T.—And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

Dr. J.—Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levat, who says it is not now what it used to be!

Mrs. T.—Mr. Levat, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health? for he is an apothecary.

Dr. J.—Levat, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

Mr. T.—But how do you get your dinners drest?

Dr. J.—Why De Mullin has the chief management of the kitchen; but our roasting is magnificent, for we have no jack.

Mr. T.—No jack? Why how do they manage without?

Dr. J.—Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some thoughts (with a profound gravity) of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house.

Mr. T.—Well, but you'll have a spit, too?

Dr. J.—No, sir, no; that would be superfluous; for we shall never use it; and if a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed.

Mrs. T.—But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll?"

Dr. J.—Why I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. T.—How came she among you, sir?

Dr. J.—Why, I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Montagu.—Mrs. T.—To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough.

Dr. Johnson began to see-saw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun, and after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation, turned to me and cried,

"Down with her Burney!—down with her!—spare her not!—attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the

joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits! and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered: but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul! So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!

Oh, how we were all amused! By the way I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in the literary way. I should have told you that Miss Gregory, daughter of the Gregory that wrote the "Letters," or, "Legacy of Advice," lives with Mrs. Montagu, and was invited to accompany her.

"Mark, now," said Dr. Johnson, "if I contradict her to-morrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her."

Mrs. T.—Why, to be sure, sir, you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came. But you were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured; but still, when a lady changes colour, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed.

Dr. J.—Why, madam, I won't answer that I shan't contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am not high in her good graces already; and I begin (added he, laughing heartily), to tremble for my admission into her new house. I doubt I shall never see the inside of it.

(Mrs. Montagu is building a most superb house.)

Mrs. T.—Oh, I warrant you, she fears you, indeed; but that, you know, is nothing uncommon; and dearly I love to hear your disquisitions; for certainly she is the first woman for literary knowledge in England, and if in England, I hope I may say in the world.

Dr. J.—I believe you may, madam. She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know, or indeed, almost any man.

Mrs. T.—I declare I know no man equal to her, take away yourself and Burke, for that art. And you who love magnificence, won't quarrel with her, as everybody else does, for her love of finery.

Dr. J.—No, I shall not quarrel with her upon that topic. Then, looking earnestly at me, "Nay," he added, "it's very handsome!"

"What, sir?" cried I, amazed.

"Why, your cap;—I have looked at it some time, and I like it much. It has not that vile bandeau across it, which I have so often cursed."

Did you ever hear anything so strange? Nothing escapes him. My Daddy Crisp is not more minute in his attentions; nay, I think he is even less so.

Mrs. T.—Well, sir, that bandeau you quarrelled with was worn by every woman at court the last birthday, and I observed that all the men found fault with it.

Dr. J.—The truth is, women, take them in general, have no idea of grace. Fashion is all they think of. I don't mean Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, when I talk of women;—they are goddesses—and therefore I except them.

Dr. Johnson Drunk.—Nothing could dissuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid; and Dr. Johnson was so facetious, that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk!

"I wish," said he, "my master would say to me, Johnson, if you will oblige me you will call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done: and after that, I will say, Thrale if you will oblige me, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till that is done; and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles, we should be so happy, and such good friends, that we should fly into each other's arms, and both together call for the third!"

Dr. Johnson and Richard Cumberland.—The Cumberland family was discussed. Mrs. Thrale said that Mr. Cumberland was a very amiable man in his

own house ; but as a father, mighty simple ; which accounts for the ridiculous conduct and manners of his daughters, concerning whom we had much talk, and were all of a mind ; for it seems they used the same rude stare to Mrs. Thrale that so much disgusted us at Mrs. Ord's : she says that she really concluded something was wrong, and that, in getting out of the coach, she had given her cap some unlucky cuff,—by their merciless staring.

I told her that I had not any doubt when I had met with the same attention from them, that they were calculating the exact cost of all my dress. Mrs. Thrale then told me that, about two years ago, they were actually hissed out of the playhouse, on account of the extreme height of their feathers !

Dr. Johnson instantly composed an extempore dialogue between himself and Mr. Cumberland upon this subject, in which he was to act the part of a provoking condoler :

" Mr. Cumberland (I should say), how monstrously ill-bred is a playhouse mob ! How I pitied poor Miss Cumberlands about that affair !"

" What affair ?" cries he, for he has tried to forget it.

" Why," says I, " that unlucky accident they met with some time ago."

" Accident ? what accident, sir ?"

" Why, you know ; when they were hissed out of the playhouse—you remember the time—oh, the English mob is most insufferable ! they are boors, and have no manner of taste !"

Dr. Johnson and David Garrick.—" I don't know," said Dr. Johnson, " what is the matter with David ; I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable."

" Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, " as the life of a wit : he and Wilks are the two oldest men of their ages, I know ; for they have both worn themselves out, by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others."

" David, madam," said the Doctor, " looks much older than he is ; for his face has had double the business of any other man's ; it is never at rest ; when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next ; I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together, in the whole course of his life ; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles, must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time."

An Unclubable Man.—The next name that was started, was that of Sir John Hawkins : and Mrs. Thrale said,

" Why now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself ; Garrick is one, too ; for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute !"

" Why, madam," answered he, " they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him ; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve ; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom ; but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favour, and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission he desired to be excused paying his share.

" And was he excused ?"

" O yes ; for no man is angry at another for being inferior to ' himself ! we all scorned him, and admitted his plea. For my part I was such a fool to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *clubbable* man !"

Dr. Johnson and Hannah More.—Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which I think exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying.

When she was introduced to him not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly: till, at length, he turned suddenly to her with a stern and angry countenance, and said,

"Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having."

Mr. Seward then told another instance of his determination not to mince the matter, when he thought reproof at all deserved.

During a visit of Miss Brown's to Streatham, he was inquiring of her several things that she could not answer; and as he held her so cheap in regard to books, he began to question her concerning domestic affairs—puddings, pies, plain work, and so forth. Miss Brown, not at all more able to give a good account of herself in these articles than in the others, began all her answers with "Why, sir, one need not be obliged to do so—or so," whatever was the thing in question. When he had finished his interrogatories, and she had finished her "need nots," he ended the discourse with saying, "As to your needs, my dear, they are so very many, that you would be frightened yourself if you knew half of them."

Dr. Johnson and the Female Wits of his Day.—"And yet," continued the Doctor, with the most comical look, "I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montagu down to Bet Flint!"

"Bet Flint?" cried Mrs. Thrale; "pray who is she?"

"Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot."

"And, for Heaven's sake, how came you to know her?"

"Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse;—it began:

'When nature first ordained my birth,
A diminutive I was born on earth:
And then I came from a dark abode,
Into a gay and gaudy world.'

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit;—she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her! Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpsichord, but Bet could not play; however she put herself in fine attitudes, and drummed."

Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses, who called herself by some fine name, I have forgotten what.

"She had not quite the same stock of virtue," continued he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint; but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that while Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance!"

"And pray what became of her, sir?"

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up: but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so, when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan-chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?"

"Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!"

Oh, how we all laughed! Then he gave an account of another lady, who called herself Laurinda, and who also wrote verses and stole furniture, but he

had not the same affection for her, he said, though she too "was a lady who had high notions of honour."

Then followed the history of another, who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down the park repeating a book of Virgil.

"But," said he, "though I know her story, I never had the good fortune to see her."

After this, he gave us an account of the famous Mrs. Pinkethman.

"And she," he said, "told me she owed all her misfortunes to her wit; for she was so unhappy as to marry a man who thought himself also a wit, though I believe she gave him not implicit credit for it, but it occasioned much contradiction and ill-will."

"Bless me, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "how can all these vagabonds contrive to get at you, of all people?"

"Oh, the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I can't but be glad to see them!"

"Why I wonder, sir, you never went to see Mrs. Rudd among the rest?"

"Why, madam, I believe I should," said he, "if it was not for the newspapers; but I am prevented many frolics that I should like very well, since I am become such a theme for the papers."

If there is anything else extant about Johnson so fine in their way as several of these passages, particularly the first and the last, all we can say is that we don't know where to find them.

These anecdotes of Dr. Johnson may be taken as examples of the mode in which this Journal records the "Sayings and Doings" of the great and celebrated of that day. But we scarcely know which will afford most amusement and excite most admiration—*these* pictures, or those which we meet with of the little "unknown" of the day—characters of which modern society is as full as a comedy of Sheridan or Congreve, if we had but a few more Burneys to note them down. We shall give a few *échantillons* of these latter. The following, though evidently true to the letter, is like a piece out of the best scenes of "Evelina," or "Cecilia."

I must now have the honour to present to you a new acquaintance, who this day dined here.—Mr. B——y, an Irish gentleman, late a commissary in Germany. He is between sixty and seventy, but means to pass for about thirty. gallant, complaisant, obsequious, and humble to the fair sex, for whom he has an awful reverence; but when not immediately addressing them, swaggering, blustering, puffing, and domineering. These are his two apparent characters; but the real man is worthy, moral, religious, though conceited and parading.

He is as fond of quotations as my poor "*Lady Smatter*," and, like her, knows little beyond a song, and always blunders about the author of that. His language greatly resembles Rose Fuller's, who, as Mrs. Thrale well says, when as old, will be much such another personage. His whole conversation consists in little French phrases, picked up during his residence abroad, and in *anecdotes* and story-telling, which are sure to be retold daily and daily in the same words.

Having given you this general sketch, I will endeavour to illustrate it by some specimens; but you must excuse their being unconnected, and only such as I can readily recollect.

Speaking of the ball in the evening, to which we were all going, "Ah, madam!" said he to Mrs. Thrale, "there was a time when—*tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol* [rising, and dancing, and singing], *tol-de-rol*!—I could dance with the best of them; but, now a man, forty and upwards, as my lord Ligonier used to say—*but—tol-de-rol!—there was a time!*"

"Ay, so there was, Mr. B——y," said Mrs. Thrale, "and I think you and I together made a very venerable appearance!"

"Ah! madam, I remember once, at Bath, I was called out to dance with one of the finest young ladies I ever saw. I was just preparing to do my best, when a gentleman of my acquaintance was so cruel as to whisper me—'B——y! the eyes of all Europe are upon you!'—for that was the phrase of the times. 'B——y!' said he, 'the eyes of all Europe are upon you!'—I vow, ma'am, enough to make a man tremble!—tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol! [dancing] the eyes of all Europe are upon you!—I declare, ma'am, enough to put a man out of countenance!"

Dr. Delap, who came here some time after, was speaking of Horace.

"Ah! madam," cried Mr. B——y, "this Latin—things of that kind—we waste our youth, ma'am, in those vain studies. For my part I wish I had spent mine in studying French and Spanish—more useful, ma'am. But, bless me, ma'am, what time have I had for that kind of thing? Travelling here, over the ocean, hills and dales, ma'am, reading the great book of the world—poor ignorant mortals, ma'am,—no time to do anything!"

"Ay, Mr. B——y," said Mrs. Thrale, "I remember how you downed Beauclerk and Hamilton, the wits, once at our house, when they talked of ghosts!"

"Ah! ma'am, give me a brace of pistols, and I warrant I'll manage a ghost for you! Not but Providence may please to send little spirits—guardian angels, ma'am—to watch us: that I can't speak about. It would be presumptuous, ma'am—for what can a poor, ignorant mortal know?"

"Ay, so you told Beauclerk and Hamilton."

"Oh yes, ma'am. Poor human beings can't account for anything—and call themselves *esprits forts*! I vow 'tis presumptuous, ma'am! *Esprits forts*, indeed! they can see no farther than their noses, poor ignorant mortals! Here's an admiral, and here's a prince, and here's a general, and here's a dipper—and poor Smoker, the bather, ma'am! What's all this strutting about, and that kind of thing? and then they can't account for a blade of grass!"

After this, Dr. Johnson being mentioned—

"Ay," said he, "I'm sorry he did not come down with you. I liked him better than those others: not much of a fine gentleman, indeed, but a clever fellow—a deal of knowledge—got a deuced good understanding!"

* * * * *

When Mr. Garrick was mentioned, he honoured him with much the same style of compliment as he had done Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Ay, ay," said he, "that Garrick was another of those fellows that people run mad about. Ma'am, 'tis a shame to think of such things! an actor living like a person of quality! Scandalous! I vow, scandalous!"

"Well, commend me to Mr. B——y!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "for he is your only man to put down all the people that everybody else sets up."

"Why, ma'am," answered he, "I like all these people very well in their proper places; but to see such a set of poor beings living like persons of quality,—'tis preposterous! Common sense, madam, common sense is against that kind of thing. As to Garrick, he was a very good mimic, an entertaining fellow enough, and all that kind of thing; but for an actor to live like a person of quality—oh, scandalous!"

Sometime after the musical tribe was mentioned. He was at cards at the time with Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Thrale, while we "fair females," as he always calls us, were speaking of Agujari. He constrained himself from flying out as long as he was able; but upon our mentioning her having fifty pounds a song, he suddenly, in a great rage, called out "Catgut and rosin!—Ma'am, 'tis scandalous!"

We all laughed, and Mr. Selwyn, to provoke him on, said,

"Why, sir, how shall we part with our money better?"

"Oh fie! fie!" cried he, "I have not patience to hear such folly; common

sense, sir, common sense is against it. Why now there was one of these fellows at Bath last season, a Mr. Rauzzini,—I vow I longed to cane him every day! such a work made with him! all the fair females sighing for him! Enough to make a man sick!”

* * * * *

However, I have never yet told you his most favourite story, though we have regularly heard it three or four times a day!—And this is about his health.

“Some years ago,” he says,—“let’s see, how many? in the year 71,—ay, 71, 72—thereabouts—I was taken very ill, and, by ill-luck, I was persuaded to ask advice of one of these Dr. Gallipots:—oh, how I hate them all! Sir, they are the vilest pickpockets—know nothing, sir! nothing in the world! poor ignorant mortals! and then they pretend—In short, sir, I hate them all; I have suffered so much by them, sir—lost four years of the happiness of my life—let’s see 71, 72, 73, 74—ay, four years, sir!—mistook my case, sir! and all that kind of thing. Why, sir, my feet swelled as big as two horses’ heads! I vow I will never consult one of these Dr. Gallipot fellows again! Lost me, sir, four years of the happiness of my life!—why I grew quite an object!—you would hardly have known me!—lost all the calves of my legs!—had not an ounce of flesh left!—and as to the rouge—why, my face was the colour of that candle!—Those deuced Gallipot fellows!—why they robbed me of four years—let me see,—ay, 71, 72—”

And then it all goes over again!

This story is always *à propos*; if health is mentioned, it is instanced to show its precariousness; if life, to bewail what he has lost of it; if pain, to relate what he has suffered; if pleasure, to recapitulate what he has been deprived of; but if a physician is hinted at, eagerly indeed is the opportunity seized of inveighing against the whole faculty.

Here is another “character:”

A Bath Alderman and his “Folly.”—Mr. Ferry is a Bath alderman; his house and garden exhibit the house and garden of Mr. Tattersall, enlarged. Just the same taste prevails: the same paltry ornaments, the same crowd of buildings, the same unmeaning decorations, and the same unsuccessful attempts at making something of nothing.

They kept us half an hour in the garden, while they were preparing for our reception in the house, where after parading through four or five little vulgarly showy closets, not rooms, we were conducted into a very gaudy little apartment, where the master of the house sat reclining on his arm, as if in contemplation, though everything conspired to show that the house and its inhabitants were carefully arranged for our reception. The bishop had sent in his name by way of gaining admission.

The bishop, with a gravity of demeanour difficult to himself to sustain, apologized for our intrusion, and returned thanks for seeing the house and garden. Mr. Ferry started from his pensive attitude, and begged us to be seated, and then a curtain was drawn, and we perceived through a glass a perspective view of ships, boats, and water! This raree-show over, the maid who officiated as show-woman had a hint given her, and presently a trap-door opened, and up jumped a covered table, ornamented with various devices. When we had expressed our delight at this long enough to satisfy Mr. Ferry, another hint was given, and presently down dropped an eagle from the ceiling, whose talons were put into a certain hook at the top of the covering of the table, and when the admiration at this was over, up again flew the eagle, conveying in his talons the cover, and leaving under it a repast of cakes, sweetmeats, ranges, and jellies.

When our raptures upon this feat subsided, the maid received another signal, and then seated herself in an armchair, which presently sunk down underground, and up in its room came a barber’s block, with a vast quantity of black wool on it, and a high head-dress.

This, you may be sure, was more applauded than all the rest; we were

en cascade, and having properly expressed our gratitude, were soon after suffered to decamp.

The following account of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence and his family, will be read with singular interest—coming from one who reports as if she were on oath, and had the short-hand powers of a Gurney.

The second-day we slept at Speen Hill, and the third day we reached Devizes.

And here, Mrs. Thrale and I were much pleased with our hostess, Mrs. Laurence, who seemed something above her station in her inn. While we were at cards before supper, we were much surprised by the sound of a piano-forte. I jumped up, and ran to listen whence it proceeded. I found it came from the next room, where the overture to the "*Buona Figliuola*" was performing. The playing was very decent, but as the music was not quite new to me, my curiosity was not whole ages in satisfying, and therefore I returned to finish the rubber.

Don't I begin to talk in an old-cattish manner of cards?

Well, another deal was hardly played ere we heard the sound of a voice, and out I ran again. The singing, however, detained me not long, and so back I whisked: but the performance, however indifferent in itself, yet surprised us at the Bear at Devizes, and therefore Mrs. Thrale determined to know from whom it came. Accordingly, she tapped at the door. A very handsome girl, about thirteen years old, with fine dark hair upon a finely-formed forehead, opened it. Mrs. Thrale made an apology for her intrusion, but the poor girl blushed and retreated into a corner of the room: another girl, however, advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited us in, and gave us all chairs. She was just sixteen, extremely pretty, and with a countenance better than her features, though those were also very good. Mrs. Thrale made her many compliments, which she received with a mingled modesty and pleasure, both becoming and interesting. She was, indeed, a sweetly pleasing girl.

We found they were both daughters of our hostess, and born and bred at Devizes. We were extremely pleased with them, and made them a long visit, which I wished to have been longer. But though those pretty girls struck us so much, the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing. They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful. Those that were copies were delightful—those of his own composition amazing, though far inferior. I was equally struck with the boy and his works.

We found that he had been taken to town, and that all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, the mother said, the most promising genius he had ever met with. Mr. Hoare has been so charmed with this sweet boy's drawings that he intends sending him to Italy with his own son.

This house was full of books, as well as paintings, drawings, and music; and all the family seem not only ingenious and industrious, but amiable; added to which they are strikingly handsome.

A few more miscellaneous traits, anecdotes, and pictures, and we must have done.

Military Discipline Sixty Years Ago.—After a little dawdling conversation, Captain Fuller came in to have a little chat. He said he had just gone through a great operation—"I have been," he said, "cutting off the hair of all my men."

"And why?"

"Why, the Duke of Richmond ordered that it should be done, and the fellows swore that they would not submit to it,—so I was forced to be the operator myself. I told them they would look as smart again when they had got on their caps; but it went much against them, they vowed, at first, they would not bear such usage; some said they would sooner be run through the body

and others, that the duke should as soon have their heads. I told them I would soon try that, and fell to work myself with them."

"And how did they bear it?"

"Oh, poor fellows, with great goodnature, when they found his honour was their barber: but I thought proper to submit to hearing all their oaths, and all their jokes; for they had no other comfort but to hope I should have enough of it, and such sort of wit. Three or four of them, however, escaped; but I shall find them out. I told them I had a good mind to cut my own hair off too, and then they would have a Captain Crop. I shall smooth them to-morrow with a present of new feathers for all their caps."

A Weeping Beauty.—Before they went, Miss Streatfield came. Mrs. Thrale prevailed upon her to stay till the next day.

I find her a very amiable girl, and extremely handsome; not so wise as I expected, but very well; however, had she not chanced to have had so uncommon an education with respect to literature or learning, I believe she would not have made her way among the wits by the force of her natural parts.

Mr. Seward, you know, told me that she had tears at command, and I begin to think so too; for when Mrs. Thrale, who had previously told me I should see her cry, began coaxing her to stay, and saying, "If you go, I shall know you don't love me so well as Lady Gresham,"—she did cry, not loud indeed, nor much, but the tears came into her eyes, and rolled down her fine cheeks.

"Come hither, Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, "come and see Miss Streatfield cry!"

I thought it a mere *badinage*. I went to them, but when I saw real tears, I was shocked, and saying, "No, I won't look at her," ran away frightened, lest she should think I laughed at her, which Mrs. Thrale did so openly, that as I told her, had she served me so, I should have been affronted with her ever after.

Miss Streatfield, however, whether from a sweetness not to be ruffled, or from not perceiving there was any room for taking offence, gently wiped her eyes, and was perfectly composed!

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—On Thursday, I had another adventure, and one that has made me grin ever since. A gentleman inquiring for my father, was asked into the parlour. The then inhabitants were only my mother and me. In entered a square old gentleman, well-wigged, formal, grave, and important. He seated himself. My mother asked if he had any message for my father?

"No, none."

Then he regarded me with a certain dry kind of attention for some time; after which, turning suddenly to my mother, he demanded,

"Pray, ma'am, is this your daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"O! this is Evelina, is it?"

"No, sir," cried I, staring at him, and glad none of you were in the way to say Yes.

"No?" repeated he, incredulous; "is not your name, Evelina, ma'am?"

"Dear, no, sir!" again quoth I, staring harder.

"Ma'am," cried he, drily, "I beg your pardon! I had understood your name was Evelina."

And soon after, he went away.

When he put down his card, who should it prove but Dr. Franklin! Was it not queer?

Palmyra.—"Do you remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "how you tormented poor Miss Brown about reading?"

"She might soon be tormented, madam," answered he, "for I am not yet quite clear she knows what a book is?"

"Oh, for shame!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "she reads not only English, but French and Italian. She was in Italy a great while."

"Pho!" exclaimed he; "Italian indeed! Do you think she knows as much Italian as Rose Fuller does English?"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Thrale, "Rose Fuller is a very good young man, for all he has not much command of language; and though he is silly enough, yet I like him very well, for there is no manner of harm in him."

Then she told me that he once said, Dr. Johnson's conversation is so instructive that I'll ask him a question.

"Pray, sir, what is Palmyra? I have often heard of it, but never knew what it was."

"Palmyra, sir?" said the Doctor; "why it is a hill in Ireland, situated in a bog, and has palm-trees at the top, whence it is called Palm-mire."

In our admiration of the "Diary" portion of this volume, we had nearly forgotten to mention, that many very charming "Letters" are interspersed throughout it, chiefly from the pen of Miss Burney herself, and that of her brilliant and witty friend, Mrs. Thrale; and that the Diary is preceded by a very pleasing Memoir of Miss Burney, up to the publication of "Evelina,"—from which period she becomes her own biographer.

By the by, on the point of veracity and authenticity, on which so much of the value of works of this nature depends—hear what Miss Burney says, in writing to her dearest and most trusted friend, to whom much of her Journal is addressed—her "Daddy" Crisp.

Miss Birch, I do assure you, exists exactly such as I have described her. I never mix truth and fiction: all that I relate in journalising is strictly, nay plainly, fact. I never, in all my life, have been a sayer of the thing that is not, and now I should be not only a knave but a fool also, in so doing, as I have other purposes for imaginary characters than filling letters with them. Give me credit, therefore, on the score of interest and common sense, if not of principle. But, however the world, and especially the Great world, is so filled with absurdity of various sorts, now bursting forth in impertinence, now in pomposity, now giggling in silliness, and now yawning in dulness, that there is no occasion for invention to draw what is striking in every possible species of the ridiculous.

We close this volume with the less reluctance, that we are assured of being repeatedly called to the gratifying office of paying our respects to its successor. We cannot part from it, however, without recording, as the most comprehensive general criticism we can offer of it, an expression of the affectionate admiration (we can find no other phrase for the feeling) for the entire personal and intellectual character of its writer, with which its perusal has impressed us. For the highest attributes of the heart and intellect, and those which are the most rarely found together;—for the strongest affections coupled with the sweetest and softest temper—for the loftiest and purest principles, giving effect to the gentlest of judgments in regard to the thoughts and actions of others, while they exact the strictest self-scrutiny in regard to her own—for the simplicity of a child, united to the penetration, the understanding, and the moral tact of a philosopher—for an unsurpassed sense of the bad and the ridiculous in human character, without the smallest tendency to satire or sarcasm—for an intense anxiety to *deserve* the applause of the well-judging portion of mankind, without the smallest care about *obtaining* it;—in a word, for the loveliest and most endearing qualities of a feminine heart, united to the most useful and valuable attributes of a masculine mind,—we never remember to have encountered, either in books or in real life, any character claiming such unmingled esteem as that of Dr. Johnson's "Dear little Burney."

CONTENT OR NOT CONTENT.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Not content, for the following reasons.—*Vide* PEERS' PROTESTS.

"ARE you content?" asks the duke, when he has doomed old Shylock to beggary and the abjuration of his creed. "*I am content*," responds the miserable Jew.

So say—with exactly the same degree of truth—most miserable Christians, when they have arrived at the hopeless point—when they can no longer help themselves. While they possess this power, they do not even put on the affectation of content, though they make amends for a total absence of the virtue, by devoutly recommending it to their neighbours. George Robins is, in this respect, mankind's epitome; he holds it to be every other mortal's first duty to be "contented with his lot." It is our business, he would argue, to take the lot which is adjudged to be ours, with the duty upon it. We discover that the tobacco which was put up at twopence-farthing, and knocked down to us at twopence-halfpenny, means neither more nor less than six thousand pounds of damaged shag at twopence-halfpenny per pound;—and, stern as the sternest moralist of 'them all, he has no comfort for us beyond the cold advice—Be contented with your lot. We complain of the mistake, the hardship; his hammer answers us, but his voice is silent. He has not a word to waste upon a man who is dissatisfied with his lot. His continual and ever-increasing familiarity with what is most sacred to others, with life and death—the preparing to depart, and the departure—that "going, gone" of his, which is the whole history of man—has converted his native sensibility into a philosophical substance, hard as ebony, which he could fling in the teeth of all fools, who, ignorant of the final meaning of those two solemn and significant words, "going, gone," are so surpassingly silly as to be discontented with their lot!

There is modesty in human nature after all. If anything particularly good come to our share, we are apt to think it *too* good for us, and are hardly content to keep it. If a fine haunch fall in our way, we send it to a friend. So with the virtues. How few of them we ourselves exercise, compared with the number we prescribe for daily use, by our acquaintances. If people would but follow our advice, they would be angels; but as they only follow our example, they are something a little lower. Thus it is, that although we are constantly warning others to be content, they are no more contented than ourselves.

Although this content be classed with the virtues, it is but a conditional one. A free-born being is suddenly cast among slaves, stripped of his birthright, and degraded to the brutish level—content, here, becomes a vice. A stupid angler is jerked into the stream by the stupider fish he would have drawn out of it—content in this case is an absurdity. Sometimes it is a folly, sometimes it is a crime. Now it is sheer cowardice, anon it is indolence; much oftener it is hypocrisy, but most frequently it is the result of that comfortless conviction at which the poor Jew arrived, when the document which doomed him to wretchedness and despair was sent after him for signature.

In fact, there is scarcely such a thing as true content—continuous, unyearning, and cherished upon principle—apart from the lot, whatsoever it may be, that comfort or custom hath made agreeable to us. An apparent case of true content once arose, in connexion with the very play we have referred to. An actor, who perhaps still fills some small space in the public eye, had for years “gone on,” as the phrase is, for the peculiarly unimportant part of Tubal. Now it is notorious, not only that Tubal is a very miserable little character, with less than six lines to utter, but that it is a very disagreeable character in other respects; the costume, in the theatre’s unreformed day at least, was painfully guyish, and the laughter of the spectators was generally loud. To find an actor *content* to be the representative of Tubal, was to find a miracle. Gibbons had played it for years, and then confessed that he despaired of working it up into tragic effect.

“Sir,” said that performer, when he came off the stage, after completing his forty-first representation, “it’s of no use talking: John Kemble couldn’t do anything with such a part.”

Tubal therefore is exceedingly disliked in the profession, and for one reason, amongst others—that every gentleman who “goes on” for it, conceives that he ought to play Shylock. But *our* Tubal was *content* with the character. Its insignificance suited him, and to the audible derision he had become accustomed. He had played it many, many times to Kean—Edmund Kean; and it had become a reminiscence with many playgoers. Above all, he had that contented mind which is a continual feast, and it feasted with the Jewish Tubal. Suddenly, the contented actor is deposed; the part is given to another; he is Tubal no more. Now shall we test that principle of contentment which in him seems the guiding-star of his whole moral being. He was content with that which was a grievance to others; is he content to do nothing, instead of doing the disagreeable? Is he satisfied to play something else, and deliver nine words instead of fifteen? No, all the virtue vanished at the first trial. This Cato told the gods he was *not* satisfied. Instead of sitting down under the tranquil and abiding shadow of content, he tore his hair, and stormed about after the fashion of Kean himself in the great scene with Tubal. He supplicated for a re-installation in vain. Nightly has he played since, but with a broken spirit, and his soul will know contentment no more.

This case is cited here at some length, because it really did seem to be a case of true content; but it was simply an instance of eccentricity of taste. The stage philosopher *liked* the character of Tubal—that was all! A mystery, admitted; but less a mystery than the lurking-place of content.

It must frankly be owned that content may and does exist—that is to say in company with a complete gratification of our desires. When we are in possession of the thing we like, there is small doubt but that we are contented with it for the time being. As resignation is said to be much more perfect when the object we resign has ceased to have any attraction in our eyes, so contentment is unquestionably more sincere when the condition in which we entertain it is exactly suited to our fancy, and therefore all that we could wish. But this condition is the exception to the rule of life—hence the scarcity of content.

Content is the brightest jewel of the mind ;

which is as true as truth generally is in copy-books ; but then the diamond so often turns out to be paste. So many boots pinch that are highly polished ! We encountered lately an apparent example of content in a quiet country-residence, quite a sylvan snuggery as it is called—a freehold paradise that was never “to be let”—no noise, no smoke—all clear, tranquil, happy, and suited to the retired and musing tastes of its master. It turned out—yes, that’s the word—that its master wanted to turn out also. He lived there, not because it was his choice, but because it was “his own.” It was not content that kept him there so long, but convenience. When you choose the least of two evils, does it follow that you are contented with the smaller one because it is the smaller ? Our rustic moralist was panting to be a rover in town. He seemed a creature that would shrink, like a sensitive leaf, at the touch of a city—a being framed to steal through life, as though it were ever night-time, without making the least noise. On the contrary his ambition was, to

Flame in the forehead of the morning sky,
and cut a tremendous dash in London. While his soul seemed to crave no occupation, no delight, but to creep along under hedges in a green coat and drab gaiters, it was pining to become the centre of a circle and the founder of a fashion. The demure and modest simpleton, as town-breeding would have designated him, confessed that so far from shunning the public gaze, his pride would be “to drive a tandem with two large black dogs with him in front to keep his legs warm, and a black servant behind blowing a key-bugle.” While angling, twelve hours at a stretch, he was only brooding over the chances at hazard ; and while tenderly training his roses, he was dying to live in town and wrench off a knocker nightly.

“Never be a schoolmaster !” was the last injunction that rung in our youthful years as we sprang, liberated for life, out of the dominie’s dominions. How that old clergyman hated the life of a schoolmaster, and how regularly he had admonished us to be always contented with our lot ! The gallant officer who finds himself, at sixty seven, without a liver or a stiver, cries, “Now, if I had been put into a merchant’s counting-house !” and the speculator, at seventy-five, wishes he had been born a quarter of a century sooner, for he should have made a million had the war lasted. But to show where content is not, is “to run the great circle and be still at home.”

True content must, in any case, be very short-lived. The image of it may be imagined, rubicund and riotous, over a jolly full bottle at night, but not with a green and yellow melancholy in the morning. Suppose content has the gout, or wants a dinner !—evils that fall to the lot of rather more than are ever satisfied with them. To picture content stretched on the rack, is not an unreal or even a fantastic view of the ordinary condition of that virtue ; since beneath every roof, wherever mortal infirmity finds its needful habitation, there is a rack more or less screwed up, on which humanity stretches itself either compulsorily or voluntarily. And if people were to speak plain English (“a language,” as Mr. Evelyn observes, “which so few of the English do speak”) the phrases “Will you join our party of pleasure ?” or “Let us have the other bottle,” would not be more frequently in their mouths, than “We are going to put ourselves to torture, will you join us ?” or “The rack is ready, will you take a turn ?”

The poets tried for a long period to palm content off upon us as a prime virtue, ready for use at every season. They always portrayed this capital quality, as resident in a cottage—shabbily clad, and with a sharp appetite, which the good creature treated with silent contempt. The poets found the virtue sufficiently fabulous, and they left it more so. They never imagined, in those loyal times, that content could be the occupant of a throne. There, “pale *Discontent* sat crowned;” while charming cherry-cheeked Content was blooming in beggary. Concord had her temple, Fame too had hers; Peace had her pavilion, and Bliss forsooth must have her bower; Pleasure had her palace, and even Indolence had her castle, nothing less; but poor Content never got beyond a cottage. This it is to be a modest, humble, any-thing-will-do-for-me kind of virtue. The poets forgot that Content was at least as likely to take up her everlasting rest amidst the good things of this life as amidst the want of them. Poets are worldly fellows after all; they will not allow a meek virtue to be rewarded—it must always be “its own reward.”

However, they have now abandoned the theme. There has not been such a thing as a new Ode to Contentment written during the last quarter of a century. Not the most daring and imaginative of our young bards has taken such a flight as that. Yet such odes during the last century were the staple commodity of our poetry. During the American and French wars people read and ruminated about nothing but contentment. The word has not been mentioned in public since the peace. Content would militate terribly against the acquisition of capital, and affect very materially the course of our exchanges. It would have stopped short at the old oil-dripping lamp-post; it would now stop at the gas-crowned column, and put an extinguisher on the Bude light. It would have forbidden a single railroad to be cut, and would now forbid the establishment of a union between the earth and the moon, on the principle of that which already exists between England and Ireland.

Content, in short, to judge by the practice of the world, and not by the theory which the world maintains when neighbour advises neighbour, is an excellent thing, a very excellent thing indeed, when there is no other comfort left. The real Cottage of Content, therefore, is the Refuge for the Destitute. What contradictions we are made of! When a man is quite without resources, when he is done up, we bid him be content! It is fruitless to advise those who have much, to be satisfied, while they can make it more; it is absurd to advise those who have little, to abstain from making it much; it is only those who have NOTHING, who can ever be CONTENT.

HOWQUA

Is of three different sorts; although they are not generally particularized by the tea-dealers or brokers: viz.,

SOMEHOW-QUA, which includes Hyson, Souchong, Bohea, &c., as well as the tea advertised by Captain Pidding:

ANYHOW-QUA—composed of sloe, ash, willow, secondhand tea-leaves, or any other vegetable rubbish, and,

NÓHOW-QUA, which falls to the lot of those who cannot get any tea at all.

TEA H.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ÆLIAN'S PATCHWORK.

ABOUT the middle of the third century of our æra, when the vast empire of Rome was really in the enjoyment of a few months' peace, in consequence of the deeds of the Divus Hadrianus, there habited, not many hundred yards beyond the walls of the rose-loving Præneste, one Claudius Ælianus, a bachelor, author, and traveller, of some repute in that his native town. It was a snug little box that same bachelor's residence, with its tall poplars casting a pleasant shade over the small portico; its neatly paved Atrium; its comfortable Triclinium, not too small for nine, or too large for six, adorned with hangings, and lighted by four lamps of the bronze of Ægina, supported on tall candelabra of the same beautiful metal, and diffusing a pleasing and equable light from the corners of the room. And then too its Xystus, where the fairest flowers of Italy pleased the sight, and gratified the smell; its warm Solarium, where on a hot day the evening meal might be enjoyed amid lofty shrubs, in large moveable stands, and gently trickling fountains; and above all, its Bibliotheca. Now a library was a rarity in Præneste in those days, when a few rolls of papyrus gained more credit for their owner, than twenty square feet of well-filled bookcases do in these enlightened times. *Ergo*, the owner of a library was—a somebody.

Besides Claudius Ælianus was such a pleasant companion; he had studied at Athens, had travelled in Persia, visited the savage Britons, and could tell such excellent anecdotes that he had heard or made, and relate such hair-breadth escapes among the untutored savages north of the Danube, who, poor wretches, had never heard of Garum. Therefore every one in Præneste knew Ælianus, and Ælianus knew every one in Præneste. Then too, he was an author, and that was something in the days of Hadrian; the nephew of an author, and that was something more; and although his book had not shared in the sunshine of the emperor's smiles, as that of his uncle had, still it not only ought, but certainly would; so every one in Præneste declared, had any one but Hadrian sat on the throne. The reason was obvious. The uncle had written on military tactics, of which the Divus Hadrianus was no mean judge; the nephew had discoursed on rare and strange animals; and though the emperor was a tolerable judge of horse-flesh, though rather given to whims, in the arrangement of his *ménage*, yet he knew nothing and cared less for goats without horns, or sheep with, sea-wolves, or clever mice. But still our bachelor was an author. Besides, he now and then went to Rome to stay with some of the literati of the capital, and as he reclined on his elbow at the triclinium, could rehearse many a facetious saying of his friend Sammonicus, the court physician; could, if greatly pressed, give a friend an unpublished recipe for some new sauce, given to him by his dear friend Apicius, only a few days before he destroyed himself; could quote the sententious philosophy of Apuleius or the historical comments of Justin; could obtain a free gratis opinion of husbandry from his friend Palladius, the great writer on that subject and experimental farmer of the time, and was in short a very busy and very useful personage.

But with all this Claudius Ælianus was not happy. He had, as we
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have said, travelled much, he was a perfect Greek scholar, and in order to obtain the praise of the doctissimi, rather than the applause of the stultissimi, had composed his history of animals in very good Greek, and had thereby ensured its failure. During his studies at Athens, in his travels and, in his own private reading, he had contrived to pick up a very large quantity of facts, curiosities and observations, with which he had, like a prudent man, filled many a small note book, and several very long rolls of papyrus. Now, though our bachelor's fragments were very numerous, and curious, and on all subjects; yet as that was not the age of "Anecdotiana," "Scrap-books," or "Patchwork," or even "Table-talk," he could not think of concocting another work out of this mass, until by further travels he had verified his old facts and filled up gaps by new ones. But here was the rub. *Ælian* was indeed rich enough to keep a good bachelor's house and a good bachelor's table, a fair quantum of slaves, a good home farm, and other comforts for existence in those days; but with all this, he could not afford to travel. Though he did not mind throwing away a sestertium or two on transcribing a few copies of any book he might write, or an extra *as* or two for a presentation copy on superfine papyrus; yet he could not afford to expend three or four hundred sestertia in travelling expenses; and as there were neither steam-engines nor post-horses, the thing could not be done under a couple of thousand pounds. Neither could he persuade any rich man to come down handsomely in consideration of a good dedication, should the author return alive; or to advance the money on the literary property of the borrower. Still *Ælian* lived in hope. All things must gradually waste away and come to an end, and amongst the rest, the blindness of the present generation. Ability must prevail at last. So he went on gathering where he could, and adding to his heap of notes, in the hope of some day astonishing the world with a series of works in Attic Greek, on the most diverse and interesting subjects.

Had quarterlies and monthlies existed in those days—alas, poor Romans, for your loss!—many and many would have been the quaint, pleasant, chatty articles he would have contributed. Roll after roll of his papyrus memoranda would have gone to plum a first rate review of the "*Tres Hebdomadas inter Persas*," of *Pomposius Rapidus*, or "*Alti Volantis ad Extremum Occidentem Cursus*," with accurate engravings of the savages of the isle of *Mona*. Having no such opportunity *Ælian* went on gathering—in hope; until at last a mistake of his cook in concocting the celebrated *Garum Apicii cum fictis-pennis* from a manuscript recipe, a complete *donatio mortis causâ*, sent poor *Ælian* to the nether world through the medium of a poisonous chain pignon. As the value of water is not known until the want of it is experienced, so poor *Claudius* was not rightly estimated as an author, until his place at the triclinium was vacant and the auctioneer's bill ornamented his portico. It might have been that his pleasant réunions, his Attic suppers and bachelor dinners being no longer present so as to throw into the background his other claims, these last revived and began to claim their own proper respect. Now, so all *Præneste* admitted, he was undoubtedly a good writer, a clever conversationalist, a fair naturalist, a respectable historian. Consequently every saying that he had uttered was recorded, every note that he had left among his papers was carefully gathered and treasured up: for authors were rarities in *Præneste*. Forthwith a race

commenced between the greatest bibliopolist of Rome and the publishing chef, a kind of Bath library man, of Præneste, as to who should publish the remains—that huge pile of papyrus, written from end to end and filled with scraps and sketches—which our friend had left behind him. Hence originated the publication of the “First Note Book,” or “Book of the Boudoir” of either the golden, silvern, or brazen age.

As the progenitor of these numerous volumes of “Ana” which the world now possesses, this work of Ælian’s deserves our attention: as a compilation containing some information and more amusement, we need not hesitate to take the trouble of giving some account of its contents. Whilst as the means of preserving from utter oblivion many passages from the works of authors now entirely lost to us, its value may be admitted.

Yet who ever read one word of Ælian’s “*Varia Historiæ*?” who ever so much as heard of him? Few except those learned and hard headed Germans and Dutchmen, the Gesners, the Scheffers, the Kuhns, the Gronovii and the Schneiders, who have edited and translated the work, and in the word of the title, “*Suas adnotationes adjecerunt.*” Such is our excuse for introducing our friends to this work, and also to a very quaint and rather old anonymous translation of it, which preserves the quaintness of the author at the expense of good writing.

We have said that it was our author’s intention to astonish the literary public with a variety of erudite works on the most different subjects. A mere cursory view of the contents of his note-book bears us out in this assertion. We find ample materials for a fresh volume on Animals; hints and records for Private Anecdotes of the Courts of Athens and Lacedæmon; notes for Recollections of the Great Greek Philosophers; facts for an Essay on Temperance Societies; and for what would have been an ‘*Eccl.*’ of Brown’s “Vulgar Errors.” And besides these, a mass of *disjecta membra* suitable either for the stroll in the porticos or the lounge at the triclinium.

Let us begin on the “beastises,” as the clown said at the fair. Swainson, Jardine, and Jesse, hide your diminished heads! and listen to a Roman’s *anecdotaliana* of the animal creation.

“The frogs of Ægypt are endowed with superior wisdom, and in that respect far excel the rest of the Batrachians. Whenever one of this race perceives that it cannot avoid one of the large water-snakes of the Nile, it forthwith bites off a long reed; and gripping it hard by the middle, carries it transversely across its mouth. Now the mouth of the water-snake is not large enough to admit of its swallowing the frog and the reed together. And by this means, therefore, the craft of the frog becomes superior to the strength of the snake.”*

It seems, too, that the dogs of Ægypt are equally ‘cute with the frogs; for instead of running head on to the river, and taking a long draught until their thirst is fully satisfied, “being afraid of the beasts that lie hid in the reeds, he runs along the bank, taking a snatching lap at the water as he can, until at last he quenches his thirst and saves his *me.*”†

Our author continues his researches on the natural talent of animals, with a couple of notes on the abilities of sea-horses and polyps.

“The terrestrial fox is, no doubt, very crafty, but the marine fox is

* Var. Hist., lib. i., sec. 3.

† Lib. i., sec. 4.

absolutely full of deceit. For though there is no kind of food that he will not eat, and no time when he seems satisfied, yet he actually laughs at a fisher's hook. For before the angler can draw in the rod, with a leap it seizes the line in its teeth, and having severed it, swims away again. By this means, two or three hooks are consumed on one fish, and then, after all, the fisher cannot consume him when caught at last.”*

“The polyps are very voracious, and by no means particular in their eating. Very often the larger among them catch the smaller in their hair, as the fishers call the legs of the polyps, and devour them alive. Towards fish they are very clever, lying beneath the shade of a rock, and giving to their bodies the colour of the rock, they let their hair float on the water, until the fish caught in the meshes of this net are drawn in and eaten.”†

Passing over the spiders and the phalanges, we come to the wild pigs and the hyoscyamus, and the cure for a sick lion.

“Wild pigs are not altogether ignorant of medicine and nursing. For when, by accident they may have chanced to eat hyoscyamus, they drag along their paralysed limbs to the nearest water, and there indulge in a feast of ciabs. By this means they become free from the effects of the poison, and are made whole every whit.”‡

“Nothing else will do a sick lion any good but an ape. But if he can but eat an ape, his illness departs at once.”§

Mice and ants, says our author, are true prophets. For the former are the first to perceive the impending ruin of a house—our Scotch neighbours say, of a family,—and forthwith desert their old habitations and go in search of a new city of refuge. Whilst the ants, whenever there is a prospect of a famine, lay up a double store of provender against the evil day. And when a prodigy is required to frighten a tyrant into good behaviour, a lamb can bring forth a lion, as the Coans discovered when the tyrant Necippus was too bad to bear.||

Do we not remember how, in our age of petticoats and little trowsers with frills at the bottom, we have turned with ill-concealed amazement and anger at some elder brother or sister, or elder cousin, who thought it fine to laugh at us little ones, just got into his skeletons himself, or some would-be wit of a visitor who has written under our first efforts of animal portrait painting, *This is a Bull*. Let us be calm: and if antiquity can soothe us, let us be soothed. In the infancy of painting, when the art was yet in its cradle and at the breast, the delineations of things were so rude, that the painters were accustomed to write under each painting, *This is a Bull*, *This is a Horse*, *This is a Tree*.¶

Oh! nature sure will always bring
Some comfort out of everything.

Cock-fighting having been long consigned to the tomb of prohibited amusements, only to be read of in an out-of-the-way corner of the *Life in London*, or the Sunday papers, we introduce as our next quotation, the moral, political and philosophical view of the subject, taken by Themistocles and the Athenians.**

“After the defeat of the Persians, the Athenians passed a law, that there should be annual cock-fights in the theatre. The reason of this decree was as follows:—At the moment when Themistocles was leading

* Var. Hist., lib. i., sec. 5.
§ Lib. i., sec. 6.

|| Lib. i., sec. 29.

† Lib. i., sec. 1.

¶ Lib. x., sec. 10.

‡ Lib. i., sec. 7,
** Lib. ii., sec. 29.

the burgher array against the countless hosts of Persia, he beheld two game-cocks engaged in battle with each other. Unwilling to pass over such an occurrence, he commanded the army to halt: whilst he thus addressed his soldiers: 'Look,' he said, 'look at those birds; they, willingly endure blows, and wounds, and death! For what? For their country? For the altars of their gods? For the ashes of their ancestors? For the sake of glory, liberty, or their offspring? No! for victory alone.' The effect was instantaneous; and in order to retain this impression, the Athenians made that decree." With all due deference to Themistocles and *Ælian*, we must believe that the ladies of the poultry-yard had some share in the reasons of the contest:

"Teterina belli—

Fœmina causa fuit."

The cock that jumped on the stump of the mainmast of the *Van-guard*, and crowed as the battle roared, was a jollier cock than either of the private friends of Themistocles.

Let us conclude this portion of our notice with two anecdotes, to the former of which we invite the especial attention of all such as can remember my lord Portsmouth's carriage and four, with its four canine occupants, whilst to the latter we request Mr. Jesse to look, previous to a new edition of his book about wonderful animals.

"There once lived a Polearch of Athens, so over luxurious, that he used to carry his dogs and his cocks out with him, give them public funerals, and invite all his friends—not their friends—to the funereal feast, and then perpetuate his feelings by plaintive inscriptions on the elegant sepulchres, beneath which he had placed their bones."*

"In a certain city of Achaia, called Patras, a young boy bought a dragon whelp, and brought it up with unremitting care and kindness. As the beast grew, it came to share in the conversation, the amusements, and the couch of its young master, as though it were a rational creature. At last the dragon grew to its full size, and the citizens drove it out into the woods. Some years after, when the boy, now grown to manhood, was returning late at night from some show in the neighbourhood, he and his companions were set upon by a band of robbers. The noise of the onset waked the dragon, who forthwith sprang from its hiding-place, dispersed the companions of the youth, slew the robbers, and convoyed his old master safe home."†

With this discriminating dragon, that beats the lion in Sandford and Merton out of sight, we conclude this portion of *Ælian's* note book.

A propos of dragons; Medusa who showed Jason how to get to windward of a very huge one, did not kill her children. How the world is given to lying! Hear our bachelor.

"It is rumoured that the story about Medea is not true. And that it was not she, but the Corinthians who killed her children. And that Euripides—the scamp!—concocted the entire fable about Cholchis and his tragedy into the bargain at the especial request of the citizens of Corinth. And thus a lie prevailed over the truth though the excellence of the poetry. It is also rumoured that even now the Corinthians sacrifice to the manes of the children to appease their just wrath."‡

We are well assured that Mr. Euripides, to please the Athenians, altered

* Var. Hist., lib. viii., sec. 4.

† Lib. xiii., sec. 46.

‡ Lib. v., sec. 21.

the entire fable of Xuthus and Ion, so as to make the latter appear no "novus homo." It seems he did more for the "rich Corinth"—of course for a *consideration*. Oh fie, Euripides!

There cannot be a doubt that Ælian, like all pure gourmands, had an utter detestation of gross feeding and swinish intemperance. It may indeed speak well for a man's moral perception, if his cook can melt butter; the delicacy of his wines, the seasoning of his *patées*, are all evidences of an elegant mind and a well-tutored taste. The power of carrying off a dozen of any wine under your belt, or of beating a friend a feed by two basins of turtle soup, a couple of boiled fowls and a ham, is but to qualify to be king of the sty. Ælian's notitiæ on this subject are very numerous, including gourmandizing gods and women, fat kings, living skeletons, drunken philosophers, and abstemious prize-fighters.

Among the Dii Minores, Hercules was always laughed at by satirists and comedians for the hugeness of his appetite. In the Frogs of Aristophanes, the unfortunate Bacchus, when disguised as the hero of the club, is nearly hauled up before the judge for some long score the real Hercules has never paid at the eating-house: whilst in the Birds, the weak side of the hero is touched by the shrewd King of Nephelococcygia, and a good dinner made the lever by which the mind of the ambassador is heaved round to the side of his feathered entertainers. And no wonder the son of Maia gained this reputation. Our voracious noter informs us, that on a slight quarrel he challenged Lepreas to throw the discus, draw a bucket of water, eat his way through a bull, and drink out a hogshead, and when he had clearly distanced him in all these accomplishments, knocked out his brains as a little after dinner's recreation and exercise.* And when the sex, the size of the god, the exercise, the excitement under which he had suffered are considered, his appetite is nothing to that of a certain demoiselle called Aglais, who wore false curls and a high comb, and played on the double pipe. A pretty knife and fork she played, and that, too, daily. Hear our author:—

"Her daily meat was twelve minæ of meat and four choinixes of bread washed down with a choa of wine:"† or in modern terms, twelve pounds of meat, eight pounds of bread, and about three bottles of wine. O jam satis, Mistress Aglais!

Timotheus the son of Conon recognised the benefit of short suppers. After one of his mess-room feasts, he went to take a snack with Plato, and found light feeding the order of the evening. When he came back to his messmates, "Ho!" says he, "those who sup with Plato won't be troubled with the heartburn or the headache at night. Come pass the pitcher." "My dear fellow" said he to Plato, the next day, "your suppers are better the second day than the first." "Whereby" remarks Ælian, "he plainly showed that light suppers do not engender indigestion."‡

Now, ladies and gentlemen, walk up and see the fat man of the days of Alexander. "I hear," says Ælian, "that Dionysius, the son of Clearchus tyrant of Heraclea, had, by continual gourmandising, grown to a very mountain of flesh and fat. One consequence of his enormous covering of fat was a difficulty of breathing, so the physicians devised a remedy. Whenever he had fallen into too heavy a sleep, they used to run a num-

* Var. Hist., lib. i., sec. 24.

† Lib. i., sec. 26.

‡ Lib. ii., sec. 18.

ber of sharp skewers into his stomach and sides, and endeavour to pierce the outer fat. As long as the skewers failed of penetrating this covering, there he lay like a stone; as soon as they did reach the pure flesh he would awake and proceed to transact public business, seated in a sort of moveable turret, which concealed his obese form and permitted only his head to appear over the battlements.”*

A Roman general when he triumphed, was always accompanied by a slave, whose duty it was to remind him that, amid all his glory, he was yet a man. Our fat friend had much more numerous and impressive hints of his humanity, from the diurnal prickings of his life-preserving skewers. Compare with this picture a counter-attraction for a neighbouring caravan, a thin man, to whom the living skeleton and Mr. Cavanagh were fools.

“Philetus of Cos was so thin and slight in his person, that he was in constant fear of being blown away by the sea-breezes. And being desirous of escaping such a fate, they say, that he had leaden soles made to his shoes, to enable him to resist the winds.”

Our author does not quite believe this story—

“No,” he says, “how could he carry about a sufficient weight of lead to prevent his being blown away, if he was so weak that he could not resist the sea-breezes. Nevertheless,” continues the diner-out, in a true Herodotean spirit, “what the world says of this man, I have related.

“In my opinion speaking falsehoods.”†

As the Father of History would say, when prefacing a regular American, “But, nevertheless, they do say.”

Would space allow us, we could write down such a list of great names, whose deeds in the wine-trade would frighten any teetotal meeting at Exeter Hall, and throw into the darkest of shades—not the Old Shades at London-bridge—the thirty-six tumblers of Father Miguire at the dinner of—we will not say what—coursing-meeting. Our author’s records of great drinkers are well worthy the attention of the anti-drink-anything-at-all society, to whose consideration we recommend them, and to whose council we offer ourselves as editor of them, for “a consideration.” Let them consider the effect of some orator, flinging abroad his arms, and declaiming “ore rotundissimo” against the drunkenness and debauchery of the Byzantines, the Megareans, and that φιλονοτατον ἔθνος of the Tapyreans. Consider such a Greek sentence as this about these same Tapyrei.

“Καὶ οὐ μόνον εἰς πώμα καταχρῶνται αὐτῶ, ἀλλὰ καὶ χρίσμα ἐστιν. Ἀυτοῖς ὁ οἶνος ὡς περ ἑλλοῖς τὸ ἔλαιον.”

On the principle of the *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, so peculiarly adapted to public speaking, were we in Exeter Hall at a temperance meeting we would call these Tapyreans, a φιλονοτατον ἔθνος, instead of a wine-loving nation, and would leave the longer quotation in its native dress. For the benefit, however, of the non-blue ladies, we declare it to mean, that these Tapyreans do not only use wine as wine, but as oil is used by other nations, as ointment.

Yes, my dear friends, it is their ‘Macassar oil.’ This would en-

* Var. Hist., lib. ix., sec. 13.

† Lib. ix., sec. 14. Lib. x., sec. 6.

sure a doubling of the guinea franchise, and a round dozen of life-governors by composition.*

The ancient legislators, especially Seleucus, whose laws were produced under the sign manual of Minerva herself, were strict in the matter of wine, especially towards the ladies. They generally cut the fair sex off from their wine altogether, or allowed them the indulgence under great restrictions, and at great intervals.

Ælian—and in that point he is not solitary—would have us believe that the ladies of Italy were not permitted to drink wine, at least in the days of Rome's innocence—we wonder when those days were. Some said it was because their husbands could not trust them. Pshaw!—it was because once upon a time an Italian wife lost her husband a cask of prime Falernian. Hear the chronicler—it is an old tale.

"Once upon a time, as Hercules was wandering through Italy, and he felt tired and lazy from a hard day's work after Cacus, he espied a rustic at his hut-door, and asked him for a draught of wine; the boor agreed, and went to broach a cask for the traveller.

"'Na, na,' said the boor's wife, 'you shan't give that great fellow our wine, gi'e him some water.'

"The obedient husband did so; and Hercules took his draught, thanked the man, and prepared to start.

"'Come,' said he, 'friend, let's see this cask of wine you spoke of; I'm not thirsty now.'

"As he would not be said Nay to, they went to look at the cask, when, O Bacchus! Bacchus! it was converted into solid stone."†

A clear authority for the custom of prohibiting the luxury of wine to the Italian ladies. They made up for it in the days of the emperors. There were few heartier toppers than some of those coroneted ladies in those days. But a truce to all this eating and drinking, let us turn to graver subjects.

Our author's notes for a biographical history of the great philosophers are replete with the good sayings of these masters of philosophy. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Diogenes, Archytas, Zeno, Pythagoras, all contribute their proportion of good things and sharp sayings, many of which no doubt were uttered with great effect at the Attic suppers of Præneste. Let us begin with Plato's hint to the members of the four-in-hand club.

"Once upon a time, one Amicus, of Cyrene, who had a great notion of his own driving, thought he would give Plato a specimen of his skill; so he drove his team into the gardens of the academy, chose out a good bit of ground and commenced his exhibition. Round and round he went, course after course, always in the same track, the wheels of his drag and the feet of his horses always falling into the same marks, so the spectators thought a great deal of him. Plato, however, took him up rather short for wasting so much time to so little purpose, and gave him a hint that all the time, trouble, ability, and expense he expended on his driving, was only so much taken away from more serious and profitable studies."

So (as the old reports say), the Cyrenæan whip took nothing by his motion.‡ Let us speak of the old man Socrates.

* Var. Hist., lib. iii., sec. 13, 14, 16.

† Lib. ii., 38. Marrius Siculus apud Athenæum, lib. viii.

‡ Lib. ii.

When in the extreme of his age, Socrates was afflicted with a sore disease, one of his friends inquired of him how he was?

"Well, very well," replied the sage, "whate'er events betide me. If I survive, those who will envy me will be increased; if I die, those who will praise me."

Not such were the feelings of the stoic Anaxagoras, when he replied to the messenger who bore to him the tidings of his son's death,

"I was well aware that I had begotten mortals."

Well do we remember the merry grin, with which our old college-tutor used to emit his annual joke on the frequent occurrence of the shoemaker in the ethics, and tell his cubs, how Aristotle, being a peripatetic,* wore out a great many shoes, and therefore had the fear of his shoemaker's bill before his eyes, and his example ever ready in his mind.

Ælian unfolds a darker tale; not only did he wear, and we hope pay for many shoes, but he employed the Hobby of Athens, and walked about a philosopher in shiny-leather boots. At last Athens got too hot for our philosopher, so he retired to Melas.

"What sort of a city is Athens?" asked a friend.

"Most beautiful," replied the philosopher, "but

As pyre to pyre, so fig to fig succeeds,"

rather a home-thrust at the sycophants.

"But why did you leave the city?" continued his friend.

"I was unwilling to afford them an opportunity of perpetrating a second error in their philosophy."

Alas! poor Socrates was their first error.†

Diogenes, the cynic, had a rough way of telling his mind, but though a rascal, he was a good schoolmaster, and he cared not where his hints fell.

As he was sitting in a poor tavern one day, where the lower of the Athenians used to resort, he saw Demosthenes pass the door.

"Come in, friend," said the cynic.

The orator looked at the poverty of the house and refused.

"What! ashamed to come in here; your master has no such shame, he comes here at all hours of the day."

Demosthenes walked on in disgust, and the cynic smiled after the people's slave.‡

The cynic's next victim was a Spartan, who was praising that line of *Hesiod*, in which under a rural metaphor, he enunciates the principle of no effect without a cause.

Οὐδ' ἂν βούς ἀπόλοιτ' εἰ μὴ γείτων κακὸς εἴη.§

"True," said Diogenes, "the Messenians and their cattle perished, and ye were their next neighbours."

"Humph!" growled the discomposd Spartan.||

Another time he went to the games at Olympia.

Among the company were some young dandies of Rhodes, all dress and glitter, silks and gold.

"Ha, ha!" said the cynic, "there's a fool."

One who admired the Spartan habits pointed out a knot of that nation not very far off, conspicuous for their rags and dirt.

* He had been a soldier and a chemist previously.

† Var. Hist., lib. iii., sec. 19. Lib. v., sec. 9. Lib. iii., sec. 36. ‡ Lib. ix., sec. 19.

§ *Hesiod*. Days and Works, 358. "Not even an ox would die without an evil neighbour."

|| Var. Hist., lib. ix., sec. 28.

"Ha, ha!" cried the cynic, "here's another fool."*

And yet the old man, with all his bitterness, and all his moroseness, thought well of the world, and never said with Archytas, "that it was as difficult to find a fish without fins, as a man without deceit and malice."†

Let us conclude with two sayings, the one of Themistocles, who must be allowed to come in here, the other of Plato, who has a right to a place.

"Themistocles used to compare himself to an oak; when the winds blow and the rain falls, men gather under its branches for shelter; but as soon as the heavens are clear, they that go by pluck at its fruit and its branches."

"If," said he again, "I came to two roads, the one of which led to (an unmentionable locality), the other to the Common Pleas, I rather go direct to the devil, than pay a visit to a jury."‡

When some one spoke to Plato of the vastness of the buildings of the Agrigentines, their size, their solidity, and their expense, and also the luxuriousness of their suppers,

"The Agrigentines," said the philosopher, "build as if they were to live for ever, and eat as if on the point of death."

Such was his opinion of a nation who Timæus says used silver drinking cups and stugils, and reposed on bedsteads of solid ivory amid palaces of the richest and most varied marbles.§

At the end of most Acts of Parliament are some dozens of clauses entirely unconnected the one with the other, thrown together in this sort of wastepaper-basket, for the want of a better house of residence. With such an olio, *de omnibus rebus nec non de quibusdam aliis*, our paper must conclude. Because, *imprimis*, our author has not taken the pains to arrange the greater part of his notes; secondly, because none of those hard-headed Germans under whose editorial hands his work has come, have attempted to do that for him; and lastly, because arrangement would be impossible, except under very large heads. One, indeed, may be attempted: let us call it the cyclical nature of events, or practical examples of the Jim-Crowism of Human Nature. When a certain athlete sat in the Reform Parliament, the newspapers on both sides, though taking exactly opposite views of the event, agreed in one point—its entire novelty.

"Never was such a thing heard of before, as a prize-fighter being converted into a legislator," said the *Post*.

"First step up the ladder of liberalism," cried the *Times* of those days.

Now, so far from it being a novelty, it was but the return *volventibus annis*, of an event of the days of Artaxerxes Mnemon. When Nicodorus of Mantinæa, we are told by *Ælian*, retired from the ring, and composed a code of laws for his fellow-citizens, "By which," as our author says, "he became much more useful to his country." Nicodorus sat for Mantinæa, Gully for Pontefract ||

Again. During the war we were very ready to laugh at the non-porter-imbibing delicacy of the Tenth, the dandyism of the Guards, or the ornamental frippery of the Lancers, and then with a turned-up

* Var. Hist., lib. ix., sec. 34.

† Lib. x., sec. 12.

‡ Lib. ix., sec. 18.

§ Lib. xii. sec. 29. Tim. ap. Athen. ii. 2.

|| Var. Hist., lib. ii., sec. 20.

nose to ask whether such poor spalpeens as those would fight. The Athenians did so before them.

"The ancient Athenians," says Ælian, "wore cloaks of purple over embroidered tunics, bound their hair in huge knots on the top of their heads, and ornamented it with grasshoppers of pure gold; ofttime with many more ornaments than these, would they walk abroad, whilst a page followed with a camp-stool, lest by sitting on any foul stone their dress might be stained. To this effeminacy of dress they added a great delicacy of diet. And such were they when they fought at Marathon."

Such too were the Tenth, when they endured the Peninsula.

"Blood against bone," said the Duke, "and blood wins."*

We must all remember a certain old song, relating to the misfortunes of a poor author, exalted high aloft in a garret, dependent on tick for his living, and on chalk for his milk. He has only one shirt, and must be in bed whilst that is being washed by his wife. Take courage—for even so did Epaminondas.†

Leastwise he would, had not it been,
That shirts were not invented.

"Epaminondas," says Ælian, "was once so poor that he had but one cloak," an appendage quite as indispensable in those days as a shirt in the nineteenth century. "In consequence of which," continues our author, "whenever he was obliged to send to the fuller, he kept at home as long as the fuller kept his cloak."

Thus affirming, *ceteris paribus*, the principle of lying in bed whilst the wash-tub holds your solitary shirt.

Who can fail to recognise the glass slipper of Cinderella in the tiny shoe of one not less fair, though hardly of so good a moral character as the Goody Twoshoes of fairy notoriety. As the Ægyptian Rhodope, more fair in person than in mind, was bathing, an eagle swooping down from the skies, pounced on one of her slippers, and bore it away to Memphis, where, circling above the judgment-seat of the king, Psammiticus, as he sat in his royal court of justice, the bird dropped the slipper into the bosom of the king. Struck with the minuteness of the slipper, and the elegance of its form, Psammiticus bad his servants search through the land, until they found the owner of the marvellous shoe. Thus did the cyprian rise to the throne of the king. *Ecce iterum Cinderella*!‡

Every writer on America, from Basil Hall to Sam Slick, has noticed the extraordinary custom of that country in passing their time in whittling. The judge on the bench, the speaker in his chair, the orator at the bar, the senator in the hall, the squatter in the far west, the president in his palace, one and all whittle: out come the knives, and gradually tables, chair legs, walking sticks, and broom-handles, become thinner and thinner, whilst a pile of shavings attests the prowess of the unlicensed whittler. Would Sam Slick believe that the new land is but an humble imitator of a barbarian race of Tyrants in the far East; will Captain Hall credit that when the president whittles,* he does but what Cyrus, Cambyzes, Darius, and Xerxes did before. Let us hear our author.

"When the King of Persia goeth on a journey, he carrieth no book wherewith to while away the tedium of the day, nor doth he encourage deep and serious meditation. But he has with him in his chariot a thin

* Var. Hist., lib. iv., sec. 22.

† Lib. v., sec. 6.

‡ Lib. xii., sec. 33.

tablet and a small knife. And so by scraping the former with the latter he doth dissipate the tedium of his journey."*

Only think of Mr. President Tyler whittling in a steam-carriage from Squamash flats to Tylerville, Massachusetts. Dear, dear, think of having written so much, and yet not been able to introduce the history of the Derdanes, who washed only thrice in their lives, birth, marriage, and death; † or the account of Mr. Edginton's tent, ‡ the new medical recipes, § the prodigiés, || the quarries, ¶ the man who could see from Sicily to Carthage, and count the ships in the harbour Cothon from the promontory of Lilibœuin,** the hints for painters, *cum multis aliis, quæ nunc præscribere longum est.*

We can only hope that our extracts from this earliest collection of Ana, fragments of voyages and travels, table-talk, patchwork, or whatever other name it may bear, may induce some one to read this paper.

"Hope," says Plato, "is the dream of wakeful men."

Methinks this paper is not unlike a dream, for Dryden says, dreams are the interludes which fancy makes :—

When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medly of disjointed things,
A court of coblers or a mob of kings.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE STUDENT LIFE OF GERMANY.††

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker.—OLD SONG.

It is impossible to read this work without coming to the conclusion that the German Students must be bewitching and irresistible fellows. They drink beer, it is true, like draymen, smoke like steam-engines, dress like picture-cards, and are terribly prone to the duello, and to slit cheeks, and slice off noses; and yet there is such a fascination about the rogues—such a taking *je ne sçais quoi*—that they charm the very last persons who ought to be charmed by them—staid, sober, and peaceable members of the Society of Friends! The practices we have named seemed tolerably stiff fences—formidable moral raspers and bullfinches for such slow-going sectarians to get over; nevertheless Friend William has cleared them at a flying leap—and even Friend Mary appears to have gone after him—as cleverly as Mause Headrigg,

By the help of the Lord I have loupit a wa'!

In our simplicity, we should have considered a German Bursch and a Quaker as the Antipodes of each other. They have, indeed, the same number of limbs and the common form of humanity, but in everything else they are as different as gunpowder and starch, yea, as a hedgehog and a mole—a wild boar and a Chinese pig—a bombshell and a Norfolk dumpling—firestone and slate—ginger-pop and pump water—a broadsword and a fish-slice—Punch and the wax-work—a devilled gizzard and a lamb's sweetbread—curry and pap—an Infernal Machine and

* Var. Hist., lib. xiii., sec. 12. † Lib. iv., sec. 5. ‡ Lib. ix., sec. 3. § Lib. v., secs. 1, 2. || Lib. xii., sec. 5. ¶ Lib. xii., sec. 13. ** Lib. iv., sec. 4.

†† By William Howitt, from the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius.

a parish engine! Why, in the mere matter of Cavalier love-locks, and a cropped head, they are as far as the *poles* asunder!—not to forget the hat or cap of a German, which goes off far oftener than the guns of the saluting battery at Dover, whereas John Ellwood took himself off bodily from his father's house, rather than remove his beaver! Then, what a world of distance between The Heidelberg Beer Code, with its 141 articles, and a Temperance Tract!—the Manifesto of Karl Ludwig Sand and the Treaty of William Penn!—a Dummer Junge Challenge and Barclay's Apology!—the Bursch Lied of "Old Noah" (page 300), and a Poem, by Bernard Barton! And yet, strange as it may seem—stranger than a coalition of Chartists and Tories—the association has actually taken place; the Bursch and the Quaker, if we may believe the volume before us, have been hand and glove—bottle and glass, hob and nob, as thick as thieves—and have anstoss'd, smollis'd, crambambuli'd, rubbed salamanders, smoked, sentimentalized, and sung Old Rose together!!! Nay more, on New Year's Eve—the eve of a new era in Quakerism, the Student Hoffman, accompanied by his guitar, chanted a song from the pen of Friend Mary—"Mare Pacificum!"—with the jolly burthen,

Then drink and be glad, sirs,
Laugh and be gay,
Keep sober to-morrow,
But drink to-day

No! the new William and Mary can never have gone over to Holland in the solid Batavier. They must have been honoured, like Sir Walter Scott, with a ship of war for their passage, and a crew of those hearty good fellows who

Sing a little and work a little,
And laugh a little and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

And do we like the Friends any the worse for all this? Not a jot should we, if they did not at the same time pretend to the other character—not a whit, if they did not seem inclined to propitiate the foreign Student and compliment his Fatherland at the expense of their own Mother country and her Collegians. As for the socialities of Oxford and Cambridge, to which the Kneips and the Hirschgasse are "*heaven and innocence*," we really think that it must require a more determined sottishness to become fuddled with "gentle and innocent" Rhine wine and an "amiable table beer," than to get drunk with "sherry or port three-fourths brandy." While as pastimes the noble exercise of rowing, and the manly game of cricket, altogether bump and bowl out the mock-heroical duello "with its scratching of noses and puncturing of padding." An English fox-chase for costume, spirit, and sport must beat a Heidelberg Fox Ride (we wish Nimrod would just look at the frontispiece), by fifty lengths; nay even "Life in London, with its cloud blowing, swipery, fancy chants, well toggery, and turns-up, would almost stand a comparison with the lauded "Life in Germany!"

Seriously, there are doubtless virtues that redeem the vulgarities and the vices of the Studentdom; but considering how it dresses, how it drinks, how it smokes, how it sings, how it dances, and how it fights, how it could charm a Howitt is one of the Wonders of our Century!

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES.*

THIS excellent novel, like its predecessor from the same pen—"Temptation"—belongs to a class that we could earnestly desire to see more "fashionable" than it is. Nor can we divine why it should not be so; since it lacks no one of the good qualities which have caused the popularity of the fortunate class in question; while it includes others of a much higher nature, which *they* for the most part repudiate or neglect, and not seldom condemn and virtually ridicule. The class of novels of which "The School for Wives" is an excellent example, aim at, and in the most noticeable specimens attain, that pleasant and piquant amusement which ever results from the lively delineation of actual manners and society; and a large portion of their pictures are drawn from the upper ranks of life: but they use these materials as means, not as ends—their aim pointing at some excellent moral purpose, and their result inevitably more or less attaining it. They desire to make their readers wiser and happier than they would otherwise have been; and they so shape their design as to secure its attainment in a greater or less degree,—a quality in the absence of which books are no better than any other of those frivolous pastimes in which civilized times have always abounded, and which, if they kill time not unpleasantly, *kill* it nevertheless.

Our readers, however, will strangely mistake the character of the highly entertaining novel to which we would now particularly point their attention—"The School for Wives"—if they suppose that it has any do-me-good air belonging to it: they may even read it through and enjoy it without ever discovering that its writer had any higher design than that of affording so many hours of intellectual, in place of mere mechanical amusement. But they cannot, if they would, escape its ameliorating influence. The *utile* of its design is so inextricably blended with the *dulce* of its execution, that the former will have its way, however the latter may conceal its presence,—as the flower conceals the germs of the fruit, that without it could never have attained form and substance.

Without going into detail touching the plan and construction of "The School for Wives"—which is the most unfair and unsatisfactory thing that can be done for all parties, in regard to works of this nature—we may nevertheless state that its main design is to show the absolute nullity in themselves, of personal beauty, station, or wealth, or all these united, in securing the happiness of their owners,—which is a thing of the mind, the heart, or the temperament—not of those "complements *extern*," which society and circumstance too generally put in their place. But "The School for Wives" has a still higher aim than that of impressing the above truth: it would show, and does show, in the admirably constructed character and fortunes of its heroine, Susan Bouverie, that a union of every quality of the heart and mind which might seem to deserve and to command happiness may, by circumstances, be utterly baffled in the attainment of it, until that particular *frume* of heart and mind be achieved which lifts them both, as with wings, above the things of earth, and thus enables them to *escape* the influence which they cannot control or counteract. The careful skill and, the earnest purpose with which this design is worked out in "The School for Wives,"

* The School for Wives; a Novel. By the author of "Temptation," &c.

commands from us no less respect than admiration ; and the wide limits into which the details of the design branch out make the work as excellent a " school " for husbands, for mothers, for sons, for daughters, even for old maids, as it is for " wives."

On the other hand, for those who are (or fancy themselves) too wise to go to school or too old to be taught, and who read only to be entertained, this novel, if we do not greatly mistake its character, will (if they do not happen to meet with the above insight into its design and tendency) pass for nothing better than a clever and carefully-finished picture of English life and society as it exists in our own immediate day ; and it will go hard if they do not find prototypes of its principal characters among their friends and neighbours. Which of us, in fact, has not among his acquaintance a heartless beauty like Florence Bouverie, who thinks the world was made only to admire and bless her ? or a bevy of butterfly Curzons, who think *they* were made to beautify and bless the world ? or a weak and vacillating Sydney Vyner, who fancies he loves a loving and deserving woman, when he loves nobody but himself ?—or a tyrannical aunt Wrangham, who will not be happy herself, and will not let anybody else be happy but in *her* way ? Whether by looking round about us in real life we can any of us find so charming a union of feminine softness, sweetness, and self-devotion, with such a noble singleness of heart, and such a rare firmness and purity of mind and purpose as those we meet with in Susan Bouverie, is a question less easy to solve ; but one that should not be answered in the negative merely because the reply to it does not look us in the face at every turn ; because such characters do not placard themselves in the market-place, but are content to pass for ordinary people till circumstances call upon them to play the true parts which belong to them in the drama of life.

ANNA BOLEYN.*

It is long since we have had a romance from any living hand, and still longer from a female's, that so fully claims and replies to the epithet " historical " as Mrs. Thomson's " Anna Boleyn." The subject (our readers need scarcely be told) is a romance in itself, even when attired in its plainest simplicity and truth ; and so far as regards the leading incidents, Mrs. Thomson has judiciously followed what invention and embellishment could but have impaired and weakened, especially considering that those incidents are among the best known of any in our country's annals. The fate of the unfortunate heroine is one of those rare instances connected with the authentic history of the sitters on thrones, which comes home to the business and bosom of every woman of fair condition in life who reads it ; for the fair " Mistress Anne Boleyn " had, at one time, no more reason to anticipate the sad pre-eminence to which she attained, than thousands of *they* themselves might have who read her story ; and having attained it, she had no more cause to fear her subsequent fall, and fatal end, than they might have had. Moreover,

* Anna Boleyn : an Historical Romance. By Mrs. A. T. Thomson, author of " The Life and Times of Henry VIII." &c. &c.

there is something about the personal character of Anna Boleyn, both in its strengths and its weaknesses (all of the feminine and attractive kind—even the weaknesses)—that meets with especial sympathy in the female heart: for no woman—at least no *young* woman—objects to a little flightiness and coquetry in one of her own sex whose beauty makes her an ornament to it,—always provided they do not interfere with *her* objects, or come in contact with *her* self-love. By far the most popular women among their own sex in society are the light, the inconsequent and the careless of forms and formalities: and this is true even as regards the gravest and the most circumspect,—who often delight in that manner and bearing which they would dread to adopt themselves. Add to this that the amiable, the lighthearted, the generous, the sensitive, the confiding Anna Boleyn reaped but a brief and scanty harvest of pleasure from her elevation, and suffered bitterly and signally for the almost venial errors and defects of character which led to her fall,—and it is no wonder if she is *the* heroine *par excellence* with all female readers of our history, and with not a small proportion of those of the harder sex.

It is clear, then, that Mrs. Thomson could not have made a better choice of subject: and that she, or any other of our romance-writers, male or female, could have worked it out much better, departing from the strict letter of history with more skill, or keeping to it, when advisable, with more judgment, is what we strongly doubt. Certain it is that she has produced a work of strong consecutive interest—the real legitimate interest arising out of character and of passion—not such as they *might* have operated on human conduct, under strange and difficult circumstances, but as they *did* operate; not as they might have modified the course of those historical events on which a nation's welfare depends, but as they actually *did* modify them. And in reading this “Romance of History”—for so it might be even more appropriately designated than an “Historical Romance”—it must not, and indeed cannot easily be forgotten that but for the peculiar character of Anna Boleyn, as illustrated and developed in these pages, the fate of England *must* have been signally different from what it is, as the fruit of the glorious reign of Elizabeth, her daughter, and might have been the very opposite of that glorious and enviable one which now attends it.

The chief departures from history, or rather the interpolations of fiction which Mrs. Thomson has allowed herself, are perfectly excusable, and in no degree mischievous as departures,—while they have greatly and very charmingly enhanced the value and interest of her book as a narrative, and greatly facilitated her endeavours to illustrate that peculiar condition of social manners which prevailed at the date of her story. We allude chiefly to the underplot connected with Sir Thomas Wyatt and his gentle kinswoman, Mildred,—the story of whose loves (interrupted at intervals by his imaginative passion for the fair heroine herself), runs through the whole book, like a soft and pleasing under-current of melody, heard at intervals amid the lofty strains which form the main theme of the story.

Upon the whole, then, we must pronounce this romance one of the most acceptable additions of its kind that our literature of fiction has received for a long time past, and one that cannot fail to take a high place in the class of works to which it belongs.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

HUMORIST:

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LITERARY REPORT FOR MARCH.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.—The second volume of this work, which is exciting so much attention in fashionable and literary circles, is now ready for publication. The present portion of the Diary comprehends a period of about six years (namely, from 1781 to 1786), the latter year being that in which the accomplished authoress of "Evelina" attracted the notice of her majesty, Queen Charlotte, who was so pleased with her as to give her a confidential situation at court near her own person. Here she daily enjoyed the honour of conversing with the king and queen, and the members of the royal family; besides many noble and distinguished personages who then formed the society of George the Third. A beautiful portrait of the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi) who figures so prominently in Madame D'Arblay's pages, very appropriately accompanies this new volume. The third, which will wholly treat of the gay and brilliant sphere of life upon which Miss Burney had entered, is announced to appear on the 1st of next month, and its publication will no doubt be looked for with even more curiosity than the preceding volumes.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.—Miss Agnes Strickland's fourth volume of this eminently interesting work, embellished with a Portrait of Elizabeth of York, surnamed the Good, Queen of Henry the Seventh, and a representation of Anne Boleyn sending her tablets to Cardinal Wolsey, is also on the eve of publication. It includes the queens of Henry the Eighth, the particulars of whose lives are now for the first time given to the public.

FASCINATION.—A new work with this attractive title is just published, under the editorial auspices of Mrs. Gore, whose fertile mind has produced so many delightful productions.

Colonel Napier's new work, "Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean," is also just issued to the public. It is of the same agreeable character as his former production, "Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands." The gallant writer gives an amusing detail of his adventures in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar; now roaming abroad on horseback with his brother officers—now paying a visit to some Spanish family—now witnessing a bull-fight—and now cruising in the Levant.

Captain Chamier, R.N., the well known author of "The Life of a Sailor," "Ben Brace," &c, is about to introduce to the public a new work of fiction, under the title of "Sowing and Reaping."

NEW WORK ON THE EAST—The new Travels in Kashmere, from the pen of G. T. Vigne, Esq., will, it is understood, throw considerable light not only on that country, but also on the Alpine Punjab, and Great and Little Thibet, the writer having penetrated into regions *never yet visited by any preceding traveller*. Thus it will fill up a most important hiatus in our geographical knowledge of that portion of the world to which it relates. An invaluable Map, illustrative of the author's discoveries, engraved under the sanction of the Honourable East India Company, besides numerous views of scenery and portraits of remarkable individuals, are to be given in the volumes which will appear immediately.

The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel's life of his distinguished ancestor, Viscount Keppel, whose naval career conferred so much honour on the British flag, is in a state of active preparation.

L.E.L.—Laman Blanchard's recently published Life and Literary Remains of the gifted poetess and *romancière* who under the above magic initials was wont by her delightful writing, to charm all classes of readers, have excited a new interest regarding the melancholy fate of the subject of his work. This interest will, no doubt, be materially heightened by the publication of a posthumous romance of Miss Landon's, called "Lady Anne Granard; or, Keeping up Appearances," now in the press.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD:

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. I.

She tawght 'hem to sew and marke,
All maner of sylkyn werke,
Of her they were ful fayne.

ROMANCE OF EMARE.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ought not to travel—

No, sir!

No, madam—except on the map. There indeed she may skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea, land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum.—There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling, real journeying and voyaging—oh, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a Preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the midsummer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Ridiculous!

Nay, madam—consider her pretensions. She is little short of a Divinity. Diana, without the hunting! A modernized Minerva! The Representative of Womanhood in all its purity! Eve, in full dress, with a finished education! A Model of Morality—a Pattern of Propriety—the Fugle-woman of her Sex! As such she must be per-

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fect. No medium performance—no ordinary good-going, like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character: she must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own Prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind—like—like—

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, sir.

Now look at travelling. At the best it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps dragged, drenched, torn, and roughcasted—and if not bodily capsized or thrown a summerset, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsyturvy. An accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. Then she is certain to be stared at, jabbered at, may be jeered at, and poked, pushed, and hauled at, by curious or officious foreigners—to be accosted by perfect and imperfect strangers—in short, she is liable to be revolted in her taste—shocked in her religious principles, disturbed in her temper, disordered in her dress, and deranged in her decorum. But you shall hear the sentiments of a Schoolmistress on the subject.

Oh! a made-up letter!

No, miss,—a genuine epistle, upon my literary honour. Just look at the writing—the real copybook running-hand—not a *t* uncrossed—not an *i* undotted—not an illegitimate flourish of a letter, but each *j* and *g* and *y* turning up its tail like the pug dogs, after one regular established pattern. And pray observe her capitals. No sprawling *K* with a kicking leg—no troublesome *W* making a long arm across its neighbour, and especially no great vulgar *D* unnecessarily sticking out its stomach. Her *H*, you see, seems to have stood in the stocks, her *I* to have worn a backboard, and even her *S* is hardly allowed to be crooked!

CHAP. II.

“Phoo! phoo! it's all banter,” exclaims the Courteous Reader.

“Banter be hanged!” replies the Courteous Writer. “But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. But no—you never can have seen that She-Mentor, stiff as starch, formal as a Dutch hedge, sensitive as a Daguerreotype, and so tall, thin, and upright, that supposing the Tree of Knowledge to have been a poplar, she

was the very Dryad to have fitted it! Otherwise, remembering that unique image, all fancy and frost work—so incrustated with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a Schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—*unpacked*—as a Dresden China figure.”

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage? Real! Are there Real Natives—Real Blessings to Mothers—Real Del Monte shares, and Real Water at the Adelphi? Only call her ***** instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her Ex-Pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old Governess in the form with which, mixing up Grace and Gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters. As thus:

“For what we are going to receive—elbows, elbows!—the Lord make us—backs in and shoulders down—truly thankful—and no chattering—amen.”

CHAR. III.

“But the letter, sir, the letter—”

“The professional epistle,” adds a tall, thin Instructress, genteelly in at the elbows, but shabbily out at the fingers’ ends, for she has only twenty pounds per annum, with five quarters in arrear.

“The schoolmistress’s letter,” cries a stumpy Teacher—only a helper, but looking as important as if she were an educational coachwoman, with a team of her own, some five-and-twenty skittish young animals, without blinkers, to keep straight in the road of propriety.

“The letter, sir,” chimes in a half-boarder, looking, indeed, as if she had only half-dined for the last half-year.

“Oh, I do so long,” exclaims one who would be a stout young woman if she did not wear a pinafore, “oh, I do so long to hear how a governess writes home!

“Come, the letter you promised us from that paragon, Miss Crane.”

That’s true. Mother of the Muses, forgive me! I had forgotten my promise as utterly as if it had never been made. If any one had furnished the matter with a file and a rope ladder it could not have escaped more clearly from my remembrance. A loose tooth could not more completely have gone out of my head. A greased eel could not more thoroughly have slipped my memory. But here is the letter, sealed with pale blue wax, and a device of the Schoolmistress’s own invention—namely, a note of interrogation (?) with the appropriate motto, of “an answer required.” And in token of its authenticity, pray observe that the cover is duly stamped, except that of the foreign postmark only the three last letters are legible, and yet even from these one may *swear* that the missive has come from Holland; yes, as certainly as if it smelt of Dutch cheese, pickle-herring, and Schiedam! But hark to governess!

“My dear Miss Parfitt,

“Under the protection of a superintending Providence we have ar-

rived safely at this place, which as you know is a seaport in the Dutch dominions—chief city Amsterdam.

“For your amusement and improvement I did hope to compose a journal of our continental progress, with such references to Guthrie and the School Atlas as might enable you to trace our course on the Map of Europe. But unexpected vicissitudes of mind and body have totally incapacitated me for the pleasing task. Some social evening hereafter I may entertain our little juvenile circle with my locomotive miseries and disagreeables; but at present my nerves and feelings are too discomposed for the correct flow of an epistolary correspondence. Indeed, from the Tower-stairs to Rotterdam I have been in one universal tremor and perpetual blush. Such shocking scenes and positions, that make one ask twenty times a day, is this decorum?—can this be manners?—can this be morals? But I must not anticipate. Suffice it, that as regards foreign travelling it is my painful conviction, founded on personal experience, that a woman of delicacy or refinement cannot go out of England without going out of herself!

“The very first step from an open boat up a windy shipside is an alarm to modesty, exposed as one is to the officious but odious attentions of the Tritons of the Thames. Nor is the steamboat itself a sphere for the preservation of self-respect. If there is any feature on which a British female justly prides herself, it is a correct and lady-like carriage. In that particular I quite coincide with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hannah More, and other writers on the subject. But how—let me ask—how is a dignified deportment to be maintained when one has to skip and straddle over cables, ropes, and other nautical *hors d'œuvres*—to scramble up and down impracticable stairs, and to clamber into inaccessible beds? Not to name the sudden losing one's centre of gravity, and falling in all sorts of unstudied attitudes on a sloppy and slippery deck. An accident that I may say reduces the elegant and the awkward female to the same level. You will be concerned therefore to learn that poor Miss Ruth had a fall, and in an unbecoming posture particularly distressing—namely, by losing her footing on the cabin flight, and coming down with a destructive launch into the steward's pantry.

“For my own part, it has never happened to me within my remembrance, to make a false step, or to miss a stair: there is a certain guarded carriage that preserves one from such sprawling *dénouemens*—but of course what the bard calls ‘the poetry of motion,’ is not to be preserved amidst the extempore rollings of an ungovernable ship. Indeed, within the last twenty-four hours, I have had to perform feats of agility more fit for a monkey than one of my own sex and species. Par example: getting down from a bed as high as the copybook-cupboard, and what really is awful, with the sensation of groping about with your feet and legs for a floor that seems to have no earthly existence. I may add, the cabin-door left ajar, and exposing you to the gaze of an obtrusive cabin-boy, as he is called, but quite big enough for a man. Oh, *je ne jamais!*

“As to the Mer Maladie, delicacy forbids the details; but as Miss Ruth says, it is the height of human degradation; and to add to the climax of our letting down, we had to give way to the most humiliating impulses in the presence of several of the rising generation—dreadfully rude little girls who had too evidently enjoyed a bad bringing up.

"To tell the truth, your poor Governess was shockingly indisposed. Not that I had indulged my appetite at dinner, being too much disgusted with a public meal in promiscuous society, and as might be expected, elbows on table, eating with knives, and even picking teeth with forks! And then no grace, which assuredly ought to be said both before and after, whether we are to retain the blessings or not. But a dinner at sea and a school dinner, where we have even our regular beef and batter days, are two very different things. Then to allude to indiscriminate conversation, a great part of which is in a foreign language, and accordingly places one in the cruel position of hearing, without understanding, a word of the most libertine and atheistical sentiments. Indeed, I fear I have too often been smiling complacently, not to say engagingly, when I ought rather to have been flashing with virtuous indignation, or even administering the utmost severity of moral reproof. I did endeavour, in one instance, to rebuke indelicacy; but unfortunately from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking, and as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one's nose.

"Another of our Cardinal Virtues, personal cleanliness, is totally impracticable on ship-board: but without particularizing, I will only name a general sense of grubbiness; and as to dress, a rumpled and tumbled *tout ensemble*, strongly indicative of the low and vulgar pastime of rolling down Greenwich Hill! And then, in such a costume to land in Holland, where the natives get up linen with a perfection and purity, as Miss Ruth says, quite worthy of the primeval ages! That, surely is bad enough—but to have one's trunks rummaged like a suspected menial—to see all the little secrets of the toilette, and all the mysteries of a female wardrobe exposed to the searching gaze of a male official—Oh, shocking! shocking!

"In short, my dear, it is my candid impression, as regards foreign travelling, that except for a masculine tallyhoying female, of the Di Vernon genus, it is hardly adapted to our sex. Of this at least I am certain, that none but a born romp and hoyden, or a girl accustomed so those new-fangled pulleyhauley exercises, the Calisthenics, is fitted for the boisterous evolutions of a sea-voyage. And yet there are creatures calling themselves Women, not to say, Ladies, who will undertake such long marine passages as to Bombay in Asia, or New York in the New World! Consult Arrowsmith for the geographical degrees.

"Affection, however, demands the sacrifice of my own personal feelings, as my Reverend parent and my Sister are still inclined to prosecute a Continental Tour. I forgot to tell you that during the voyage, Miss Ruth endeavoured to *parlez français* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.

"My paper warns to conclude. I rely on your superintending vigilance for the preservation of domestic order in my absence. The horticultural department I need not recommend to your care, knowing your innate partiality for the offspring of Flora—and the dusting of the fragile ornaments in the drawing-room you will assuredly not trust to any hands but your own. Blinds down of course—the front-gate locked regularly at 5 P. M.—and I must particularly beg of your mu-

sical *penchant*, a total abstinence on Sundays from the pianoforte, And now adieu. The Reverend T. C. desires his compliments to you, and Miss Ruth adds her kind regards with which believe me,

“My dear Miss Parfitt,

“Your affectionate Friend and Preceptress,

“PRISCILLA CRANE.

“P.S. I have just overheard a lady describing with strange levity, an adventure that befel her at Cologne. A foreign postman invading her sleeping-apartment, and not only delivering a letter to her on her pillow, but actually staying to receive his money and to give her the change! And she laughed and called him her *Bed-post*! *Fi donc!* *Fi donc!*”

CHAP. IV.

WELL—there is the letter—

“And a very proper letter too,” remarks a retired Seminarian, Mrs. Grove House, a faded, demure-looking old lady, with a set face so like wax, that any strong emotion would have cracked it to pieces. And never, except on a doll, was there a face with such a miniature set of features, or so crowned with a chaplet of little string-coloured curls.

“A proper letter!—what, with all that fuss about delicacy and decorum!”

Yes, miss. At least proper for the character. A Schoolmistress is a prude by profession. She is bound on her reputation to detect improprieties, even as he is the best lawyer who discovers the most flaws. It is her cue where she cannot find an indecorum, to imagine it;—just as a paid Spy is compelled, in a dearth of High Treason, to invent a conspiracy. In fact, it was our very Miss Crane who poked out an objection, of which no other woman would have dreamt, to those little button-mushrooms called Pages. She would not keep one, she said, for his weight in gold.

“But they are all the rage,” said Lady A.

“Everybody has one,” said Mrs. B.

“They are so showy!” said Mrs. C.

“And so interesting!” lisped Miss D.

“And so useful,” suggested Miss E.

“I would rather part with half my servants,” declared Lady A, “than with my handsome Cherubino!”

“Not a doubt of it,” replied Miss Crane, with a gesture of the most profound acquiescence. “But if *I* were a married woman, I would not have such a boy about me for the world—no, not for the whole terrestrial globe. A Page is unquestionably very *à la mode*, and very dashing, and very pretty, and may be very useful—but to have a youth about one, so beautifully dressed, and so indulged, not to say pampered, and yet not exactly treated as one of the family—I should certainly expect that everybody would take him—”

“For what, pray, what?”

“Why, for a natural son in disguise.”

CHAP. V.

BUT to return to the Tour.—

It is a statistical fact, that since 1814, an unknown number, bearing an indefinite proportion to the gross total of the population of the British Empire, have been more or less “abroad.” Not politically, or metaphysically, or figuratively, but literally out of the kingdom, or as it is called in foreign parts.

In fact, no sooner was the Continent *opened* to us by the Peace, than there was a general rush towards the mainland. An Alarmist, like old Croaker, might have fancied that some of our disaffected Merthyr Tydvil miners or underminers were scuttling the Island, so many of the natives scuttled out of it. The outlandish secretaries who sign passports, had hardly leisure to take snuff.

It was good, however for trade. Carpet-bags and portmanteaus rose one hundred per cent. All sorts of Guide books and Journey Works went off like wildfire, and even Sir Humphrey Davy’s “Consolations in Travel,” was in strange request. Servants, who had “no objection to go abroad,” were snapped up like fortunes—and as to hardriding “Curriers,” there was nothing like leather.

It resembled a geographical panic—and of all the Country and Branch Banks in Christendom, never was there such a run as on the Banks of the Rhine. You would have thought that they were going to break all to smash—of course making away beforehand with their splendid furniture, unrivalled pictures, and capital cellar of wines! However, off flew our countrymen and countrywomen, like migrating swallows, but at the wrong time of year; or rather like shoals of salmon, driving up, up, up against the stream, except to spawn Tours and Reminiscences, hard and soft, instead of roe. And would that they were going up, up, up still—for when they came down again, Ods, Jobs, and Patient Grizels! how they did *bore* and *Germanize* us, like so many flutes.

It was impossible to go into society without meeting units, tens, hundreds, thousands of Rhenish Tourists—travellers in Ditchland, and in Deutschland. People who had seen Nimagen and Nim-Again—who had been at Cologne, and at Köln, and at Colon—at Cob-Longs and Coblence—at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er—at Bonn—at Bone—and at Bong!

Then the airs they gave themselves over the untravelled! How they bothered them with Bergs, puzzled them with Bads, deafened them with Doifs, worried them with Heims, and pelted them with Steins! How they looked down upon them, as if from Ehrenbreitstein, because they had not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour kraut in its own country, and drunk seltzer-water at the fountain-head! What a donkey they deemed him who had not been to A-smanshauser—what a cockney who had not seen another Rat’s Castle besides the one in St. Giles’s! He was, as it were, in the kitchen of society, for to go “up the Rhine” was to go up stairs!

Now this very humiliation was felt by Miss Crane; and the more that in her Establishment for Young Ladies she was the Professor of Geography, and the Use of the Globes. Moreover, several of her pupils had made the trip with their parents, during the vacations, and

treated the travelling part of the business so lightly, that in a rash hour the Schoolmistress determined to go abroad. Her junior sister, Miss Ruth, gladly acceded to the scheme, and so did their only remaining parent, a little, sickly, querulous man, always in black, being some sort of dissenting minister, as the "young ladies" knew to their cost, for they had always to mark his new shirts, in cross-stitch, with the Reverend T. C. and the number—"the Reverend" at full length.

Accordingly, as soon as the Midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes,—I don't know what luggage, except that for each of the party there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, sir, how far did your schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic—nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe—not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museums—nor to purchase an "Almanach de Gotha."

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.

CHAP. VI.

"Now of all things," cries a Needlewoman, "I should like to know what pattern the Schoolmistress meant to work!"

And so would say any one—for no doubt it would have been a pattern for the whole sex. All I know is, that she once worked a hearth-rug, with a yellow animal, couchant, on a green ground, that was intended for a Panther in a jungle: and to do justice to the performance, it was really not so very unlike a carrot-cat in a bed of spinach. But the face was a dead failure. It was not in the gentlewomanly nature, nor indeed consistent with the professional principles of Miss Crane, to let a wild, rude, ungovernable creature go out of her hands; and accordingly the feline physiognomy came from her fingers as round, and mild, and innocent as that of a Baby. In vain she added whiskers to give ferocity—'twas a Baby still—and though she put a circle of fiery red around each staring ball, still, still it was a mild, innocent Baby—but with very sore eyes.

And besides the hearthrug, she embroidered a chair-cushion, for a seat devoted to her respectable parent—a pretty, ornithological design—so that when the Reverend T. C. wanted to sit, there was ready for him a little bird's-nest, with a batch of speckled eggs.

And moreover, besides the chair-bottom—but, in short, between ourselves, there was so much *Fancy* work done at Lebanon House, that there was no time for any *real*.

CHAP. VII.

THERE are two Newingtons, Butts, and Stoke:—but the last has the advantage of a little village-green, on the north-side of which stands a large brick-built, substantial Mansion, in the comfortable old Elizabethan livery, maroon-colour, picked out with white. It was anciently the residence of a noble family, whose crest, a deer's-head, carved in stone, formerly ornamented each pillar of the front-gate; but some later proprietor has removed the aristocratical emblems, and

substituted two great white balls, that look like petrified Dutch-cheeses, or the ghosts of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes. The house, nevertheless, would still seem venerable enough, but that over the old panelled door, as if taking advantage of the fanlight, there sit, night and day, two very modern plaster of Paris little boys, reading and writing with all their might. Girls, however, would be more appropriate; for, just under the first-floor windows, a large board intimates, in tarnished gold letters, that the mansion is "Lebanon House, Establishment for Young Ladies. By the Misses Crane." Why it should be called Lebanon House, appears a mystery, seeing that the building stands not on a mountain, but in a flat; but the truth is, that the name was bestowed in allusion to a remarkably fine Cedar, which traditionally stood in the fore-court, though long since cut down as a tree, and cut up in lead-pencils.

The front-gate is carefully locked, the hour being later than 5 P.M., and the blinds are all down—but if any one could peep through the short Venetians next the door, on the right-hand, into the Music Parlour, he would see Miss Parfitt herself stealthily playing on the grand piano (for it is Sunday) but with no more sound than belongs to that tuneful whisper commonly called "the ghost of a whistle." But let us pull the bell.

Sally, are the ladies at home?

"Lawk! sir!—why haven't you heard? Miss Crane and Miss Ruth are a-pleasuring on a Tower up the Rind—and the Reverend Mr. C. is enjoying hisself in Germany along with them."

* * * * *

A's! poor Sally! Alas! for poor short-sighted human nature!

"why, in the name of all that's anonymous, what is the matter?"

Lies! lies! lies! But it is impossible for Truth, the pure Truth, to exist, save with Omnipresence and Omniscience. As for mere mortals, they must daily vent falsehoods in spite of themselves. Thus, at the very moment, while Sally was telling us—but let Truth herself correct the Errata.

For—"The Reverend Mr. C. enjoying himself in Germany—"

Read—"Writhing with spasms in a miserable Prussian inn."

For—"Miss Crane and Miss Ruth a-pleasuring on a tower up the Rind—"

Read—"Wishing themselves home again with all their hearts and souls."

CHAP. VIII.

It was a grievous case!

To be taken ill, poor gentleman, with his old spasms, in such a place as the road between Todberg and Grabheim, six good miles at least from each, and not a decent inn at either! And in such weather too—unfit for anything with the semblance of humanity to be abroad—a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow!

The groans of the sufferer were pitiable—but what could be done for his relief? on a blank desolate common without a house in sight—no, not a hut! His afflicted daughters could only try to sooth him with words, vain words—assuasive perhaps of mental pains, but as to any discourse arresting a physical ache,—you might as well take a pin to pin a bull with. Besides, the poor women wanted comforting themselves. Gra-

cious Heaven! Think of two single females, with a sick, perhaps an expiring parent—shut up in a hired coach, on a stormy night, in a foreign land—ay, in one of its dreariest places! 'Twas enough to have broken their hearts with grief and terror—to have unsettled their reason! The sympathy of a third party, even a stranger, would have been some support to them—the advice of a more composed individual a valuable assistance—but all they could get by their most earnest appeals to the driver was a couple of unintelligible syllables.

If they had only possessed a cordial—a flask of *eau de vie*! Such a thing had indeed been proposed and prepared, but alas! Miss Crane had wilfully left it behind. To think of Propriety producing such a travelling accompaniment as a brandy-bottle was out of the question. You might as well have looked for claret from a pitcher-plant!

In the mean time the sick man continued to sigh and moan—his two girls could feel him twisting about between them.

"Oh, my poor dear papa!" murmured Miss Crane, for she did not "father" him even in that extremity. Then she groped again despairingly in her bag for the smelling-bottle, but only found instead of it an article she had brought along with her, Heaven knows why, into Germany—the French mark!

"Oh—ah—ugh!—hah!" grumbled the sufferer. "Am I—to—die—on—the road!"

"Is he to die on the road!" repeated Miss Crane through the front window to the coachman, but with the same result as before; namely, two words in the unknown tongue.

"Ruth, what is *yar vole*?"

Ruth shook her head in the dark.

"If he would only drive faster," exclaimed Miss Crane, and again she talked through the front window? My good man—"(*Gefällig?*)

"Ruth, what's *gefällig*?" But Miss Ruth was as much in the dark as ever. "Do, do, do, make haste to somewhere—" (*Ja wohl!*) That phlegmatic driver would drive her crazy!

Poor Miss Crane! Poor Miss Ruth! Poor Reverend T. C.! My heart bleeds for them—and yet they must remain perhaps for a full hour to come in that miserable condition. But no—hark—that guttural sound which like a charm arrests every horse in Germany as soon as uttered—"Burr-r-r-r!"

The coach stops; and looking out on her own side through the rain Miss Crane perceives a low dingy door, over which by help of a lamp she discovers a white board, with some great black fowl painted on it, and a word underneath that to her English eyes suggests a difficulty in procuring fresh eggs. Whereas the Adler, instead of adding, hatches brood after brood every year, till the number is quite wonderful, of little red and black eagles,

However the Royal Bird receives the distressed travellers under its wing; but my pen, though a steel one, shrinks from the labour of scrambling and hoisting them from the Lohn Kutch into the Gast Haus. In plump, there they are—in the best inn's best room, yet not a whit preferable to the last chamber that lodged the "great Villiers." But hark, they whisper,

Gracious powers! Ruth! } What a wretched hole!
Gracious powers! Priscilla! }

(To be continued.)

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

A thing of shreds and patches.—SHAKSPEARE.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

PLUTARCH tells that after the total defeat and capture of the Athenian army in Sicily, under Nicias, every soldier who could repeat a line of Euripides was excepted from the cruel fate which befel his comrades in arms. We have all read the old legend of Pierre de Castelnau, the celebrated troubadour, who when he was seized by banditti, saved his life by singing a hymn to the Virgin. Later travellers have been ransomed under similar circumstances by their voices; and we are told, even now, that Rubini, detained by the peasantry in Spain, found his name alone a passport, and paid for permission to proceed by promising to sing a mass in the village church on his return.

Farinelli, the celebrated singer, was knighted and made prime minister of Spain, "an elevation which," says Cafarielli, "he richly merited, for he was the finest tenor in the world."

When will England evince a similar respect for the fine arts, and select a premier for the compass of his voice, rather than of his mind? When shall we see a Braham made Archbishop of Canterbury, or a Michael Kelly sitting on the woolsack? When shall we have a musical benefit of clergy? We may have music for the million, but where shall we find the million for the music?

Whether even our best singers, the poets, to die of hunger, unless they have the good fortune to be immured in gaols, where like caged canary-birds they may warble music-bars to their prison-bars. That the nationally disgraceful days of Chatterton, Otway, and Savage, have not passed away is rendered painfully manifest by a recent and particularly affecting occurrence in Lancaster gaol.

Stephen Stump, a most interesting young man, having, by means of a sharp instrument, occasioned a small solution of continuity in a gentleman's pocket, a note-case fell into his hands which he immediately secreted about his own person, from a very natural apprehension that its contents, which appeared to be of value, might be lost unless they were deposited in some place of security. For this act of laudable vigilance he was most unaccountably committed to gaol, and on the very following morning (so that the composition must have been almost an *impromptu*) one of the turnkeys found him endeavouring, though without much success, to adapt to the tune of "Nix, my Dolly," the following pathetic stanzas, which he had written with chalk upon the walls of his cell:

He who prigs what isn't his'n,
When he's nabb'd must hie to prison,
Where there's iron bars that hinder
The cove from sneaking out of winder,
And the doors are bolted by the gaolers,
So that there's no bolting for us poor fellers.

STEPHEN STUMP.

It is humiliating to add that he still remains incarcerated. But

the world may be benefited by its own injustice if these inspired strains are to be continued. Cervantes, Tasso, and Sir Walter Raleigh composed their best productions in prison, and a Stump may yet be added to the glorious and immortal trio.

WORDS ARE THINGS.

WORDS have been defined as the signs of ideas, but they are more—they are the ideas themselves, and the sense is in the sound. Romeo may be right when he says that

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet ;

but the savour of crimes and offences depends entirely upon the name you attach to them. Will any one pretend that "an affair of gallantry" is the same thing as adultery—that death arising from "an affair of honour" is equivalent to murder—that "outrunning the constable," is fraud and robbery—that *doing* a friend in the sale of a horse is deceit and swindling—that jilting a confiding girl is cowardice and cruelty? It would be absurd to maintain any such preposterous affirmations. Ours is the age of softening subtleties, of periphrastic extenuations, of legal loopholes. Why then should we quarrel with the body-snatcher who, when condemned to a long imprisonment for disinterring a corpse, indignantly exclaimed,

"Is this what a man gets for rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave?"

MONSTROUS VANDALISM.

IN Mr. Laing's "Notes of a Traveller" occurs the following passage :

"Rafaele, Michael Angelo, Canova—immortal artists! what are ye in the sober estimation of reason? The Arkwrights, the Wattses, the Davys, the thousands of scientific inventors and producers in the useful arts in our age, must rank before you as wielders of great intellectual powers for great social good. The exponent of the civilization and intellectual and social progress of man is not a statue but a steam-engine. The Glasgow manufacturer, whose printed cotton handkerchiefs traveller Landers found adorning the woolly heads of the negresses, far in the interior of Africa, has done more for civilization than all the painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians of our age put together. Monstrous Vandalism, but true."

This assertion is written in the narrow, one-sided, utilitarian spirit of the mathematician who objected to the works of Shakspeare that they proved nothing. It involves a relative question of time and place, and does not admit of an abstract decision. So far from being maintainable as a general proposition, universally applicable, it may be doubted whether the "monstrous Vandalism," so dogmatically pronounced true, be not, under all circumstances, false. What is the civilization of the negresses who wear these magical cotton-caps of the Glasgow manufacturer, compared to the civilization of the Scottish lasses who do *not* wear them? And if a steam-engine be indeed the exponent of man's social and intellectual progress, will it be maintained that we were comparative savages a few years ago, when the steam-engine did not

exist? Is the inventor of the spinning-jenny to be deemed literally an Ark-wright, the Noah of polished society; and are we to look upon Watts as our Adam, the first man whose steam-tug pulled us out of the waters of barbarism? Which, I would ask Mr. Laing, is the most noble and exalted occupation and object—to minister to the wants of man as a mere animal, or as a rational and intellectual being; to dress sheepskins and grind corn, or to gratify the aspirations of the intellect, and the yearnings of refined taste, by cultivating science, literature, and the arts? As a question of mere utility, reference must be made to time and condition; ploughmen and pigdrivers must precede poets and philosophers, and in an early stage of society they are doubtless more useful; but in a more advanced state—in the age of our Queen Elizabeth for instance—I would maintain that Shakspeare, as a wielder of great intellectual powers for great social good, has done more for the cause of civilization than all the engine-makers and Glasgow manufacturers that the world has subsequently produced. Civilization, rightly understood, is not the triumph of the animal man in supplying the animal wants, by conquering the brute elements with which he is surrounded—but the advancement and elevation of his double nature, by developing at the same time his mental energies, by diffusing a taste for the fine arts, and by calling into existence the masterpieces that may gratify the longings thus awakened.

Mr. Laing omits literature from a partnership with Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Canova; but I would respectfully inquire whether a printed book be not a better exponent of civilization than the gaudiest printed cotton-handkerchief of the Glasgow manufacturer. Who can contemplate a beautiful statue, painting, or poem, without feeling himself more exalted in the scale of being than if he were merely gazing at a Gingham gown? The man who can “look through nature up to nature’s God,” will do the same through the masterpieces of art, seeing the great Creator in the beautiful creations of the creature, and carrying up his reverent thoughts to the divine artist who first fashioned the human artist.

When state-lotteries were in vogue, two travellers happened to meet in a coffee-room at Leeds.

“What would you do with the money,” inquired one, “should you get the great prize of forty thousand pounds?”

“I would have the best collection of books and pictures in all England,” was the reply. “And if you got it?”

“Well then,” answered the north-countryman, “I would build a manufactory at Birmingham, and go right on end, into the brass-button line.”

This last was a man after Mr. Laing’s own heart.

IMMORTALITY OF AUTHORS.

ATHENÆUS tells us, that when in a contest of the tragic poets the prize was awarded to Sophocles, Æschylus declared that he dedicated his own tragedies to Time. Exceedingly magnanimous, if he could have been sure that they would reach the party to whom they were inscribed; but “Time, my lord, has a wallet at his back, in which he puts alms for oblivion;” and only seven out of the seventy tragedies

that Æschylus wrote have been preserved. However, it is something to save ten per cent.

Tithes of all kinds seem to have a marvellous tenacity of existence. Modern authors wisely avoid the loss of the remaining ninety per cent. by only aiming at an immortality of five or six months, to which extent they invariably succeed in preserving the whole of their productions. Some, indeed, immortalize themselves in another way, by composing such works that,

They who read them, read them to no end.

There are others, whose writings are somewhat of a puzzling, not to say contradictory nature, for the more you think of them, the less you think of them. It is the very triumph of unselfishness to hear these ephemeral scribblers zealously contending for an extension of copyright to fifty or a hundred years. They recall the remark of a visitant to Brighton, as he stepped into the balcony of a house in one of the narrow back streets :

“The architect who built this balcony must have been a most disinterested man, for he *could* have *no view in it*.”

COST AND WORTH.

Is it by a paternal yearning, or by a Mammonitish superstition that John Bull is invariably prompted to fall down and worship the golden calf? Taking money as the sole measure of value, the good people of England never ask what a man *is*, but what he *has*—an humiliating evidence that we are a *nation boutiquière*. Individually we laugh at the rich upstarts who seek to raise our admiration of their goods and chattels by telling us how much everything cost ; but if we shared the money we should all participate in the feeling.

An Englishman has been even heard to boast of the immense amount of the public debt, and to maintain that the nation was supported by it.

“Ay,” replied his auditor, “as a hanging man is by the rope.”

Taking for granted the Hudibrastic axiom that the real

value of a thing,
Is so much money as 'twill bring.

Nobody inquires into the worth when once he knows the cost of an article.

When Parliament, with a liberality worthy of a stud of Houhnhnms, voted seventy thousand pounds for building stables at Windsor, and a comparative trifle for educating the people, there is much reason to believe that the lieges, measuring the two grants by the usual golden foot-rule, deemed it much more important to teach horses their paces, than human beings their alphabet. After this who shall say that the age of *chivalry* is gone? To those gold worshippers who cannot distinguish between money and money's worth, may be recommended the consideration of the following anecdote :

A difference of opinion having arisen between Sheridan and Monk Lewis, the latter offered, as a wager, the produce of his “Castle Spectre,” which was then in high favour with the public.

“As I never wager for more than trifles,” was the reply, “I cannot bet what it will *produce*, but I have no objection to lay you what it is *worth*.”

CONCEIT AND CONTEMPT.

As every triumph of knowledge is but a grain removed from the mountain of our ignorance, we may well agree with the philosopher who said that the more he knew the more deeply did he feel convinced that he knew nothing. Men of the greatest information, therefore, are generally the most modest, while sciolists and smatterers are boasters and pedagogues. The ignorance of past ages compared with the knowledge of the present, is probably not half so dense and gross as will be the ignorance of the present compared with the knowledge of the future—a lesson that ought equally to guard us against an undue contempt of others, and an overweening conceit of ourselves. And yet we are never so apt to expose our own deficiencies as when we are correcting others.

An English lady who went to make purchases at a shop in Jamaica, accompanied by her black maid, was repeatedly addressed by the negro-shopman as “massa,” whereupon her sable follower exclaimed with a look of infinite contempt,

“Why for you speak sosh bad English—no grammar, sabby? Why for you call my misssus ‘massa?’ Stupid fellah!—him’s a she.”

A QUIDDIT FOR THE QUIDNUNCS.

WHEN the Whigs got possession of the reigns of government, some of our old women Cassandras predicted that they could not preserve peace for six months. Forebodings equally sinister are now directed against the Tories, and we are assured that all our treaties and pacts of amity constitute nothing better than a hollow truce. In order that both parties may safely indulge these vaticinations, let them embody their oracular predictions in the following Latin lines, reserving to themselves the right of reading them backwards or forwards, according to results:

Prospicimus modò quod durabunt tempora longo
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet.

H.

THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm twenty-eight,
And still a spinster doomed to languish;
How long, ye gentles, must I wait,
A prey to mockery and anguish?
Susan has captured Mr. Warde,
The county man with many an acre,
And Anne, *more* lucky, caught a lord,
While I, alas! am still “Miss DACRE.”
Sophia, with her downcast eyes
And cottage-bonnet won the rector,
And Charlotte's jams, and cakes, and pies,
Bewitched that epicure Sir Hector.
The surgeon, too, with heart of flint,
Resisted all *my* soft advances;
And though I scraped him heaps of lint,
He fixed upon my sister Frances.

The rich old Nabob, General Brown,
 For whom I read the Indian papers,
 And brought the latest news from town,
 And knitted comforters and gaiters ;
 For whom I got the best cayenne,
 The newest sauces, hottest currie,
 How grateful, like all other men,
 Married his housemaid, Mary Murray.

My uncle's crony, Admiral Twist,
 With wooden leg and "yarns" eternal,
 A sort of patent Navy List,
 Or "new self-acting Service Journal ;"
 With prints of Howe upon the walls,
 And busts of Nelson on the tables,
 Frigates and cutters in the hall,
 And Union Jacks on all the gables—

For him I used to sing and play
 The "Hearts of Oak" and "British Tar,"
 And often sat day after day,
 To hear him talk of Trafalgar.
 But ah ! with glory covered o'er,
 He perished at the siege of Acre,
 His wooden leg to me they bore
 "My legacy to Mary Dacre."

I wore my dark hair hanging down
 In wavy rings—a coarse straw-bonnet,
 A wreath of flowers ; white morning gown,
 And wandered forth with Petrarch's sonnets.
 But though for many and many a day
 I roved by forest and by fountain,
 Somehow I never found the way
 That leads to Hymen's rose-crowned mountain.

I sketch, and fish, and boat, and skate,
 And go to county balls and races,
 I gather bits of lime and slate,
 And range them in their proper places :
 I fire at targets till I'm sick,
 But all my trouble never answers,
 They've no more feeling than a stick,
 Those horrid, dashing, cruel Lancers.

I rave of "Old Imperial Rome"
 "The Adriatic's moonlit waters,"
 "The capitol," "St. Peter's dome,"
 Of "Venice and her dark-eyed daughters,"
 Read Virgil with my cousin Phil,
 Try chess and Euclid with the tutor ;
 But all in vain, do what I will,
 Love never sends a single suitor.

I botanize o'er field and hill
 When cousin Henslow comes from college,
 And though it often makes me ill,
 What's that, when in pursuit of knowledge ?
 'I go out riding with the squire,
 And gallop over many an acre,
 Leap five-barred gates and never tire,
 And yet—and yet—I'm

MARY DACRE.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

CHAP. XXIII.

OUR HERO RESOLVES UPON MARRYING—ASKS AND OBTAINS THE CONSENT TO THAT STEP OF THE FRIEND HE LOVES BEST IN THE WORLD—CURTAIN-*COGITATIONS* NOT RECOMMENDED—HINTS AND WARNINGS.

DURING the greater portion of the time between retiring to bed after his wet walk home and his usual hour of rising, Quiddy lay awake. He revolved in his mind the advantages of a marriage with Slymore's niece, could such an event be brought about. *She* is the woman for my money, thought he—or, more strictly considered, he was the man for hers. Her fortune was larger than any he had yet had the happiness of being introduced to in the whole circle of his acquaintance; and even could he expect as much with the daughter of Mr. Deputy *This*, or somewhat more with the daughter of Mr. Alderman *That*, it might not be as good a thing in the long run. In these cases, as in most others of the kind, there were families tacked to the wife, and in the wealthiest families it seldom happens that all its members are well provided for. With the utmost caution it is scarcely possible to escape a somebody who wants something, and who reasonably wonders where, in the name of goodness, he is to apply, if not to the fortunate individual who has "married into us!" Of nephews there are generally a few, and of cousins—the world is overrun with them! and when you fondly console yourself with the belief that at length you have "done for" the last of them, "the cry is still they come." Then there may be a wife's youngest brother, for whom her papa, with his large family, cannot adequately provide, and "the world naturally looks to you, dear, to set poor Dick a-going, *considering what I brought you.*" Then, again, some fine morning, papa's "house," or brother Sam's "house," may be at the point of stopping payment for want of a few thousands to bolster it up, and the question then will be, "Who is the proper person to serve us, if not our son-in-law, or brother-in-law" (as the case may be) "who had all that money with Lizzy?" No: all things considered, Slymore's niece (and that such was Miss St. Egremont he could not be so uncivil as to doubt) was of all women the woman for him. She had no relative in any degree—no encumbrance save her ten thousand pounds, and that was a burden which he disinterestedly resolved to take upon his own shoulders. She was a fine woman too; of a steady, sensible age; educated and accomplished, and would be a credit to any man.

Having come to the conclusion that to espouse Miss St. Egremont would be a "good thing," Quiddy proceeded in the matter in a determined style. Without hesitation he asked his own consent to the marriage, and readily obtained it: nothing remained but to procure the

lady's. Resolving to commence without delay operations to that end he set off, at the earliest allowable visiting-hour, to Surrey-street, carrying under his arm the pretext for his call, the borrowed umbrella, and in full confidence that his unintended present of the opera-glass to Mrs. Fleecer, had secured for him the friendship of that lady.

"Well—I'd not tell her it was a mistake, and ask it back again, as I at first intended to do," thought he: "it may turn to better account for me where it is."

Meanwhile the ladies at their breakfast had talked over the occurrences of the preceding evening. We have never heard the pleasures of a curtain-lecture highly extolled; the consequences of curtain-cogitations are certainly not more agreeable.

"Headach, indeed!" exclaimed Honoria, peevishly; "and who can wonder at it? I was thinking of it all night. There was first the porter, then the—"

"Well, well, dear, say no more about it," said Fleecer; "it was very wrong; I'm sorry for it; it was an accident, and it never shall happen again."

"And then, how inconsiderate to lend that gentleman the umbrella! It was like giving him a hint to call again. What must *he* think of it? I thought of it twenty times in the night. I could hardly sleep for thinking of it."

"But how *could* I do less when he asked for it?" said Fleecer.

"Well—perhaps.—But at any rate there was no need for your telling him anything about my affairs. Such indiscretion! A stranger; a person I had never seen but once before, and *you* never at all. I declare I lay awake all night, tossing and tumbling about, and could not get it out of my mind."

"Now, my dear," said Fleecer, laughing, "that's just the way with us. We go to bed with some little grievance hardly worth thinking about on one's mind, and instead of going to sleep and forgetting it, there we lie, tossing and tumbling about, as you say, thinking it over and over till we have made a mountain of the molehill—bottle it up and cork it, ready for use (as the saying is), to be all poured out next morning upon a poor unlucky devil just like me. Now if, in such cases, people would but go peaceably to sleep, they'd get up when morning came, and have forgotten all about the matter."

"Well, Fleecer, that's very true," said Honoria, recovering her good humour; "and I believe that we should save ourselves a great deal of uncomfortable feeling, night and morning too, were we less apt to dwell upon equivocal words, or looks, or acts, till we have magnified them into slights or offences, and which turn out, after all, never to have had any meaning whatever. But tell me: what did you mean by saying 'Leave me to manage'?"

"Leave me to manage!" exclaimed Fleecer; "I don't remember saying that."

"You said it, though. Now recollect yourself."

"Did I? Well—perhaps. But—Ha! ha! ha! don't ask me to remember anything that happened last night. Ha! ha! ha! Now, don't, there's a dear, good girl."

Honoria having reminded Mrs. Fleecer of other points bearing upon the question, the latter was, at length, enabled to reply.

"Oh—ay.—Well, and would it *not* be a capital match for you?"

"Upon my word," said Honoria, laughing, "you are a most extraordinary person! And would not the young Duke of D——, who was in the stage-box last night, be a capital match for me? Shall I leave you to manage that? Yet you, like myself, know scarcely more of one of them than of the other."

"That's ridiculous," said Fleecer; "there's no ~~com~~parity of-reasoning in that."

"But you can't be speaking seriously, or, if you mean what you say, you are just fit for Bedlam. A man," continued Honoria, "who is all but a stranger to me, and whom, upon my slight acquaintance with him, I dislike exceedingly!"

"Dislike may wear off upon a longer acquaintance," said Fleecer; "I've seen that come to pass over and over again. As for him, if he is not smit with you I'm a Dutchwoman. I saw it—saw it all—couldn't take his eyes off you. He'll call to-day, be sure of it; and I'll lay my life he'll corroborate what I say."

"I'm too much inclined to laugh at you to be angry," said Honoria; "for what you are saying is so amusingly absurd! Ha! ha! ha! A Mrs. Quiddy, *impromptu*! And what a name!—Quiddy! A woman would deserve a settlement of a thousand a-year only for submitting to it."

"Oh, hang the name!" continued the other, "you'd soon get used to that. Besides, as you have made up your mind to marry—and very properly too—what could you do better than——Now, I know what you are going to say, but don't interrupt me; hear me out, my dear girl. What are you to do with your little property? Why, it would hardly produce you a hundred a-year. And who would that tempt to marry you? Some small tradesman, or at best, a butler tired of service. Quite beneath you, Norey—and after living like a lady you never would be happy in such a situation. It would have been quite another thing when you lived with me as my——Now, don't interrupt me; while I'm about it, I'll have my say out: after that it will be your turn.—And here's a man so monstrous rich—I've heard of him often—so monstrous rich that half the mothers in the city are squabbling to get him for their daughters. No, no; I know the world, dear; women with not half your pretensions have done quite as well for themselves as that; so if he should be inclined to look this way, don't you be such a fool as to make him look any other."

"Now, Fleecer, is it my turn to speak?" asked Miss St. Egremont, eagerly availing herself of the first pause in the chatter of her companion. Fleecer nodded assent, and the other proceeded.

"Well then—(but don't suppose I am taking seriously any part of the nonsense you have been talking)—is it not likely that his admiration, which you pretend to have detected, had a great deal more to do with my fortune—thank *you* for that, Fleecer—than with me? Mind you—not that it signifies one way or another, for I look upon all you have been saying as mere foolishness."

"Why," replied Fleecer, reflecting awhile, "if he were not so monstrous rich one might suspect something of that sort; but in *his* case—! And yet one ought not to be too sure of anybody. If he has intentions, as I firmly believe he has, leave *that* point to me to discover;

and should he, or any man, be so base, he would deserve to be married to you as a punishm——Don't start up and look so angry, my dear; you know what I mean—for the *disappointment* it would be to him."

"Well, I suppose he *will* call, as you have given him an excuse for it, but *I* shall not be at home to him. Indeed, I *must* go out upon a little business. Only, mind—take care how you implicate me with him by any indiscreet talk—that's all."

So saying (in a warning tone), Miss St. Egremont left Mrs. Fleecer's room, in which they had breakfasted, and withdrew to her own apartment.

CHAP. XXIV.

QUIDDY'S FIRST VISIT TO SURREY-STREET—LODGING-LETTING LADIES SHOWN TO BE OF THE *GENUS IRRITABILE*—QUIDDY MAKES AN UNLUCKY START, BUT RECOVERS HIMSELF—HE BREAKS GROUND, AND IS NOT DISSATISFIED WITH THE RESULT OF HIS VISIT *AS FAR AS IT GOES*.

Two o'clock came, and with it (as was announced to her mistress by Betty), "The gentleman as 'as brought home the lumber-rieller, mum." The "parlour" not being at home, the gentleman was shown into that apartment.

Whilst waiting the arrival of Mrs. Fleecer, Quiddy had an opportunity of examining the room. This room being the front-parlour, it were superfluous to say that it was on the ground-floor, and that it possessed the advantage of commanding from its two windows an uninterrupted view of the houses which were immediately opposite to it; nor (owing to the fortunate narrowness of the street) was this view seriously impeded, even upon the present occasion, when there happened to be a fog which might have been fatal to the enjoyment of a more extensive prospect. On one side of the room was a sofa, which, like the six chairs (of which two presented the luxury of arms) was not only covered, but *stuffed* with horsehair. Of this latter fact the evidence was, perhaps, needlessly ostentatious, for the material protruded itself from many places, more particularly at the edges. Opposite the sofa stood a small sideboard, conveniently supplied with drawers, and ornamented with brass handles. On it was a brown tea-urn, supported on each side by an open, empty knife-case. In front of the urn was a tea-chest, and in front of that a decanter, around which were placed, with no unsuccessful attempt at symmetry, six wine-glasses and two tumblers of various sizes and patterns. A red-leathern cruet-stand and two glass saltcellars completed this display of ornament and utility combined. Above all was a small concave mirror, of about a foot in diameter, to whose frame (still exhibiting signs of its having once been gilt) was attached a pair of sconces. The fireplace stood diagonally in a corner of the room. The mantelpiece was decorated with little figures (executed in earthenware) of a white shepherd and a shepherdess, each in an interesting attitude, lolling beneath a whity-brown tree; a pink Newfoundland dog; a yellow parrot; a scarlet elephant (all of the same size), and a vase containing a few bunches of sooty, smoke-dried lavender. A sliding toasting-fork, a japped

hearth-broom, a worsted-worked kettle-holder, and a couple of *papier-maché* card-racks, also assisted to adorn this important portion of the apartment. Above the mantelpiece was exhibited a portrait (evidently the work of some Sir Joshua of that school which professes to "do" likenesses "in this style for only two guineas") of a goggle-eyed, red-faced lady, in a scarlet velvet dress with yellow satin trimmings; a green satin turban, with a gold band and a plume of sky-blue feathers; and round her neck a huge gold chain, to which was suspended a miniature portrait of a man in a military uniform. The portrait (that is to say, the lady's) was, as it afterwards appeared, a representation of Mrs. Fleecer herself, done in days gone by. In the middle of the apartment stood a small rickety table, covered with a piece of dingy green-baize, upon which lay a brownish-black leathern writing-case, and an ink-glass with one pen in it. To complete the description of this room, it is only necessary to say, that the carpet was pieced, in many places, with as close a regard to its original pattern as circumstances would allow; and that the blackish-gray stuff curtains might have boasted of having once been of a bright blue, had they not been of an age to protect them against indulging in the little vanities of this world.

Presently Mrs. Fleecer made her appearance.

After a few words on both sides, naturally arising out of the situation, and thanks from Mrs. Fleecer to Quiddy for his "elegant present," which she somewhat needlessly assured him she would "keep as long as she lived;" the gentleman expressed a hope that the *young* lady also was well, and that he might be allowed the pleasure of seeing her; in reply to which he was informed, and truly, that the *young* lady was not at home, and that the time of her return was uncertain. This was unfortunate for Quiddy;—for, depending upon seeing Miss St. Egremont, he had arranged in his own mind (as we have seen him do upon a former occasion) what *he* should say—planning a line of conversation upon the assumption that every word said by the lady would fit in exactly with it. Disappointed in this, but resolving at once to commence operations by hinting to the young lady's friend at the subject so near his heart (pocket?) he approached it adroitly, as he thought, and by what he considered to be an unimportant observation or two. But he was unluckily mistaken upon both points, for they led him to the very brink of converting the lady's friend into his foe, a result which would have been fatal to his hopes.

Now it is an extraordinary fact that in all London (and London is a tolerably extensive place), there is nowhere to be found such a thing as an undesirable lodging—a lodging too large or too small; too light or too dark; too dismal or too gay; too much exposed to the air or too confined; too far distant from any place whatsoever, or too near to it. In a word, no one ever looked at a lodging but was assured by the authority the most competent to decide—namely, the lodging-letter—that that one was in every respect, without a single drawback or objection, the very lodging for their purpose, and that it was scarcely in the nature of things that it should be otherwise. Say that authors, artists, actors, musicians, are the *genus irritabile*! a lodginghouse-keeper against the field. If you doubt us, *try*. Visit the smallest and dingiest lodging-house in the dullest part of the town: listen to the

eloquent praises of its locality, size, and airiness; its conveniences, accommodations, and elegances: admit all this, yet venture to hint that, after all, it is not absolutely a Chatsworth or a Blenheim—and we wish you safely out of it.

Upon this rock it was that the hopes of Quiddy were nearly wrecked.

"And so, marm," said Quiddy, "Miss St. Egremont has left the cottage for good and all?"

"Yes, poor thing, she has!" replied Mrs. Fleecer, with a sigh.

"It was a sweet pretty place; an uncommon pleasant situation," continued he.

"It was indeed, sir, a charming place; quite a paradise!" responded the other.

"Ahem!—She must find the change to this place uncommon dull, marm!" continued the unlucky Quiddy, turning his eyes towards the windows.

"Dull, sir! Dull!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer, in a tone compounded of astonishment and anger. "I don't quite understand you, sir."

"I mean, marm," said Quiddy, "that after coming from Lisson-grove, this street must seem rather dismalish."

"Surrey-street dull! Surrey-street dismal!" continued Mrs. Fleecer. "Why, sir, it is notorious to be one of the gayest streets in London—indeed, some people complain it is too gay. *Dull*, upon my word! Why, there's always something a-going on in it. Dull! Why, even at this very moment—Listen—now I *beg* you'll listen, sir."

Quiddy *did* listen, and he was rewarded for his obedience by hearing, all at the same time, the sound of the Old Hundredth Psalm struggling through the fog from a barrel-organ at a little distance down the street; a hoarse voice crying "rabbit-skins;" and the grating of a knife-grinder's wheel immediately beneath the windows.

"Um! and you call this *DULL*," continued Mrs. Fleecer, with a toss of the head, and a strong emphasis on the last word.

Quiddy began to perceive that he had committed a mistake, and, with his own peculiar address, set about repairing it.

"Why, marm, when I said dull, I didn't positively mean—what I mean is, considering what an uncommon airy place Lisson-gro—"

"*Well*, sir?" interposed the lady, in a manner that utterly confused him.

"Y—yes, marm, I—in course I don't know how you may be *behind*, but—but—looking to the front, marm—"

"The front, sir! Not airy! Do you mean to disparage my lodgings, sir? To say nothing of my *drawing-room*, sir, here, in this very parlour, I have had tip-top quality lodging.—Not airy, indeed! Why, sir, I have had officers, and ladies of fashion, and Member of Parliaments in my front, and they never complained it wasn't airy enough. *And* close to the water, too! Why, sir, the Thames is positively *contagious* to us—within a stone's throw, I may say. Not airy, indeed! I think if a lady like Miss S." (continued Mrs. Fleecer, with increasing indignation), "a lady like her, with *her* fortune, who might choose where she likes, is satisfied with the situation—I *must* say I *do* think—"

"I'm sure my dear good madam," hastily said Quiddy, who felt the danger of his position, "I'm sure if I have said anything to offend you, I am ready and willing to apologize."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Fleecer, soothed by his air of contrition; "I'm certain you didn't *mean* to be personal; but to say that my street is dull, and that—Oh, I'm certain you are too much of the gentleman to hurt any woman's feelings."

"Gentleman? In course I am, marm," said Quiddy; "it is very well known how I stand in the world." Here he tapped his breeches-pocket, and continued: "And what place *can* look lively such a day as this? I dare say that on a fine clear day the house is altogether another thing, and that even the furniture looks quite—"

Luckily for the maladroit speaker the concluding words were not distinctly heard by Mrs. Fleecer, who replied,

"Oh, quite, quite, sir. Indeed, everybody has done me the justice to say—and I have had some of the very tip-top folks lodging with me—that mine is not at all like a common lodging-house. They would not have come to me if it had been; for it is natural that personages who are used to their little comforts and elegances at home, should look for them abroad. There was the Honourable Mrs. Mc Bawbie and her daughter, who came up from Scotland for the Queen's birthday drawing-room the very last season, and went to Court in their court-dresses out of these very parlours. Then, after them, there was the Reverend Mr. Grimbush, who was a clergyman, and *he*—"

And here, observing that Quiddy's eyes were fixed on the portrait over the mantelpiece, she shook her head, looked down upon the patched carpet, and with a simper and a sigh, said—

"Ah! sir, such was I once!"

"No! was you *indeed*, marm?" said Quiddy. "How very beautiful"—(Mrs. Fleecer covered her face with her handkerchief)—"how very beautiful the velvet and satin is done! And the gentleman in the miniature—who may he be?"

"My poor dear F., the late captain," replied the lady in a melancholy tone.

"Dead, marm?" inquired Quiddy.

"He was killed three years ago, sir," was the reply.

"The fortune of war, marm," observed the other.

"True, sir, true; but that is poor consolation to a lone widow. Ah! poor dear fellow! He went out with his corps—the Bermondsey Volunteers—to be reviewed on Wormwood Scrubs, got his feet wet, and died of cramp in his stomach the same night."

"Cramp in the stomach—ah!—*A propos*, marm, you said it is uncertain when Miss St. Egremont will return?"

Now as the *à propos* is not quite obvious, one might imagine that the speaker was ignorant of the meaning of the word he employed—a case not unfrequent with some who incline to be ostentatious in the display of their verbal wealth. Since, however, we are not criss to cavil at what the erudite Lord Duberly would call Quiddy's "cacalogogy;" nor metaphysicians to trace the links in the chain of ideas, which in the mind of the latter connected the return of Miss St. Egremont with the late Captain Fleecer's cramp in the stomach; but merely recorders of facts and events and conversation, such as we find them—we must

state that, *à propos* or otherwise, the question drew from the lady this reply:—

"Yes, sir, quite—that's to say, it is uncertain whether she will be home much before dinner-time; but as we are going to-night to Drury-L—"

Here Mrs. Fleecer was suddenly attacked by a fit of coughing, which caused the ~~where~~ they were going to be left unexplained. Or might it have occurred to her that for Honoria, under her "present circumstances," to go on two successive nights to the theatre, might seem "odd" to the gentleman?

"Charming creature is that Miss S., marm."

"Ah! Mr. Q., it is only those who know her as well as I do that *can* know what a treasure she is."

"Talking of treasure, Mrs. F.," said Quiddy—and in this case the association of ideas in his mind was less obscure than in the former one—"talking of treasure, I was delighted—that's to say for *her* sake, at what you told me last night."

"Told you? I don't recollect—treasure—told you?" said Mrs. Fleecer, pretending forgetfulness. And then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Treasure!—Oh—well, it is indeed a treasure—the charmingest opera-glass I ever saw. And how very remiss of me not to thank you for it once more. I'm sure I shall value it as long as I live; not so much for the thing itself, beautiful as it is, as for your manner of presenting it—so very disinterested—merely because you saw it took my fancy, as I freely own it did. As I said to Miss S. *so much* like the gentleman, so *very* elegant, quite the Don Quixote of politeness."

There was nothing in the world (money-getting excepted), by which our hero was so much pleased as by compliments paid to his politeness and gentility; accordingly he acknowledged each one by an "Oh! marm!" accompanied with one of his chin-dropping bows. And that Mrs. Fleecer should have eulogized those qualities in him to Miss St. Egremont, with whom it was essential to his project that he should stand well, was (to express it in the form in which the matter was passing through his mind) more than a set-off on the profit side of the account which, up to this moment, had stood debited with the sum of 2*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, the exact cost of the unintended present. At once to confirm the lady's good opinion of his politeness and gentility, he said in an off-hand kind of style—

"Oh, my dear good madam, I beg you won't mention it. The thing is no object to me, not even if it had cost twice two-two-nine. It was sufficient that *you* admired it, and—"

And Mr. Quiddy hastily buttoned his waistcoat close up to the throat; for, at this moment, the lady's eye rested on a large diamond-pin of considerable value, which, as an evidence of wealth, the vulgarian wore in his flowing shirt-frill, at all times and in all places, even from the hour of his rising.

The exact coincidence of the lady's marked notice of the sparkling ornament with the gentleman's utterance of his last few words, might have been merely accidental. Whether or no, it is certain his extraordinary movement did not pass unobserved by her, for she mentally ejaculated—

"Well, I declare! What a nasty suspicious-minded person he must be!"

This trifling incident (which was not soon forgotten by Mrs. Fleecer) connected with two or three circumstances of apparently no greater importance which occurred upon subsequent occasions, materially influenced the future conduct of the lady in matters concerning the "great what-do-they-call-him of Mark-lane."

The train of the conversation having been broken, Phineas knew not well how to resume it so as to lead Mrs. Fleecer imperceptibly back to what was with him the main point—Honor and her fortune. He looked blank, twiddled his thumbs, and (as it was usual with him in such straits) emitted, in something between whistling and singing (for it was not exactly either the one thing or the other) a snatch of an old tune.

Now it is an axiom which we believe no philosopher has ever yet ventured to dispute, that, in order to bring an affair to a conclusion it is necessary in the first place to begin it. If you have the tact to begin at precisely the right point your success may be the greater; if not, begin where you may, and, for the result, trust to the chapter of accidents. Begin, however, you must. In this latter predicament stood Quiddy. Having been frustrated in his original intention of leading to the great point by a delicate chain of seemingly unimportant observations and questions (though we consider his ability to execute so nice a movement as more than doubtful) he made a dash forward and, after a preparatory "*too-tum-too, ti-tum-ti*," said—

"I say Mrs. Fleecer, my dear good madam—I say—I suppose Miss St. Egremont being now quite alone in the world, as it were, will soon be thinking of leading some happy man or other to the hynemeal altar, as they call it?"

"I know nothing of that lady's intentions, sir," replied the other, with an air of reserve. "She is very close. Indeed she would be *morally* offended if I were to pry into them in the least. *But*," added she, with a significant bending of the head, "my notion is she will settle quietly for the rest of her days in Devonshire or Wales, where she may live like a lady." And she fixed her eyes scrutinizingly upon Quiddy.

"Wales! Devonshire! Live like a lady!" exclaimed he. "Wonder if she couldn't with her means. But it would be folly, madness—at her age, and such a charming *gal*! She ought to marry. Who wouldn't be proud to—Why, marm, with her five hundred a-year she might—

"Her *what*, sir?" innocently inquired Mrs. Fleecer.

"Why, marm, ten thousand pounds, even in the funds, at the present prices, would produce that; but there are ways and means by which—"

"Oh dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer, in apparent alarm; "I perceive—what I hinted at last night. Oh, sir; for Heaven's sake not a word of that! If Miss Egremont had the faintest notion that I had been so indiscreet as to let out to you that she—Oh, sir, it would ruin me with her for ever!"

This is what Mrs. Fleecer said: what she *thought* was—"So, so, Mr. Q.; I see through you as clear as a pane of glass."

Quiddy was in the midst of a protestation that he was "as close as wax," and that for any further revelations which then, or at any future time, she might be inclined to make to him she might rely on his secrecy and discretion; when a hackney-coach drew up to the door. Miss St. Egremont alighted from it, entered the house, and walked directly up to her apartment. In another moment the landlady was summoned by the little maid-of-all-work to attend upon her lodger.

"I must now leave you, sir," said Mrs. Fleecer.

"But, marm—my dear good madam," eagerly said Quiddy, "can't I see her at once?—can't I pay my *devours* to her now?"

"Impossible," replied she; "it is quite out of the question. In her present state she does not see a soul."

"But to-morrow—or next day, then?"

"I cannot be so bold as to answer for *her* at all," said Mrs. Fleecer.

"But, Mr. Q., you have been so *very* polite to *me* that *I* shall be happy to see you at all times."

Pleased with this invitation, of which he resolved speedily to avail himself, and satisfied with the result of the interview, *as far as it went*, the gentleman departed; whilst the lady hastened to join her fair drawing-room lodger.

CHAP. XXV.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MISS ST. EGREMONT AND MRS. FLEECER CONCERNING OUR HERO, AND OTHER MATTERS OF AT LEAST EQUAL INTEREST TO THE YOUNG LADY.

ON entering the room, Mrs. Fleecer found Honoria in the double act of throwing herself upon the sofa, and violently casting her bonnet away from her down upon the floor.

"Why, Norway, dear!" exclaimed the former, "what is the matter with you? What has put you out of temper?"

"Out of temper, *indeed*, and not without good cause," replied Honoria.

"Why, my dear," said the other, "I couldn't prevent Mr. Quiddy's calling; but as I wouldn't allow him to see you, why—"

"Hang Mr. Quiddy," said Honoria, pettishly; "he has nothing to do with it. Don't talk to me of the horrid scrub."

Had the late Nanny Streggers used such an expression, Mrs. Fleecer would not perhaps have been so greatly astonished at it; but, proceeding from the present Miss Honoria St. Egremont, it (to repeat her own words) "struck her all of a heap." True is the adage, as we last night witnessed, that "in wine there is truth:" the same thing may be said of violent excitement of any kind, temper particularly included. Now as ladies seldom pay a sly visit to a corner-cupboard, mischief cannot frequently be apprehended from such a circumstance; but since they all carry their tempers about with them, it were advisable that they should keep them as much as possible under control, lest, at some unlucky moment, passion betray them into the exposure of a *something* or *other* which it may have cost them years of study or of self-restraint to subdue or to conceal. We do not think it necessary to

address these observations to gentlemen, because they, bless them! angels as they are, never allow temper to acquire the mastery over them.

"Why, Norey!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer, "I'm struck all of a heap. When did I ever hear you use such a word?"

"Oh, don't tease me," continued Honoria, in the same mood: "it is enough to put an angel out of temper."

"But tell me—what?—what?" anxiously inquired the other.

"Why, I have been into the City to see Harry Scott, poor Slymore's executor; and instead of the legacy to me being two thousand pounds, it turns out to be only two thousand in the *three-per-cents*."

"Well, well," innocently observed Mrs. Fleecer, "so long as it is *somewhere*, it doesn't much signify where it is."

"How stupid you are!" exclaimed Miss St. Egremont; "it makes a difference of eight hundred pounds to me; and Scott tells me, if I sell it *now*, that, after paying legacy-duty, and lord knows what besides, it will barely produce me twelve hundred. And what am I to do with that, I should like to know?"

"Let it remain where it is, and endeavour to live on the interest," said Mrs. Fleecer.

"Very good advice, indeed," said Honoria, ironically; "how am I to live upon sixty pounds a-year?"

"Why, then, my dear, why not sink it in an annuity? You have no one to care about but yourself."

"I thought of that," replied Honoria, "and called at an Annuity-office; but even that I find will not produce me much more, although I underwent the mortification of telling the people there, when they inquired my age, that I was forty."

"But why do that?" inquired Fleecer. "When I went to insure my life some time ago I made myself out to be a good ten years younger than I was."

"Of course you did," said Honoria; "but that was altogether a different case: in yours one would have the more to pay in proportion as one is older; in mine to receive."

"Right, dear, right," said Mrs. Fleecer; "I recollect *now*—that *was* my reason for it. Then what *do* you mean to do?"

"Really, Fleecer, I don't know," replied the other lady, her irritation gradually subsiding. "It is a very perplexing matter. I might manage perhaps to get on tolerably well in some quiet, country place, but, Heavens! I should *hope* to death in a month. As to living in London, after the style I have been accustomed to—impossible!"

"Quite impossible—that's to say if you had nothing to hope for beyond what you have got," said Fleecer. She paused for a moment, and then, with an air of extreme simplicity continued—"By the by, Norey, did I tell you Mr. Quiddy has just looked in?"

"Yes, you did," replied Norey.

At the same time she rose, and, with her hands in her pocket-holes—(for at that time ladies wore, not a couple of tiny bags stitched to the front of an apron for the sole reception and repose of their forefingers, but unmistakable pockets slung at their sides)—she musingly paced up and down the room. Mrs. Fleecer placed herself in a chair, and, with her hands in *her* pockets, and after another pause, which she filled up

by jingling together the bunch of keys, and scissors and halfpence and nutmeg-grater and other articles, which we have upon a former occasion mentioned as the usual occupants of those depositories, she said—

"Do you know, we have had a *very* pleasant gossip together,—perfectly *tolerable*, I assure you."

"I wish you joy of it," said Honoria, carelessly.

"Do you know ~~now~~—really—he is not so *very* disagreeable after all, isn't that Mr. Quiddy?"

Miss St. Egremont made no reply, and Mrs. Fleecer continued—

"Rely on it—ha! ha! ha!—rely on it what I told you this morning is true. I saw it, as I said, with half an eye :—he's smit, positively smit with you."

"Really, really," said Honoria, "this is no time to entertain me with your nonsensical talk about that man. I have something more serious to think of."

"Well, well—don't be so snappish—I only spoke. I'm sure what I said I meant for your good," said Fleecer.

"My good!" exclaimed Miss St. Egremont, suddenly standing still. "Once more, recollect the warning I gave you but a few hours ago; and if—But it is clear to me that I have been the subject of conversation between you, and I shall be glad to know—I insist upon knowing—what has passed."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Mrs. Fleecer, "he began by saying such insulting things that I was almost ready to turn him out of the house."

Honoria turned pale—or we ought rather to say she *felt* she did; for there was a certain slight impediment which would hardly have permitted one to discover that phenomenon—and falteringly said—

"Insulting! This comes of your intolerable gossip. Did he allude to—did he—what did he say of me?"

"Of you? Lord, dear, nothing but the most complimenting things. It was to *me*. What do you think? He had the personality to say that my situation was dull, that my house was dismal, that my parlour was dark, that my front wasn't airy, that my—"

"Psha! Ridiculous!" exclaimed Honoria. "Was that all?"

"All!" cried the sensitive lodging-letter, starting from her chair and rattling the contents of her pockets with increased activity. "Disparage my house, and call it *all*! Um—upon my word, Miss Nanny! People can feel for their own characters, it seems, but where a friend's is insulted—"

"Come, my dear Fleecer," said Honoria, soothingly, "no offence was intended to you personally; and since—"

"Not *personal*, Norey?" said the other, at once touched by the kindness of her friend's manner; "ah! my dear girl: it is only one who gets her living by her house that can enter into the delicacy of a woman's feelings. However, he *did* apologize, and very much like a gentleman, too, that I must say for him. But as you don't like the subject we'll not talk any more about him."

"Pray, never mind me," said Honoria; "the subject appears to be a very agreeable one to you, so go on if you please." And with affected indifference, she added, "And what was it he said so very complimentary to me?"

"First of all he remarked what a charming creature you were; next he said—"

"There, that's quite enough," said Honoria, accidentally walking towards the looking-glass; "don't repeat any more of the man's nonsense to me.—Fleecer," continued she with a simper, "and—and what sort of looking creature is he by daylight?"

"Why, really, now, he is not so bad by any means; and with a diamond pin in his frill worth a hundred guineas if a shilling. But don't let us talk any more about *him*," said Mrs. Fleecer in her turn. "But now, dear, about your own matters: what *do* you mean to do with that trifle of money of yours, for a trifle it is considering that it is all you have to live upon? I shouldn't advise you to take a lodging-house—I know the plagues of that; but I really do think" which is what she really did not think "that if you were to set up in some small way of business—"

"Ay," said Miss St. Egremont with an expression of disgust (which was precisely what Fleecer intended to provoke), "ay; sit behind a counter and serve out pennyworths of gingerbread and sugarcandy; or measure tapes and bobbins. If that is the best advice you have to offer, why—"

"Why, my dear," said Fleecer, "it wouldn't be pleasant, I own; but what is an unmarried woman with a poor, paltry income to do? Or—what say you to a school for little children? With your *talons*, Norey—"

"Well," replied the other, "I have more than once thought of that. It is a lady-like occupation at any rate; and with the assistance of some of poor Tom's city friends, who might recommend—"

"Excellent," said Fleecer; "the very thing for you. Miss Honoria St. Egremont in a prim, frumpish dress, walking about Hammer-smith or Dulwich at the heels of a score of little darlings with a camp-chair in her hand. I think I see you! As to poor Tom's city friends, as you call them, that was all very well when poor Tom was alive, and the champagne and claret were flying about; but you'll find it a different thing now, take my word for that."

"Well; I am inclined to think better of them—of some of them at least—Harry Scott for instance. This very morning he spoke to me like a brother, and told me that if I chose to let him have my money to employ it for me till I knew what better to do with it, he could allow me a great deal more than I can get for it where it is."

"Ha! and some fine morning—smash: and then where will you be?" said Mrs. Fleecer.

"What! Whobble and Scott, the great bill-brokers! Ridiculous!" exclaimed Honoria.

"No, no, my dear girl," said Mrs. Fleecer, "a good, rich husband is the thing for you; and if you were not so monstrous nice and so proud—"

But here the conversation was interrupted by the little maid who came with the information that dinner was quite ready.

CHAP. XXVI.

QUIDDY GOES TO DINE WITH SIR GOG AND LADY CHESHIRE—THEIR CONVERSATION CONCERNING HIM PREVIOUS TO HIS ARRIVAL—HER LADYSHIP, IN HER WAY, AS ATTENTIVE TO THE MAIN CHANCE AS HER GUEST.

WE have already intimated that Mr. Phineas was not altogether dissatisfied with the result of his morning's chief occupation. True, he had not been so fortunate as to obtain an interview with the fair object of his visit, but he had succeeded to a certain degree in establishing a good understanding with a person who professed to be her sincere friend, and who probably possessed some influence with her. What should be his next proceeding he could not immediately determine. His former attempts in the art of love-making, in the instances of the late worthy widow Sanderson and poor Janet Gray, had been signal failures both; and though up to the present moment he never could clearly understand why such should have been the case, he nevertheless had some misgivings that it required a different, if not a more delicate mode of handling than that which he always considered and treated not only as its sister-art, but (as he invariably allowed it precedence) its elder and better sister, the art of money-making, in which he was an adept.

But he postponed the consideration of this difficult question till a more fitting opportunity, as he was now bustling through the crowded streets home to Mark-lane to dress, or, as he usually described that operation, to "clean himself," for dinner at Sir Gog and Lady Cheshire's with whom he was engaged in Finsbury-square at five precisely.

It will be recollected that it was at Sir Gog Cheshire's ("formerly the eminent cheese-monger in Bishopsgate-street") Quiddy became acquainted with Miss St. Egremont's uncle, Slymore. He therefore considered this engagement at the present juncture as a fortunate occurrence, not doubting that in the course of conversation something would be said about Sir Gog's late friend, from which he (Mr. Quiddy) might derive useful information.

The family of the Cheshires was of "Class No. 2" (which we have already noticed), where the fathers having but "little" to bestow upon their unmarried daughters, Quiddy was invited "often." Now, Sir Gog, though a kind father and wealthy, was not so much of a King Lear as even to think of giving all to his daughters, and this for two sufficient reasons: first, because having been the architect of his own fortune, he thought himself entitled in his retirement to the enjoyment of a good share of it; and secondly, because he had five sons also to put forward in the world. Of the latter, three were already well established in business; while two (the youngest) of the respective ages of seventeen and fifteen, were still at home, waiting to be suitably "done for." There were five daughters also. Two of these (having each received her portion of fifteen hundred pounds) were already married to respectable men in good business: there consequently remained three, all of a marriageable age, for whom husbands had yet to be provided.

But was it likely that Mr. Quiddy would, in his own person, accommodate either of the young expectants? Not in the least. The *potion* (as he called it) which the father would give, was hardly worth having if a wife was to be taken along with it; and then, should he take the money, although with its encumbrance, he might still be expected to do something for one of those boys. Again, he did not much like either of the "gals," though that circumstance would have gone for nothing had the main article been satisfactory to him. Notwithstanding all this, he never hesitated to accept their dinner invitations, which (as from four or five other families similarly circumstanced) for many months past had been as frequent as once in a week at least: nor, though he well knew (as he could not but know) the motives which dictated them, did his delicacy ever take the liberty to advise him to reject that which tended so greatly to his pleasure and convenience.

But, agreeable as this might be to our gentleman, his state of neutrality did not suit the purpose of the mammas. It was high time to understand what were Mr. Quiddy's intentions; and in the case of the Cheshires it had been resolved to come to that understanding upon the present occasion.

"Things mustn't go on in this way much longer, Cheshire," said her ladyship to Sir Gog. "Jane will be twenty-six on the 13th of February, Eliza has turned twenty-two, and even Clara is nineteen. Mr. Quiddy ought to know himself well enough to be aware that it cannot be for the mere pleasure of such company as *us* we are so very attentive to him, and I am resolved to put the question to him this very afternoon."

"Right, my dear, quite right," replied the knight; "anything is better than shilly-shallying."

"Shilly-shallying? Fiddlesticks!" said the lady; "there has not yet been even as good as that, not a word nor a hint."

"Then you can't say whether he has a preference?" inquired Sir Gog.

"It would be hard to tell; but, if for any, I should say Clara," replied Lady Cheshire.

"Clara! what! my darling Clara?" exclaimed he: "my pet, the flower of the flock? I'm sorry for that. They are all good girls, bless 'em! but she is *too* good for him. She's so amiable, so gentle, so—Bless her pretty pale face! I'm sorry—in short, I'm d—'d sorry for it, my lady."

"But," continued her ladyship, "*she* can't endure him; and I verily believe no power on earth would force her to have him were he made all of gold."

"Indeed! Now for that I'm glad—in short, I'm d—'d glad. As to forcing her, and breaking her poor little heart, we won't do that—no—in short, we'll be d—'d if we do, my lady."

"What are Eliza's feelings concerning him, I can't exactly say," said Lady Cheshire, not heeding her husband's customary lit' expletive; "I don't think she cares much about him one way or the other; but if he should propose for *her*, I do think she would make but little difficulty about accepting him."

"So think I: very little difficulty: in short, d—'d little, my dear. And as to Jane—?"

"Why, Jane, I think, rather likes him—that is to say enough for the purpose; but then *she* is six-and-twenty, and a sensible girl."

"Come now, Susan, my dear," said Sir Gog, laughing; "tell me candidly—in short, d—'d candidly, how should *you* like him for a husband?"

"Don't make such an old fool of yourself, my dear Gog, as to ask me such a question," said my lady, laughing with him. "How should *I* like him, indeed! I, who am forty upwards."

"Forty upwards," exclaimed the knight; "forty upwards *indeed*—in short, d—'d upwards, my lady. Why, our Dick is thirty-two."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the street-door. This announced the arrival of our hero; but some minutes elapsed ere he made his appearance in the drawing-room; for (to save a shilling), having walked through a smart shower of rain, he had (after depositing his hat and streaming umbrella) to take off the splashed Hessian boots which he wore over his black-net tights, and replace them by a pair of shoes which he brought with him in his pocket. This done, he drew on a pair of reddish-yellow Woodstock gloves (for he had walked bare-handed through the streets), from which, as he thrust his fingers into them, flew a cloud of powder, the material with which they had, for the fourth time, been renovated. While this process was being performed, the young ladies and the two younger sons joined mamma and papa in the drawing-room.

Quiddy was received at the drawing-room door by Lady Cheshire and her eldest daughter Jane, whom she dragged along with her by the arm. The gentleman dropped his chin to each, and, with solemn politeness, said,

"How d'ye do, my lady? hope you feel yourself tolerable well to-day, my lady?—How do *you* do, miss? hope *you* feel yourself tolerable well to-day?" Each of the other daughters he addressed in the same words. To the boys it was merely, "How do *you* do, Master Bill?—How do *you* do, Master Harry?" While to Sir Gog he said, "And how are *you*, Sir G?" accompanying the inquiry with a slap of his outspread hand on the knight's back, which left on his bright-green coat a very fine impression of the speaker's dusty glove.

"Q.," said Sir Gog, good-humouredly, "you are rather late. You know our five means five, and it is nearly a quarter-past. Our cook is punctual: she prides herself on doing everything to a turn; and if the fish should be overdone, she'll wish you where you would find yourself rather the reverse of comfortable—in short, d—'d the reverse."

"Come, Sir G.," said Quiddy (clapping his huge hands one on each of Sir Gog's shoulders), "come, I flatter myself you can't often strike a balance against me on that account. P. Q., as I'm sometimes called for short, is generally in pudd'n-time,—eh, ladies?"

When he turned away from his host to make this playful appeal, the girls tittered and the boys burst into a loud laugh.

"I say, papa," cried Harry (the younger of the boys), "do but look in the glass! Mr. Quiddy has given you such a beautiful pair of shoulder-knots with the stuff they clean dirty gloves with."

Papa did as he was desired to do, and with his pocket-handkerchief

rubbed from his shoulders the marks which his guest had imprinted on them and which very much resembled what Master Harry had compared them to. While doing this he cautioned Master Harry to behave himself if he wished to be allowed to dine in the parlour. At the same time Lady Cheshire uttered an admonitory "Girls!" to her daughters, whose renewed titter at their brother's allusion to Mr. Quiddy's gloves she feared might be taken offensively by that gentleman.

But Quiddy, being in one of his very best humours, pretended to join in the laugh, though he suspected it to be against him; while, with his hands behind him, he drew off their offending coverings and put them into his pocket.

"Come, Mr. Quiddy," said her ladyship, abruptly, and in the same breath with the admonitory monosyllable; "come, have you anything new to tell us?"

"Why, my lady, nothing very particular. Oh—yes—there is expected to be a great demand for slops for the navy—sailors' trousers and that sort of thing, you know; and I'm not sorry for it, as I happen to have a large stock by me; and as—"

"But," said her ladyship, interrupting him, "I mean anything going on in the world?"

"O—ay—oh—Why, I was at the play last night; and who do you think, Sir Gog, I happened to meet there?"

But ere Sir Gog could reply, dinner was announced.

"Give your arm to her ladyship, Q.," said Sir Gog.

"Oh, never mind me," said Lady Cheshire, laughing; "I'm an old woman. Take one of the girls, Mr. Quiddy: come, give your arm to your *favorite*."

While Quiddy, somewhat perplexed by this command, and, rubbing his ear with a finger, was endeavouring to hit upon something pretty to say; and Clara, absconding to one of the windows, was stooping to look for a something which she had neither lost nor mislaid, her ladyship just said—

"Now, Jane, my love." Hereupon the "great what-do-they-call it," awkwardly held out his arm to that young lady.

"Now," said the good mamma to the pair, "do you young people lead the way."

And the party descended to the dining-room.

P*.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

"All have their exits and their entrances."

It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand that is held out to her by male Civility. It might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant place—but looks out for a seat, if possible, between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the mean time the omnibus moves on. Prudery totters—makes a snatch at Civility's nose—or his neck—or anywhere—and missing her hold rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True Modesty would have escaped all these indecorums.

H.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THAT REMARKABLE CHILD

THE LATE MISS MARGARET DAW.

AUTHORESS OF "SIGHS, SMILES, SENTIMENTS, AND OTHER POEMS,"

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Non sine Diis animosus infans.—HORAT.

IT is not in these days of polite and refined sentiment, that an appeal to an enlightened British public is necessary, in behalf of literary genius. The Roman poet has well observed that "a studious cultivation of the ingenious arts softens the manners, and does not suffer men to become brutes:" and the second great orator of antiquity, with equal force, remarked, that "the *belles lettres* delight us at home, and are no impediment abroad." On this account, literature is justly held in esteem by all nations claiming for themselves the epithet of civilized. For myself, from my earliest youth I was a devoted admirer of all who have made themselves a name by their printed productions; and to tell the whole truth, at ten years old, was, however unworthily, myself enrolled among those

Condemned their father's soul to cross,
Who pen a stanza when they should engross.

Forced by the decrees of an inscrutable Providence to pass my youth in the obscurity of a country town, I may still boast that my life was not wasted in a solitude wholly unknown to the Muses; and that among my companions might be counted more than one mute "inglorious Milton," and (stranger still), more than one silent Madame de Staël, who if they had not fallen on the *Barbara tellus, et inhospita litora Ponti*, might have added another sprig to the myrtle-branch of British talent, and thrown an halo of glory round their native birth-place, to redeem it from a dark and oblivious obscurity. But alas!

Nec vos, Pierides, nec stirps Latonia, vestro
Docta sacerdoti turba tulistis opem.

It is needless to add that our small coterie of *blues* (as we are invidiously called by our neighbours), is merely an oasis in the desert; and that it is chiefly from among the softer sex that our society has recruited its strength, while the love of an elegant refinement in literature, has found in them its best representatives. I mention this circumstance as best explaining the poetical turn which has been given to the literary propensities of the place, and more especially the decided preference we have shown for those departments of poetic composition which bear the true imprint or Hall-mark of the court of Apollo—the simple and the mystic.

These tendencies were also very much encouraged and fostered by the circumstance of our possessing, in the person of Dr. Drowsy's first curate, one, whom melancholy and the Muses have alike marked for their own; one whose sermons required nothing but rhyme to have

made them exquisite poems; and whose occasional trifles in verse (which he with unwonted modesty published with the title of "Poor attempts at Rhyme") wanted only reason and an unmeasured gait to have passed for the most delightful specimens of pure British *prose*. He was known to his parishioners as the clergyman "much bemused in" tea; and there is scarcely a personage of holy writ, mythical or historical, from the Deity to the Demon, to whom he had not dedicated at least the scantlings of an heroic poem. Under his direction was founded our book-club, or, as we termed it, our "Literary Association for the dissemination of Song and Sobriety:" and I think our library might boast of a larger collection of works which have escaped the research of the general public, and which will be read when Shakspeare, Pope, and Milton, shall be forgotten, than can be found in any other town of the like dimensions, within the Queen's dominions. The productions of unknown genius, the effusions of lowly merit, were ever among the objects of our primary research; and it will long remain a matter of boast to our circle, that we have been instrumental more than once in drawing from obscurity neglected talent, and fostering into distinction the mechanic poet, whose uneducated strains had been overlooked or despised, by self-interested booksellers, and money-hunting publishers.

But among the various manifestations of the divine *afflatus*, which appeal to the sympathies of those *quibus meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, we have chiefly affected precocious talent. Infantile genius is like green peas at Christmas; and as the sons of Cræsus prefer the untimely pulse before "every delicacy in season," more in consideration of their rarity than their flavour, so the refined and the sentimental have precocity of mind in estimation, as exhibiting in a stronger degree the power and the beneficence of Providence, and the inscrutability of his ways.

The remark which has been hazarded by a certain Scotch *Æ-cula-pius* of our town, that precocious genius is malady, and an infantile poetic temperament no better than water in the brain, is the grovelling and impious blasphemy of a shallow sciolist; but has not the pearl, the appropriate emblem of maiden purity, likewise been aspersed by the same individual, as "the morbid *exostosis* of that love-crossed bivalve, the oyster"; and ambergris, which perfumes the escruttoire of many a poetic annualist, has been liable to a similar censure. What matters it whence we come? much more important to our weal here and hereafter, is the consideration of what we are; and nothing is more certain than that genius is genius, and precocity is precocious.

It has accordingly been a custom among us to bear a wary eye in our visits to the workhouse and the parish-school, that no latent talent should be suffered to rot in dull oblivion; and more than once we have been honoured in imping the wings of genius, when it had been overlooked by the material apprehensions of matter-of-fact overseers and pedantic pedagogues. On this head, it is needful merely to hint at our connexion with that illustrious ornament of the modern Parnassus, who first manifested the spirit within him, by a couplet scrawled "with desperate charcoal" on the newly whitewashed walls of the town gaol. This spirited outpouring, it is well known, began as follows:

He who prigs what isn't his'n,
For the same he's sent to pris'n.

Another couplet rests in my memory, and deserves quotation. It was conceived in a justifiable detestation of his hard-hearted captors, *fecit indignatio versus* ;

The polis(ce) is a set of villins,
They'd hang a boy up for five shillins.

In which distich, observe how the untutored accuracy of the poet's ear led him to take liberties even with the rules of orthography.

For these ebullitions of an irrepressible spirit, the gaoler had condemned the unfortunate youth to corporal punishment—*horribili sectare flagello*—under the base pretext of the cost so lately incurred by the town for size and whiting,—when luckily the news caught our ear at the club-room, and we immediately took the lad out of durance vile, washed his face and hands, and published his poems by subscription, which had an immense sale, notwithstanding that a certain critic, with a malignant glance at the lad's unfortunate story, hinted that he came by his verses in the same way that he acquired Farmer Stubble's fat goose.

But it is time to close this long preamble, which will serve, however, as a preface, and explain to an intelligent public the intellectual process which has led me to become the biographer of Miss Margaret Daw, so well known to the entire county by the appellation of the "Muse's Semstress."

It was on a lovely afternoon in the month of May, that accompanied by a lady, who bears the name of Sappho in our circle, I walked forth to the parochial female school, to inspect the progress of the children in tent-stitch and herring-bone, and to watch the shooting of the young idea, in expectation of the advent of some new favourite of nature in want of a Mæcenas. On entering the school-room we found it in no small confusion; the mistress scolding at the highest pitch of her voice, the children in strong excitement, and in the middle, raised above her fellows on a stool, stood trembling and weeping, a lovely but sickly-looking child, with a fool's-cap of paper on her head, while fastened heraldwise over her shoulders and hanging before her, was an unfinished shirt, bearing strong marks of the inaptitude of the *débutante* little needlewoman. Like chaos before it was moulded by the hand of a plastic creator, it was indeed without "form and void;" and amidst divers other tokens of a no very cautious or cleanly handling, were several too-conspicuous splashes from the contents of an overthrown inkstand.

Ink was on the child's fingers, ink mixed with tears ran down her "grief-worn face," and pinned over her forehead was a paper, containing these lines :

Work I hate and can't abide;
Though mistress scold and mother chide,
Ne'er was made immortal soul,
To stitch a shirt, or stop a hole :
Oh! waste of time and thought too shocking,
To piece a gown, or darn a stocking!

Such was my first acquaintance with Margaret Daw; its circumstances told her whole tale, and from that hour I never lost sight of her.

The mother of this child of genius, with whom she lived, inhabited part of a small and very wretched house, in a dark and dismal alley of our town. But she was a decent body, not indeed remarkable for any extraordinary development of intellectual powers, nor otherwise differing in a striking manner from other women of her class. She was the widow of a parish-beadle, more famous for his addiction to triple XXX, than to the pure sources of Hippocrene; for though he annually at Christmas carried round the parish a boxing lucubration in rhyme, and might therefore lay claim to poetic distinction, it was, nevertheless, put about by certain critical Zoiluses, that no change had ever occurred in his eleemosynary appeals—a mark, it was thought, of an hidebound genius; while, notwithstanding that it was subscribed with his own name, the malevolent did not even scruple to declare that the lines were not at all of his composition, but the purchased effusion of a bard long deceased, and whilom known by the *sobriquet* of “the rhyming barber.”

These facts are remarkable as confirmatory of an hypothesis of my own elaboration, founded on considerable experience, that genius is not necessarily hereditary. Indeed, my own much-honoured parents were I believe esteemed as not above the common by their neighbours: though they died too soon, to enable me to correct this estimate by my own closer observation.

Be this, however, as it may, a genius Margaret was, and a genius of most uncommon splendour; as the unanimous voice of fame has since attested. At the time to which I have alluded, she was barely in her ninth year; but she was then noticeable for the early ripeness of her intelligence, for a loving though fanciful (not to say capricious) disposition, and for the habit of retreating to the yew-tree shade of the churchyard, and spending her days alone,—in idleness, as her mother said—but in reality in that contemplation of nature, and of the inward workings of her own mind, which ever distinguishes a truly poetical temperament. Many a time, on this account, was she taxed with playing truant from the school; and the neglected and unfinished condition of her assigned task of needlework, above commemorated, was with equal injustice attributed—not to her love of intellectual speculation,—but to that dislike of mechanical effort, which she had playfully put forward in the already-quoted lines!

For the poetry was indeed her own; and it was while inditing that good matter, that she had in her earnestness spilled the inky fluid over the many-coloured representative of her infantile dislikes and woe. It must not be supposed, however, that the verses were disposed, as we have printed them from an emended copy, made by herself after a lapse of some years. The original MS., in the present possession of our Sappho, was written straightforward (forthwrit, as our Saxon ancestors called prose composition) without arranging them in a stanza, or commencing the lines with capitals (a capital mistake). This, by the way, is a convincing proof that she did not take up the “idle trade” (as our national essayist—I cannot call him poet—ironically termed it) in consequence of any study of her paternal verses; for I have heard it averred by very competent judges, that the arrangement in form of stanza and capital commencement of the lines of that festive composition were the only tokens of poetry cognizable in its perusal. Indeed, this is a circumstance not particular to the Beadle; for if I chose it, I could point to sundry sonnets, the lucubrations of a person I will not name, which

are precisely in the same predicament. Those of our town who read this hint will know to whom it alludes; and having written, I retain the remark (however unwilling to inflict pain) because I am sure the party in question will not perceive that the cap fits. Dulness is a kind mother to her children!

If I did not firmly believe that genius is inherent (*poetu nascitur, non fit*), and that it will burst into spontaneous blow in spite of all impediments, I might be tempted to refer Margaret's love of verse to an application to her person of the nursery rhyme,

See-saw Margery Daw
Sold her bed and lay on the straw,
 &c. &c.,

which the charity-children bestowed upon her, on the first announcement of her name.

This malice of her schoolfellows was not applied to a supposed matter of fact in her humble story (as the benevolent and expansive turn of her disposition has since suggested to a friendly muse), for the story of the bed could not have been true. Not that Margaret's mind, tinctured as it was by the deepest devotional feelings, would not have led her to such an act of self-denial; but, at the time alluded to, I fear this unfriended child of song had literally no bed to sell: or, at all events, if sold it had been, the sale must not have been her act, but that of her unfortunate mother. It was, therefore, I believe, a pure reference to the general poverty and destitution that then presided over Margaret's parental penates: "the beggar envies the beggar," says a great Greek authority. That she herself had adopted the allusion, and indeed had the verses frequently in her mouth, I have been credibly informed; but that they had any influence in begetting a passion for poetry I can hardly credit, were it only on account of the badness of the rhymes. She was herself so far from having her ear corrupted by the study of this detestable example of imperfect versification, that she was, from the first, remarkable for the great nicety of her rhymes. So severely critical was that organ, in her instance, that it is recorded of her, that when reciting the second distich

Was not she a dirty *slut*,
To sell her bed and lay in the dirt,

she ever dropped the italicized word, and adopted in its stead, as more closely answering the necessities of the verse, the better rhyme of "flirt." This she might have done on the authority of Gay's "Why, how now, Madam Flirt?" but it may be doubted whether the "Beggars' Opera" ever fell into her infant hands.

The verses on shirtmaking were not the first effusions of her childish muse. That "poetical career which has been so celebrated in literary history," began at a much earlier period. At six years, we have ascertained, were written those wonderful "Thoughts on Flowers growing out of her mother's casement," which begin thus:

See them lofty hollyhocks
Growing in my mother's box!
Their high top waving through the windows,
Serve us all instead of blind does.

These verses, which were accidentally discovered in searching an unfrequented closet, were written on a dirty scrap of paper, in a printed-alphabet character; some of the letters printed backwards, some sideways, and without spaces between the words. They were afterwards retouched, and the awkward turn of the last line remedied, in the way in which it stands in the fifth edition of her "fugitive pieces."

It is not to be admired that our good fortune in possessing so distinguished a townswoman should excite that jealousy, with which the journalists of the capital ever regard provincial talent. Accordingly, scarcely had her "sighs, smiles, and sentiments" appeared (she was then fully eleven years old), when pains were industriously taken in that quarter to strip Miss Daw's poems (since their exquisite sweetness could not be denied) of their reputation for originality. I allude more particularly to those wonderful lines of hers, since falsely attributed to a foreign genius :

Jehovah's voice amidst the storm
I heard, methinks I see his form,
As riding on the clouds of even,
He spreads his glory o'er the heaven.

We must in candour admit with the critic, that this thought does wear a sort of *faux air* of the only good lines Sternhold ever wrote :

Upon the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad ;

and it must further be allowed that the habit of psalm-singing prevalent in the parochial seminary, was likely to have assisted little Margaret in the development of her poetic faculty ; but if such coincidences are to be admitted as imitation, where shall we look for originality ? Has not Virgil taken a whole line of proper names from the Greek of Homer ? Yet who would deny him originality on the strength of such borrowings as,

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque ?

the inference is irresistible.

Another calumny necessary to refute (for calumny attaches itself to the ripest geniuses, as the wasp attacks the ripest peach), is contained in that sarcasm which insolent and upstart success with the bibliopolist loves to cast against the poetic child of penury, namely, that Margaret's love of poetry had interfered with her efforts to support herself and parent by the labour of her hands. That this was not the truth, I appeal to those who best knew the affairs of the parish. But we have likewise her own evidence, offered apparently about the time of the misadventure of the shirt, in the following touching lines :

Come and behold how I improve
In sewing, washing, sweeping :
And, when my mother locks me up,
I'm good too at housekeeping.

It would indeed be doing injustice to Margaret's fame (as has already been well said), to omit a fact, which shows that if Blackmore could write "to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels," alternating poetry and prescriptions, without confounding the measures of Apollo with those of Apothecaries' Hall, Margaret could also knock up a rhyme, and knock down a spider, with the same twirl of her broom ; so that the claims

of her head and those of her heart could be adjusted, without Thalia depriving her mother of a clean hearth.

Another objection, still more irrational, accuses Margaret's most musical strains of monotony. Notwithstanding her deep piety, lively fancy, and acute sensibility, the mind (it has been hinted) soon wearies in perusing many of her pieces, *at once*. She certainly does (we acknowledge) express her sweet sentiments a little too often; but it is rather too bad to infer from this that the frequent introduction of the same stream of beautiful ideas should be taxed with monotony, or of degenerating (according to the vulgar ribaldry of the Scotch Zoilus already mentioned) into a "cursed bore"!!

In the first place, admitting that this were the truth, there is nothing so very extraordinary in it. At our own weekly symposia (*oh! noctes cœnæque deum*), in which none but the very best productions of the muse are selected for recitation, we have again and again known a protracted reading introduce Morpheus into our literary circle; and I myself have experienced a similar effect, produced in the person of our excellent vicar, Dr. Drowsy, by my own verses, when administered in too large doses. But a deeper spirit of criticism will not fail to suggest, that as the poetry of the divine Margaret partook intensely of the two great poetic qualities, the simple and the mysterious, it could scarcely escape the unity of strain and of thought, which has been so unwarrantably stigmatized as monotonous; that being an inevitable effect of the transcendental nature of her song. That which is simple cannot be varied. What indeed could the village maiden know of the bad passions of man, which work up so well in the variegated strains of Byron or Moore? and what could she argue but from what she knew? For my own part I love her, I confess, the more for that sweetness, which others call mawkish, and for that recurrence of familiar scenes, thoughts, and images, which harmonizes so perfectly with the rustic inexperience of my own mind. Again, in the sublimer portions of her verse, the prevailing mysticism equally forbids a meretricious variety, such as worldlings seek for and admire. What is mysterious is vague; what is vague has no defined form; and where there is no form, it is too much to expect variety. In poetry too of this class the thoughts, it may be observed, very commonly run within a circle of some half a dozen or a dozen abstractions, selecting preferably those which present no images, or such only as are too familiar to strike by their incongruity. Not that we agree with a German rationalist who affirms that conflicting and unphilosophical impersonations of the Deity and his attributes, which are the staple of the transcendental muse, would, if presented for the first time, astonish by their bathos, if they did not shock by their impiety; but that such of them as have long been consecrated to the service of serious poetry, are taken without examination, and pass very readily for sublime. To these, he asserts, must the transcendentalist confine himself, on pain of lending matter for scoff to the worldly-minded. Without going to this length, I nevertheless think that monotony, if monotony it must be called, is the peculiar attribute of all poetry of Margaret's cast; and I could prove the fact in the writings of some of our enthusiastic and sentimental poets of the very first class.

Before concluding this portion of my subject, it may be well to anticipate an objection, which may arise in the prejudiced, from a perusal of

the known writings of another humble votary of the muses. We can assure the reader that there is nothing in common between the elegant rhymes of Margaret Daw, and those which have flowed from the pen of the Corn-law Rhymers. It is, or should be, enough to know the character of our literary association, and indeed of that protection and patronage in general, which the easy classes have bestowed on humble merit, to be aware that genius of the rhymers' cast would never meet with its flattering distinctions. If that person has struggled into notoriety, it is to no fostering of *dilettante literati* that he is indebted for his sinister success: and we entreat the candid reader to entertain no comparison between the two cases, or to suspect Margaret of any qualities in common with such personages.

Margaret indeed, unhappily for literature, did not attain to an age in which the restless speculations of worldly ambition begin to find occupation for the budding intellect. On discovering the gift which nature had so strangely flung away upon our native town, we had, by a small subscription, enabled the widow Daw to remove her child from the drudgery of the parochial school, so that she might dedicate her whole hours to the cultivation of the muse. At the same time, an introduction to the society of our literary circle gave opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with congenial minds, and for a study of those poets whose platonic flights of fancy and profound sensibility were most likely to touch the latent chords of sympathy in her bosom, and awaken the god within her. From the age of ten till that of twelve she was the delight of whatever was most estimable within a radius of a dozen miles from the town; and the many sweetly pathetic and tenderly sublime morsels of verse she freely circulated amongst us, procured her attentions, which it is to be feared, acted unfavourably on her health. Late hours and lemonade, cakes, comforts, and conceit (for who amongst us is perfect), were at least arraigned by the medical authorities, as among the causes of that delicacy of constitution, which about her thirteenth year confined her to the house. It grieves me to add, that discontent and repinings at a supposed neglect of her patrons, who, when she ceased to contribute to the pleasures of society, she imagined "left the solitary muse to her sorrows," preyed upon her spirits, and undermined her health. Her mother, too, no longer assisted by the services of the child, was, it is to be apprehended, less able to bestow upon her those attentions and indulgences which are so necessary to the comfort of the invalid. Without, however, further dwelling upon these painful details, it is too notorious that about the age of fifteen, the beauteous blush of deceptive loveliness, that fatal harbinger of consumption and death, was first observed to steal "upon her damask cheek."

The doctor, with his accustomed contempt for the ideal and the sublime, attributed this fatal event to confinement and want of fresh air, consequent on her close attention to the muse: insisting upon it that if removed from hot rooms and negus, to the country, and suffered to sport about with her equals in age, *ut flos in seipis*, she would recover; for he obstinately persisted in denying her that genius which "o'er informs its tenement of clay." He referred her poetry to a turn for imitation; and insisted that her thoughts were only such as might be picked out of Watts's hymns, or from the metaphysical poetry of our library collection. We, however, thought of his former dictum, and the pearl

in the oyster. Although malady is not genius, yet genius, alas ! has too much to do with an over-excitabile and fragile temperament!!!

It was when the disease had already made some progress, that the muse returned upon Miss Daw with redoubled inspiration, giving birth to continuous strains, now melancholy, now hopeful, and sometimes gay even to the boundaries of decent mirth.

Such was that satire on her medical persecutor :

If blister, bolus, draught, and pill,
Have not a power the sick to kill,
The sight of Dr. Thingum's face
Would do for the most hopeful case.

Another of the poems produced about this time, of a more mixed character, and which was ever a favourite of mine, is that which begins,

Oh, Death relieve me from this phthisic,
From mutton-broth and taking physic;

and ends with

For oh, 'tis hard (though we must die all),
To meet death in a doctor's vial.

More awful and solemn is that piece so universally admired,

To wing the boundless realms of space ;

and then how tender is that other,

Mother, weep not, pray for me,
Though I take my flight from thee ;
I'll shine upon thee from afar,
In Heaven, a bright and brilliant star :

though from what particular theology or mythology she adopted that notion, is not very certain. Might not the thought have been inspired by some floating recollection of Berenice's hair ?

But it is unnecessary, as it is useless, to pursue this distressing theme to its close. Every one knows that the world was destined to lose this lovely rose in its first budding ; or, in the words of our own truly-inspired Sappho, that

Still is the swing-swung in the silent air,
No more shall beds be sold to banish care ;
No more on straw shall hapless Madge be found,
But in a clay-cold couch beneath the ground ;
For Death has ope'd his mighty, monstrous maw,
And with his all too fatal sickle, cut off DAW.

It is a question worthy of serious consideration to examine the extent of that loss which the *Musæ Anglicanæ* suffered in the early decease of this resplendent genius ! That she would have written more if she had lived longer, is a truth, which it will be presumed few will have the hardihood to deny. *Qualis ab incepto* : the past was a sufficient guarantee for the future. I happen, indeed, to know, from her own mouth, that at the time of her decease she meditated an heroic poem on the universe, &c. &c. &c.—a domestic tragedy on her own sad story ;—and a melodrama on her prototype, the Margery of the nursery, which (in the language of the theatrical *programme*) was to

open with a splendid scene of the swing-swung, the heroine high in mid air, like Taglioni in the "Sylphide," and to terminate with a touching *tableau vivant* of bailiffs, bailiffs' followers, the bed's passage "up the spout" at the pawnbroker's, and Margery following its exit with an extatized gaze, while her mamma looks on in an intense agitation (copied after the finale of the "Somnambula").

That these productions would have justified the promise of her childish versification, has been stoutly denied by her great opponent of the *County Herald* (no other, I believe, than the Scotchman himself—*ecce iterum Crispinus*). He indeed did not scruple publicly to declare, that the talent which was manifested in her early years had left her as she advanced towards womanhood, leaving her intellect rather below than above the ordinary standard. This, he said, was the universal law of precocious intelligence. But what will not envy say, or the *County Chronicle* print? My own conviction is, that had she attained to a ripe maturity, she would have rivalled the fecundity of Walter Scott, with all the intense and transcendental obscurity of our sublimest metaphysical poets. But, alas! she is no more! the gaiety of the county is eclipsed, and our literary association is deprived for ever of its glory and its ornament. Need I here refute the calumny that it would have been better for her, and quite as well for the world, if she had been left to herself, and not encouraged to quit the needle for the pen! In this assertion (which I have traced like the rest to the malice of Crispinus) it has been attempted to wound the association through her side. The pretence, however, is as unfounded as it is false. For my own part, I am satisfied that had she never written a single line, her dislike of plain work would have been equally strong. Her disposition was wholly of a contemplative cast, and the bare idea of action would have proved paramount even to the end. It is perfectly in vain that the doctor calls this an indulgence of idle habits. The contemplative was innate in her intellectual complex, and *naturam expellas furca licet*,—she would never have made a shirt fit to be seen. As for the world's loss, I doubt not that the same base utilitarian argument might be brought against Milton himself; for I believe there are some who would gladly abandon his "Paradise Lost," to have been spared his radical defence of the people of England. No one, however, who possesses one touch of real poetry, would think for a moment of comparing him, or Dryden, or Pope, not merely with Margaret Daw, but with any the meanest of those true poets, who draw their materials from their own solitary communings,—and are neither indebted to the world's wisdom, nor the world's wit, for the seasoning of their sublime strains.

In taking leave of this interesting and important subject, I cannot but lament my own incapacity for doing full justice to it. What one man can do to cancel the indifference, the envy, and the neglect of an ungrateful public, I have done: I can do no more. Let me hope then that

Hæc quoque, quod facio, iudex mirabitur æquus,
Scriptaque cum venia qualiacumque leget.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. VI.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

I LOVE angling. I love it dearly. Not even the great Izaak himself loved it more dearly than I do. It hath many branches. I *twig* them all; but I prefer the one that requires more skill and less cruelty than any other, that is fly-fishing. I dislike skewering a worm, impaling a frog, and setting a living roach, dace, or gudgeon on a trimmer-hook. I love fish too well to rejoice in their sufferings. Fish are said to be cold-blooded animals, and the inference drawn from this assertion is, that they suffer but little. I once saw a thieves' lawyer, who was certainly a very cold-blooded animal, hung at the Old Bailey—I am sure he suffered much, for he struggled most fearfully, and most prolongedly—therefore, though it is unfair to argue from particulars to universals, I opine that all cold-blooded animals have some little feeling.

My greatest objection to fishing—I ought to say angling, for I abjure, abominate, and despise netting and trapping—is, that it is a *solitary* virtue. Any man who is a real fisherman, and goes out with a friend or two, let them be as zealous in the art as himself or not, must return home disgusted. Only let me ask any genuine unadulterated Waltonian what his feelings were when he arrived at any favourite *swim*, any certain *cast*, any well-known resort of a pike, to see his friend slip before him, and either insert his bottom-line, throw his fly, or cast in his gorge-bait, just before he himself was ready.

Let him give an ingenuous answer to this my question, and he will understand my assertion—that fishing is a *solitary* virtue.

As I am not writing an article for a sporting magazine, I will not—though from my love of the art, and my intimate acquaintance with every stream within a few miles of Oxford, I am strongly tempted to do so—enter upon the merits and demerits of the holes, runs, and scours, peculiar to the rivers Isis and Cherwell. I am going to tell a plain straightforward tale in a plain straightforward way. "Thereby hangs a *tail*," as a schoolboy or the grand falconer of England would say of his favourite *kite*.

In number one, first pair to the left, in the outer quad of St. Peter's, lived, or rather lodged, one Mr. Aqueous Wagtail. He obtained his very odd christian-name from the circumstance of his having been introduced obstetrically into this lower world during an exceedingly troublesome flood, which obstructed the passage of his excellent father from his coal-wharf at the bottom of Essex-street, in the Strand, to his

residence in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Wagtail senior was a wag, and president of a club, the members of which met nightly, and did not break up until "the cock did crow" in the morning. To the assembled society the president recounted the narrow escape which he and his wife had experienced on the same day, and from which they had both been happily and successfully *delivered*. His "accident by flood"—though not field—suggested to the Vice the propriety of giving to the interesting babe a name that would, as years rolled on, recall to his mind the fearful events of the day of his birth. Various were the names that were hinted at. Neptune, Boatswain, and other appellations common to Newfoundland dogs, were rejected at once. Aquarius was for a time "first favourite;" but one of the members of the club, being an usher in a classical academy, explained to them that the term or name was more appropriate to an under-gardener or waterpot-carrier, and the "odds against it were forty to one and no takers." *Water* Wagtail was for a moment on the *tapis*, but the club were to a man anti-waterites. The usher suggested Aqueous, and as but few of the club knew the meaning of the word, and the watchman was calling "half-past five and a foggy morning," it was adopted. Wagtail senior as he went home, with the name deeply engraved on his mind, called on the curate of the parish, who happened to live close to him. He made a very long but obscure speech concerning the necessity of baptizing his babby at such an unseasonable hour. The curate "begged he would not mention it," and before Mrs. Wagtail was at all aware of his presence, little Wagtail was entered in the pocketbook of the curate as Aqueous Wagtail. Disgusted with the name as well as with the underhanded manner in which it had been conferred on her son, Mrs. Wagtail vented a great deal of eloquence on the too-obliging parson, who was retracing his steps to his lodgings, richer by one-pound-one than he was when he was so unseasonably disturbed. Mrs. W. was irritated at the name, but she hated it more cordially when her nurse, who was not classical, got into the constant habit of corrupting it into *Aguish* Wagtail.

Little Aqueous showed an early predilection for aquatics. His first essay in investigating the nature of fluids was shown by his tumbling out of the first-floor window into an enormous waterbutt, which stood so conveniently as to save his life by nearly drowning him. His nurse solemnly asserted that "Master Aguish threwed his self in a-purpose, and dived like a cork." He luckily sustained himself by holding on to the side of his bath, until some one came to relieve him.

His next display was upon his father's wharf. By the side of it were drawn up several tiers of barges, which were filled with coals recently abstracted from the Pool. These barges had a way of communicating one with another by means of planks, along which Wagtail's men ran with great speed, and very heavy sacks of coals upon their shoulders. Little Aqueous was a mimic, but in imitating his father's porters he missed his footing and plunged into Father Thames. Luckily he escaped with a severe ducking, and having to pay his footing only. A gallon of porter and a severe cold were the only penalties he had to pay for his want of nerve in "walking the plank." The tiers of barges were not the only *tears* seen near the Essex-street wharf on that eventful day; the affectionate mother of Aqueous made her well-soaked offspring still wetter by shedding copious showers over him when he was brought into

the office wringing wet, and ringing changes on every note of his little gamut.

Aqueous Wagtail was sent to a preparatory school at Islington, not so much with a view to improve his mind, as to "keep him out of harm's way." It proved a preparatory school, for it prepared him to be an indefatigable angler. Out of his bedroom-window—it was the back-garret window—when he awoke on the first morning of his school-boy days, he saw a prospect that gave him great delight.

He overlooked a cow-yard, and a very well-filled reeky brickfield, and cast his eyes on the meandering stream which by the kindness and liberality of one Hugh Middleton supplies a considerable portion of London with water. This old stream is still, as then, called the *New* river. There was not much to admire in the stream itself, for it was a miniature likeness of a mere canal, but on its banks Aqueous saw a sight which made him feel highly gratified. There were some twenty or thirty little boys, all about his own age, standing at certain distances apart along the banks of the river. Every one of these little boys had in his hand a rod, and at the end of it a line, "with a hook to it," which he threw into the stream and drew out again, after it had "swum down" as far as its length would allow it. Sometimes something came up at the end of the line which seemed to Aqueous "very like a whale," though a very diminutive one. He opened the window and crept out into the gutter to get a two-foot-nearer view of the proceedings of the anglers. He saw one of them, a lad in yellows, blues, and a muffin-cap, pull up a roach two inches and a half long, and heard him cry out, "By golly I've cotched him! Isn't he a whopper?"

Aqueous Wagtail sympathized with the catcher, and "caught it" himself from the usher, who very properly caned him severely for risking a broken neck or a sore throat, by standing in the gutter.

Wagtail, though he bewailed the wheals raised by the usher's cane upon his *corpusculum*, meditated upon the pleasing sight which he had witnessed from the garret window. He resolved to catch a fish, and with that resolve in view he surveyed the wall, the boundary of the playground, which like the envious hindrance to the loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, had fortunately a hole or two in its flat surface. Aqueous felt that he could climb the wall by means of these orifices; but what was the use of doing so unless he had the wherewithal to catch the finny tribe? He must obtain a rod and line—not such a *rod* as his master wielded, which was merely in his *line* of business, but a fishing rod and line. He made up his mind to get them.

Near to that theatre where alone, until Mr. Yates set up a "temperance theatre" in the Strand, aquatics held out a tempting bill to a thirsty audience—I mean, of course, Sadler's Wells—stood a shop which indicated the contents of its interior by outwardly suspending a very long rod and a line, at the end of which dangled a large tin perch, and which spun round in the wind like a murderer in chains, as if it enjoyed being suspended.

Into this shop Aqueous Wagtail slipped while the usher was reading the playbill affixed to the "Joey Grimaldi" opposite, and was feeling in his pocket to ascertain if he had enough within it to obtain him access at half-price to the one-shilling gallery. Aqueous expended sixpence on a twopenny withy rod, and a fourpenny line, with a *cork*

float. He ran back to school with his treasures, and hid them in his bedroom. Did he sleep that night? Not one wink. As soon as, or rather before morning dawned, he slipped cautiously down stairs. He opened the door which led to the playground. He threw his rod and line over the wall, and followed them as rapidly as possible. There he was by the side of the river. He threw in his line, but although he had the river to himself he caught no fish. He persevered however, and it was no little delight to him to see the float perform its gyrations on the surface of Hugh Middleton's stream. In the course of an hour the little mannikin in yellows, blues, and muffin-cap came up, and without asking Aqueous what he had caught, threw in his line and hooked a "whopping gudgeon." In a minute or two he caught another, then a third, and shortly after a fourth.

"What luck you have!" shouted Wagtail.

"'Taint luck, it's method," said muffin-cap.

"I wish you'd show me how to do it," said Wagtail.

"I will for tuppence," replied muffin-cap.

"Agreed," said Aqueous, approaching nearer.

"Well! what is you a fishing with?"

"A rod and line," answered Aqueous.

"In course you are, you fool!" said muffin-cap, "but what bait has you got on?"

"Bait?" inquired Wagtail, "what is a bait?"

"Vy a feed o' boats," said a hackney-coachman, who was passing by on his road to the stable, where his jarvey-horses were waiting for him.

Muffin-cap grinned with delight at this little sally, but for the sake of the "tuppence" explained to Wagtail that fish as well as horses required a bait; he showed him how to skewer a worm, and impale a *gentile*, as he called a gentle. Wagtail tried with a bait, and in the very first swim caught a miller's-thumb—a very little one it was, but he thought it a great catch, and leaving his preceptor in the art of angling, crammed his prize into his breeches-pocket, and got back again to school unobserved, to show it to all his little friends.

From that very morning he was a fisherman for life. All the beating in the world could not keep him within bounds. He kept a supply of worms, maggots, and paste in his book-box, and every half-holiday slipped out, and with his friend muffin-cap robbed the New River of some of its inhabitants.

A perch of an ounce weight was the largest capture he made before the parish schoolboy gave him a hint that there were "sich whoppers" at a place higher up the river, called the Sluice-house. Thither, though it was three miles off, Wagtail made up his mind to go. Muffin-cap agreed to show him the spot upon condition he would treat him with a "snake-tart" at the Eel-pie-house hard by. Away they went, taking an unpaid ride by hanging on to the back of the Hornsey-coach, the driver of which was fortunately a brother of the gentle craft, and despised the invitations of the *snobiaculi* to "cut behind" at the little followers of his favourite amusement.

They quitted the coach near "Duval's house" in Hornsey-lane, and were soon at the Sluice-house. Muffin-cap, before he wetted a line in-

sisted on the snake-tart. When it was eaten and washed down with a bottle of ginger-pop, the little anglers took their stand amidst some twenty grown-up gentlemen, who were as well acquainted with the prejudices of the fish for this particular spot as muffin-cap himself.

One of these "old stagers" caught "a whopper," a chub of half a pound. Wagtail shouted with delight, and in trying to get a nearer view of the monster reached so far forward as to lose his equilibrium and topple headlong into the stream. He was whirled backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, by the force of the water, and would have been drowned had not the man who had the management of the sluices quickly inserted a large punt-hook into his sit-upons, and landed him safely on the bank.

The followers of the gentle craft abused him most heartily for muddying the water and spoiling their sport, and left him to recover as he could.

Muffin-cap ran home long before he saw his friend out of the water, as he had some visionary ideas about a *deodand* being exacted from the *causa mali* at a "crown's quest."

Wagtail having been suspended by his heels to let the water run out of his stomach for some quarter of an hour, fortunately escaped apoplexy by giving a sign of his vitality in a violent sneeze. He gave the bystanders all the money he had, and returned to school, where he was severely flogged for playing truant.

It will not be necessary to follow our little friend through all his "adventures in search of a fish" on the banks of the Lea, the verges of the seven ponds at Hampstead, and on the borders of the docks belonging to the London, West or East India Companies (St. Catharine had no dock of her own in those days), it will answer my purpose to intimate to my readers that he successively and successfully tried them all. His tackle, like his skill, was very much improved, and when he arrived at the age of eighteen, and was fit to be entered at Oxford he was reckoned a *dab* at angling. He could troll, bottom-fish, set a trimmer, and throw a fly with anybody.

When Wagtail senior, by a judicious commixture of slate with his coals, found himself rich enough to send his son to college, Wagtail junior put in several very strong objections to the proceeding. He had imbibed false notions of the rigidity of discipline exercised upon the disciples of *alma mater*. Some one had imposed upon him, and induced him to believe that field and water sports were strictly prohibited by the authorities. He therefore proposed remaining quietly at home, and carrying on the coal-trade, which he promised to pursue with great zeal while the "fence months" lasted, when it is unlawful and unsportsmanlike to take fish.

As the "fence months" only occupied two out of the twelve months belonging of right to every year, Wagtail—the father—thought that his son would not make Wallsends keep him out of the walls of a prison. He therefore exercised an unwonted degree of paternal authority, and booked two places on the outside of the light-Oxford, which was then driven by old Tom Payne.

When they got to the Old Bell in Holborn, whence the coach started, the porter intimated in a whisper that the box seat was disengaged,

though there *was* a great-coat thrown upon it, and that it might be secured for one shilling. Wagtail senior declined the offer, for he had heard that if an accident *did* happen, the riders on the box-seat generally got very severely injured. With this impression he resigned his seat in favour of his son, who gladly paid the shilling, as he wished to ask certain questions of the driver. Upon the answer to these questions depended the future submission of the son to the strongly-expressed commands of the father.

Tom Payne was a highly respectable coachman, and one of the quiet sort of men who deem it wrong to make a remark to a passenger unless a question is asked. Then, if the passenger seemed inclined for conversation, Tom thought it was part of his duty to be as communicative as possible.

Until the coach arrived at Kew-bridge, Wagtail did not make a remark; but when he saw the river, and a board which asserted, for the benefit of the toll-holders of Kew-bridge, that over that bridge was the nearest way to Richmond and Teddington, he ventured to inquire if there was not capital fishing about those neighbourhoods.

"There may be and there may not, sir," said Tom; "but I'll answer for one thing: where there is one fish here there are fifty at Godstow and Sandford."

"And where are those places?" inquired Aqueous.

"Oh! both close to Oxford. Did you never hear of Godstow, sir?"

"No?" said Tom, seeing his passenger shake his head negatively. "Why that was where Fair Rosamond, the conkeybind of Henry the Eighth—"

"You don't mean Henry the *Eighth*," said Aqueous.

"Yes I do—there can't be a doubt about it, for he was the king celebrated for conkeybinds and chopping off his wives' heads. But it does not much matter after all. At Godstow lies Fair Rosamond, and there's a nut-tree grows over her grave, and the pison has so affected its roots that it grows lots of nutshells every year without ever a kernel in them."

"That is certainly surprising," said Aqueous.

"It's a fact," said Tom, "and if you'll hold the reins a minute—they'll go straight if you give 'em their heads—I'll show you the *heppytuff* that was found on her tombstone. I took it down myself from the mouth of a College Fellow, who *ought* to know all about such matters."

So saying, and consigning the reins to Aqueous, Tom extracted a greasy-looking pocketbook from some secret recess about his person, and after a long search, produced a little scrap of paper, and put it into Wagtail's hands in lieu of the reins, which he himself resumed.

Wagtail opened it and read it—I wish my printer had typer like the letters of it just to amuse the reader—they were such very odd letters; but as that is not the case, he must be contented with the queer way in which Tom had contrived to mutilate the well-known couplet:

"ick jasut in tumblelow rosy mundy non rosy munder
non read oh let said oh let queer read or—Leary so let."

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Wagtail grinned as he returned it, and inquired if the other spot which he had named, Sandford, was remarkable for anything *old*.

"Yes," said Tom, "I believe it is indeed, for the finest *old* beer in the county."

"And there are plenty of fish there?"

"Lots," said Tom, "and there would be more, only the men in Term time, and the college servants in vacations, are always at them, and the poarchers, too,—netting and night-lines is infamous."

"Do you fish?" inquired Aqueous.

"Every gentleman in Oxford does," replied Tom. "I hooked fourteen pound weight of chubs last journey down, in Medley-lock."

"Did you indeed? What with?"

"A himitation bumble-bee," said Tom.

"Then you fly-fish?" asked Aqueous, anxiously.

"Every gentleman in Oxford does," answered Tom.

"What *will* you take to drink?" said Aqueous, unable to restrain his generosity in the excess of his joy at finding he was riding by the side of a man who could kill chub with a fly, and who of course would be able to give him a hint where to get a rise when he was at Oxford.

Tom declined availing himself of the liberality of his passenger until he got to Henley, where he consented to take a pint of Mr. Marklew's very capital sherry, at what he called the sign of the Cat-and-wheel. Before they reached that pretty little town, Aqueous had obtained so much information on the opportunities he would have of enjoying his favourite sport in the neighbourhood of Oxford, that he turned round to Wagtail, senior, just before he descended into the Catherine Wheel, and told him "he had made up his mind to enter at Oxford."

The "governor" was of course much pleased; and not doubting but that Tom Payne had effected this desirable resolution, by impressing his son with a due regard for the triumphs to be won by a strict application to his books, he "made up *his* mind" to reward him with a double fee at the end of the journey.

As they were going up the hill—"a long five miles, and all against collar"—that leads from Henley to Nettlebed, the conversation being still confined to the gentle art, Tom, having told a great many exaggerations about his success in fishing, asked Aqueous "If he had ever heard of the Dunny Tailor?"

Of course Aqueous had not heard of him.

"Well, then, sir, I'll tell you an *annygoat* of him. We call him Dunny, you see, because he is deaf and dumb; and though he is only a tailor, he is uncommon fond of fishing. It is no use to warn him off, because he can't hear; and he can't be saucy, because he can't speak. He is a little bit of a fellow, and no one likes to hurt him; so he goes about almost where he has a mind to. Well, one day he goes very unconcernedly into a preserve belonging to a gentleman who is very fond of fishing, and never gives leave to anybody. The keeper soon spies him, and not knowing of his infirmities, wastes a great deal of breath in putting all sorts of questions to him. As Dunny could not hear nor speak, of course he made him no answer. The keeper gets into a passion, and as Dunny would not move, he kicks him—poor little

fellow—quite away from the waterside. Dunny did not much mind that, but when he sees the great bully of a keeper stoop down to pick up his rod and line which he had laid down by the side of the river, his blood was up; so he runs at him, and catches him by the slack of his trousers with one hand, and the collar of his fustian-jacket with the other, and chucks him into the middle of the stream."

"Served him quite right," said Aqueous, excited by the ill-treatment of a brother angler.

"Quite right," continued Tom; "but that was not all. Dunny took off the bottom joint of his heavy rod—for he was a trolling—and every time the keeper comes to land, he beats him about the hands with it till he forces him to leave go, and in he goes again; at last he gave him such a blow upon his nose that he drives him over to the other side almost drowned. When Dunny saw he was done up, he caught up his rod and basket, and ran off home with a pike as weighed handy seventeen pounds."

"He got off safe and well—then?" said Wagtail.

"Oh, yes, quite," replied Tom, "only he was quodded for two months, and fined for the assault;—but he has had it out of the gentleman since by trimming o' nights."

With this and other *annygoats*, Tom entertained his liberal passenger until they arrived at "The Angel," in Oxford. He was well rewarded both by the father and the son, who were greatly prejudiced in his favour, the former *believing* that to him he owed the removal of his son's indisposition to enter at the university, and the latter being quite convinced of it.

In about a year after this memorable journey, Mr. Aqueous Wagtail came up to reside as a commoner at St. Peter's. It was in the Easter Term, and the fence months were just ended; the dace and chubs were on the scours; and although they had gorged themselves with Mayflies, they were still hungry enough to afford some very pretty sport.

As soon as lectures were over, every day, except when the wind was north, or north-east, when he groped for crayfish or sniggled eels, Aqueous sallied out of college with his creel on his back and his rod in his hand. His hat was almost obscured by foot-lines, bottom and drop flies, and his legs encased in good, strong, well-greased wading-boots. He did not confine himself to any particular spot; but one day he visited Port-meadow, Godstow, or Ensham; the next saw him at Iffley or Sandford, and the third was passed on the banks of the Cherwell or the Windrush.

As Aqueous was very regular at all his lectures, seldom knocked in, and gave the best of his fish to the high-table, and the commoner sorts to the scouts, he met with no interruption to his sports from the college authorities, and obtained a great many hints anent favourite swims and well-tenanted holes from the servants. He soon became acquainted with all the lock-keepers and the managers of the different bars upon the Thames—or Isis as it is here called—and by a few well-timed tips, secured their interest. The keepers, too, of the little houses of refreshment on the river's banks were glad to receive him as their guest, for he was civil in demeanour, moderate in his eating and drinking, and never objected to the score.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Aqueous Wagtail got the earliest information of every monster of the deep who ventured to flounder about in the sight of any of these, his well-rewarded friends and acquaintances.

A few miles above Oxford, between Godstow and Ensham-bridge, is a shutting-place called King's Wear—why it bears so royal a name, I cannot say, and have not Anthony à Wood's work to refer to for information. The keeper of this wear, who dwells in a lonely hut by the side of it, one day espied an enormous fish chasing the gudgeons and minnows in the shallows. He put him down for a large pike; but when he saw him rise at a fly, he began to doubt the correctness of his judgment—for pike do not usually indulge in such dainties in the river Isis. He watched him more attentively, and fancied he must be an overgrown chub; but as he turned on his side, and with a jerk of his tail, threw himself out of the water at a large green drakefly, he saw he was "spotted like the pard," and pronounced him, unhesitatingly, to be a trout or a Thames salmon.

He tried all he could to catch him himself, knowing the value he would produce in the market; and when he had tried every means which his slender skill could suggest, and failed, he told Mr. Aqueous Wagtail that he had kept the fish on purpose for his individual sport.

For three weeks, early in the morning and late in the evening, Sundays excepted, did Aqueous Wagtail try all his skill to hook the monster. He raised him to the surface several times, but it was only in play—the brute was too well fed to hazard a genuine bite. Natural flies on floss-silk, artificial flies of every hue and approved make, tempting lob-worms and brandlings, real minnows, imitation minnows, and even kill-devils failed to entrap him. Aqueous was in despair. He had almost made up his mind to net him or spear him, when, fortunately, the Dunny Tailor came by, and having been shown the fish, and having had the difficulties of capturing him explained to him in dumb-show and finger-talk, he put a bluebottle on his roach-hook, and pulled out a bleak or blay. This little brilliant fish—which, *credite experto*, is as good as whitebait, if nicely fried in salad-oil—was speedily fixed upon the spinning tackle, and after a very few draws across the sharpest run, a whirr! whiz-whiz, was heard from the line running out of the winch, and the rod was nearly pulled out of Mr. Wagtail's hands.

Every pint of blood in his veins seemed to have rushed into his head. He had hooked him—him, the monster—he felt so excited he would have dragged him to shore at once, or jumped in after him. Dunny, however, made signs to him that he would lose him if he did not mind what he was about; and by significant gestures, made him understand that he must show him the heel of the rod, and play him until he was worn out. Aqueous understood and followed his advice, and after some three-quarters of an hour's hopes, doubts, and fears, he succeeded in dragging, within reach of Dunny's hat, which he unhesitatingly used as a landing-net, a fine, short, thick Thames trout, weighing upwards of ten pounds, and in splendid condition. The wear-keeper and the tailor were liberally rewarded. Mr. Wagtail showed his prize in college, and the Fellows fully expected to see it on the high-table,

and made up their appetites accordingly. In this they were disappointed. Aqueous thought that his father would appreciate so unwonted a treat as a Thames trout, and sent it up by the first coach without "note or comment." By return of post he was annoyed at receiving the following note from his ignorant paternity:

"My dear Son,"

"Don't trouble to send up any more little salmon. You know I would not give a farthing for anything but a cut out of the belly of a fat one. Even the servants turned up their noses at your Oxford salmon, so we gave him to the men on the wharf.

"Your affectionate father,

"W. WAGTAIL.

"P.S.—Your fishmonger ought not to have charged above sixpence a pound for it, as it was only a salmon-peel, and we buy *them* at fourpence!"

"If *ever* I send governor another—that is all!" said Aqueous, justly indignant at the finest trout which had been caught for some years being thrown away upon his father's coalheavers.

I recollect a friend of mine was once used much in the same way by a London physician, to whom he had sent, as a great treat, two brace of quail which he had killed on the Berkshire Downs. The birds being scarce and much appreciated in his neighbourhood, he had not the least doubt of their proving an acceptable present to the M.D., who was fond of good eating. He was disagreeably deceived in his opinion; a few days brought a note, in which his friend "thanked him for the *partridges* he had sent him, but they were so very *small* he did not think they were worth dressing."

But I am running away, as usual, from the purpose with which I commenced—of relating an adventure which befel my hero in one of his fishing excursions, and my space is growing "small by degrees, and gradually less," so I must begin.

There is upon the river Cherwell, a few miles above Oxford, and on the road to the Otmoor towns, one spot more celebrated for chub and dace than any other for miles round. It is at the tail of a mill, where the water after rattling, bounding, and springing over a shallow gravel bottom of some hundred-and-fifty yards, gradually assumes a quiet calmness as it flows in a deep channel under some overhanging willow-trees and thorn-bushes.

In this favourite and favoured spot Aqueous had long longed to try his skill—but in vain had he longed. The right of fishing, and the water itself, belonged to a stiff and staid "friend," who entertained a great regard for his profits as a miller and mealman, and an unfeigned enmity towards all sporting-men generally, and to Oxford graduates and undergraduates in particular. He would not grant a day's fishing to any one either out of friendship or for a "consideration." If he caught any one—even a little boy from the neighbouring village with a pin and a worm catching a minnow—he brought him up before a magistrate for a trespass, and if he could, had him fined or sent to prison.

Friend Prior, as I shall call him, did not want the fish for himself, but he was determined that nobody else should have them.

Mr. Aqueous Wagtail was also as much determined to catch some of them as the miller was to preserve them. He went up quietly in a skiff which he had prepared the night before, by getting it through the difficult bit of navigation which presents itself between Christ-Church Meadow and the back of the parks. Having achieved this by dint of punting in the shallows, and carrying it over some lashers, he drew it up a ditch and left it for the night.

Very early in the following morning, and long ere

The sun's slanting-dicular rays
Had illumined the surface of earth,

Aqueous roused the porter, and ran up St. Giles's and across the meadows to the spot where he had left his boat. He pulled as hard as he could, and in about half an hour came within sight of the much-coveted spot. It was a lovely fishing morning; the wind was due south, and just strong enough to cause a ripple on the water; sufficient rain fell to wet Wagtail through—but that he did not mind—and to drive the flies (*ephemera* is more classical) down upon the surface of the water. The chubs and dace were evidently ready for their breakfast, early as it was, and though they did not heat their kettles, they made the water boil with their repeated jumpings and flingings at the flies.

Aqueous moored his skiff in the middle of the stream, and began whipping away right and left. In a few minutes several great chubs and dace were lying plunging about upon the Bretting-boards of his boat. Just as he had hooked a "whopper," as muffin-cap, his earliest tutor, would have called it, he heard one of the windows of the mill thrown open, and a voice demand—in *floury*, not flowery language,

"Who art thou, stranger? thou hast no business there."

Wagtail shammed deaf, and went on whipping and landing his friend's fish.

In a few minutes the miller's man was seen hurrying down the bank, and finishing his toilette in his progress. When he came opposite to the intruder, he asked in a rough voice, and with a series of bad words, unbecoming a quaker's man,

"What the —— brought him there?"

"The boat," said Aqueous.

"Don't you know you're a trespassing — — — —?"

"Yes, perfectly well."

"Then be off at once," said the enraged miller's man, "or else I'll heave you out of the boat."

"You must get into the boat first," said Aqueous, keeping his temper, and his rod in full play.

The miller's man was in a rage—a greater rage than ever, and sought for a weapon—a missile to hurl at his foe. He could find nothing more solid than a lump of turf, which broke into little fragments ere it reached its object. Another and another was tried, but without success. The miller's man danced with impotent anger, while Wagtail pursued his sport, and smiled at him. The miller himself came up, and put his man in a good-humour, by putting two very large pebbles

into his hand which he had picked up as he came from the mill, and begging him to "make use of the weapons of warfare in his defence."

The miller's man was a good shot; but Mr. Wagtail had a fly-fisher's eye, and avoided the first stone, though so narrowly, that it passed sufficiently near his head to make him fall back in his skiff. Just as he was rising to expostulate or sheer off—for he had not time to resolve upon which alternative he should adopt—the second stone was flung, and with such force, and so true an aim, that it struck Aqueous on the temple, and he fell back senseless.

"Friend Thomas, thee hast hit him a little *too* hard," said the quaker to his man; "but go get the punt and take away the scaled animals of which he would wrongfully have deprived me. Thee may'st take the engines wherewith he hath entrapped them as well."

Thomas obeyed, and quickly punted to the spot. He came alongside, and soon transferred the chubs and dace from the skiff to the punt; then he carefully—for he was fond of the sport himself, and often indulged in it without his master's knowledge—removed all the tackle, with the creel and the fly-book, which he coolly abstracted from his victim's pocket.

"What shall I do with the lad, master?" inquired Thomas.

"Thee may'st raise the fastening of his wooden ark, and let him float upon the waters," replied Friend Prior.

"But he's perfectly insensible, and bleeds like a stucken-pig," said the man, looking frightened.

"Thee must not suffer a fellow-creature to perish unaided," said his master; "sprinkle him with water and cut him adrift—it were well he should not give up the ghost *here*."

Thomas took the punt-scoop, and threw as much water as it would hold over the face and person of the insensible angler. He then took out his bread-and-cheese knife, and cutting the grapnel-line, allowed the skiff to float, with its half-dead burden, down the stream.

"Thomas—friend Thomas—thee hast done thy duty to thy earthly employer," said the miller, when they had got home and locked themselves in the mill-house; "and I will at some future period reward thee with sixpence—a-hem!"

When Mr. Aqueous Wagtail recovered the effects of the blow which he had received, the sun was shining hotly upon himself and his skiff, which was embedded in a mass of oozy matter, into which the stream had carried it about a mile below the unfortunate scene of his trespass.

After he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to account for his present situation, and to discover that he had been robbed of all his tackle, as well as the fish which he had caught, his first feeling was one of revenge. He resolved to go to the mill and demand restitution and satisfaction of the miller. He prudently hesitated, as his enemies were two to one against him, and he felt convinced that no quaker would make restitution, or fight like a gentleman for *his* satisfaction. He rowed back slowly, determined to bring over a friend or two to give "the friend" and his man a sound thrashing. Before he reached Oxford he changed his mind. He felt that he had acted wrongly, and had been punished as he deserved—though a little too severely. He re-

solved to put up with his loss—buy a new set of tackle, and say nothing about the treatment which he had experienced. It was a wise resolve, as he would have been laughed at by all his friends, and probably urged by their taunts to do something or other to avenge his wrongs, of which he would afterwards have repented, and which might probably have subjected him to punishment from the university authorities.

Within a fortnight after his mishap at Prior's mill, Mr. Aqueous Wagtail *was* laughed at by his companions; for the miller's man, by his master's instructions, took care to give a very vivid and greatly exaggerated account of "how he had served a gentleman out who had come poaching in their preserves." He gave his name and address in full, which he was enabled to do, as he had found it in the fly-book which he had extracted from his pocket while he was *unsensible*, and mal-appropriated to his own use.

Mr. Aqueous was of course annoyed; but he bore no malice in his heart. Like a true disciple of the virtuous Izaak, he forgave, though he could not forget, his friends' insinuations. That he was a spooney—wanted pluck—was rather green, and other remarks of the same tendency; he heard not, for he was on his wanderings in search of fish as long as daylight lasted, and on his return gladly sought his bed to sleep off the fatigues of the day, and rise early to pursue his favourite amusement on the morning following.

One day he had obtained permission of a farmer to fish in a part of the Cherwell which lies nigh to a place called Hampton. The nearest road lay across the fields and over the river close to, but above the quaker's mill. The stream was crossed by those on horseback by means of a ford; for those who travelled on foot, a punt was placed with a chain at each end, sufficiently long to enable the boat to be drawn backwards and forwards from one bank to the other, where it was securely fastened to two willow-trees.

Just as Aqueous had ferried himself over and landed, he was attacked by a large dog of the mastiff breed, who showed as white a set of teeth as a chimneysweep usually does, and quite as sharp-set.

"Down, sir, down!" said Aqueous, fixing his eyes firmly on the dog's eyes, and presenting the but-end of his rod, to which a sharp spear of about six inches in length was fastened, held it firmly in a line for the dog's chest.

The dog stopped short in his charge, and unable to bear the human eye fixed upon him, or not liking the thoughts of being impaled on a fly-rod, retreated slowly, first growling and snarling, and at last, when he thought himself at a safe distance, barking fiercely. Aqueous pursued his path in a sidelong direction, keeping his eye still firmly fixed on his adversary, for fear of an attack in his rear, and not seeing clearly where he was going, ran against Friend Prior and his man, who were standing to see the sport of a man worried by the mastiff—having been extracted from the mill by the noise of his barking and growling.

"Take care of thyself, for the dog doth know a rogue by sight, and hath been taught to guard the property of his master," said the miller who, with his man, stood in the path, so as to obstruct Wagtail's passage.

"Stand aside, and let me pass, I beg of you," said Aqueous; "this

is a public footway, and I am not come to injure you or your property."

"Hah! hah!" grinned the miller's man, "hast had enough o' that, I warrant; hard as thy head is, th'hast found the stones hereabouts still harder."

"Stand aside—I do not wish to use force; but if you provoke me, you shall rue it," said Aqueous, addressing the quaker, who not liking his looks, stepped on one side and allowed him to pass, saying,

"Thou art right, friend, this is a public footroad, but I will see thee off my premises. Here, Towzer! Towzer! here, dog—see that the stranger doth not deviate."

"At him—seize him, Towzer!" shouted the man.

"I don't wish to harm the dog," said Aqueous, "but if he attacks me, I must kill him in my own defence."

Towzer, urged by his owner and his servant, made several attempts to rush in on his foe. Aqueous kept a watchful eye on him as he walked backwards. At last the dog made a spring. Aqueous presented his spear, and luckily for him it penetrated the animal's chest. He rolled over on his side, and, after a few struggles to escape from Aqueous, who had pinned him to the ground, he lay dead at his feet.

To describe the rage and fury of Prior and his servant when they saw the result of the battle, would be impossible. They abused Mr. Wagtail in no measured terms. They threatened to throw him into the mill-head—to beat him black and blue, and even to murder him on the spot.

Aqueous retreated cautiously, holding the weapon which had delivered him from his canine adversary in such a manner, as rendered an attack from his human foes a very dangerous measure. He did not attempt to reply to their abuse or threats, but closely watched them to guard against a sudden charge. He had, in this way, reached the mill itself, and was crossing the narrow plank over the mill-tail, when he was assailed in the rear by a very aged woman, apparently the mother of the miller, who, though dressed in the sober garb peculiar to her sect, and scarcely able to utter her words distinctly from age and loss of teeth, abused him as much and as rapidly as she possibly could. As she stood on the end of the plank, and there was only room for one person to pass at a time between the mill and the rail, which protected the passers over the plank, Aqueous still facing the miller's man, who was following him closely, removed the old woman as gently as he could. She resisted as stoutly as she could, and urged the man to rush upon the "ungodly youth who had slain the vigilant guardian of the house." Aqueous, by a sudden spring, leaped the rail, and so placed her between himself and the two men. He thrust her gently forward along the plank, knowing that they must either throw her down and pass over her body, or remove her from the plank before they could pursue him. He started in a run, and being like Achilles, *ποδας ὤκτους*, he was nearly at the gate leading into the public road long before the obstruction which the old lady presented to his ungenerous foes, could be removed. He could hear them shouting, cursing, and abusing him as he passed along, but thinking that the better part of valour was discretion, he ran on at a smart pace, and was soon out of hearing.

He reached the farmer's house, and told him of the treatment he had met with. The farmer was not surprised to hear that he had been abused, as old Prior was known to be a surly, ill-tempered person, and probably proceeded further than mere abuse with Wagtail, because having caught him trespassing once before, and seeing him provided with his tackle, he imagined he was come to trespass again.

After an early dinner Aqueous went down to the river. The fish rose well at first, and he soon very nearly filled his creel. As the evening drew in, the fish ceased to rise. The black and red hackles were exchanged for other flies, and as it grew darker, for the killing—the never-failing white moth. Though “never-failing” is a correct epithet in general for this little “insect of a night,” it did not deserve it on this occasion—it did fail to raise a single fish. After whipping some time in vain, Aqueous fixed his rod in the ground, and looked up at the sky to see what influences could be at work to cause such an extraordinary phenomenon as the failure of a white-moth. He was surprised to find it much darker than he had thought it was while his eyes were cast on the water. The face of the heavens, which an hour or two before had been clear and bright, was overcast with black solid clouds, rendered still blacker by the red gleams thrown on their edges by the sun which had sunk some way below the horizon. Not a breath of air was stirring; the atmosphere was hot and oppressive to the breathing; the cows and horses stood perfectly still with their heads in one direction, sullenly lashing their flanks, and neglecting their pasturage. The failure of the white-moth was accounted for. A thunderstorm was at hand, and the fish had instinctively retired to their haunts. *Why* it is so, I cannot say; but that it is so invariably at the approach of thunder, I can positively assert.

Aqueous put up his tackle. He had scarcely wound the footline round his hat, and strapped the creel to his shoulders, when a few large drops warned him to hasten to the farmhouse for refuge. Ere he reached it, the rain came down in torrents, flash succeeded flash, and the distant roar of the thunder was heard. It approached nearer and nearer, and at last burst overhead in appalling peals.

To allow his guest to leave him in such a storm, was a proposal that the farmer would not listen to. The remains of the dinner were placed on the table, but every one, excepting Aqueous, who had a seven mile journey before him, and the farmer, who dreaded not the war of the elements, was too much alarmed to partake of it. Aqueous sat patiently sipping a little spirits and water, and listening to the thunder and the dashing of the rain against the windows until the clock struck ten. He had a long and weary walk before him, and he must be in college before twelve o'clock. However, he thought that such a storm as the present would prove a sufficient excuse for having once in his college career “knocked in after twelve.” He sat half an hour longer, and as the storm had abated somewhat of its violence, he accepted the loan of the farmer's great-coat, and set out.

The night was intensely dark, and it was only by the aid of the frequent flashes of lightning that Aqueous was enabled to gain the road which led to the mill. All was dark and silent as he passed the plank. He found the boat, and passed the river, which was much swollen, in safety. He waded through two feet of water which had

covered the adjoining meadow, and reached a stile which gave him access to some higher ground. He crossed this next meadow and came to another stile: on either side of it was a coppice, the trees of which rendered the path so dark, that Aqueous missed it, and slipped into one of the deep ditches which were dug on each side of it. Encumbered with a heavy great-coat, rendered heavier by the wet, he extricated himself with great difficulty, and by crawling on his knees, at last reached the stile and clambered over it.

Here again as there were no trees to obscure the light, he could trace the path across the grass when the lightning gleamed. He hastened on more quickly, for he was chilled by his wet clothes, and was anxious to get into the hard road before the storm returned, of which there was every appearance from the lightning being more vivid, and the thunder pealing louder and louder. He ran as fast as he could, and about the middle of a very long meadow he fell heavily on his face over something that lay across the pathway. As soon as he recovered from the stunning sensation, caused more by the suddenness than the severity of the blow, he rose and examined the object which had caused his fall. To his surprise and horror he found that it was a woman, and as well as he could discern by the lightning, an aged, decently-dressed person. The rain, however, had soaked her bonnet and her clothes so thoroughly, that he could not discern their make or colour.

He felt her hands and face, they were icy cold. He laid his hand on her side, no pulsation could be felt. He held his face close to her mouth, but no breath seemed to pass her lips. Aqueous felt certain she was dead. His was no pleasant situation. The storm was again raging as violently as ever, the rain came down in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder burst forth in loud and reiterated roars, and he was a mile at least from any habitation (and that the mill where it was probable if he could reach it he should meet with an unfriendly reception), in company with a stranger, but a fellow-creature, and a female, either dead or dying.

Aqueous hesitated awhile, but his kindly feelings conquered. He resolved at all risks to convey the wretched object before him to the mill. He raised her with difficulty, and placed her over his shoulder. He was already weary and worn out by his tedious journey. When he reached the stile where he had missed his way, his heart almost failed; —he would perhaps have left his burden there and hastened by himself to the mill for aid; but as he laid it across the stile, while he clambered over, he heard a feeble moaning, and then a succession of weak groans. Convinced the woman was still alive and might be saved, he stripped off his upper coat and threw it into the copse. He waited for a friendly flash, and with his burden in his arms rushed along the narrow path and reached the meadow in safety. *

Relieved of the weight of the great-coat, and guided by the roar of the water at the mill, he soon reached the last stile. Here new difficulty presented itself. The water had risen so much during the hours that had elapsed since he crossed in safety, that he doubted whether it would be possible to reach the boat. A few groans from the female made him resolve to hazard it. After slipping several times, and with great difficulty preventing his now heavy burden from falling from his arms into the flood, he gained the tree to which the boat had been

fastened. He felt for the chain, but it was gone—a flash of lightning showed the punt to him turned bottom upwards on the opposite bank. His heart failed him, and he shed bitter tears of disappointment as he held to the willow for support with one hand, and clasped the poor old creature to his breast with the other.

The warmth of his body seemed to have given life to the frame he held. The limbs moved convulsively, and the moans were interrupted by a deep sigh. He felt the heart beat feebly against his side.

This roused him to further exertion. He knew it was useless to think of wading the ford, and to swim with such a burden as he held in his arms through such a stream as now rushed along would be certain death to both. He therefore shouted as loudly as he could, in hopes the miller or his man might hear him. For half an hour his efforts were vain. The thunder and the noise of the rain and the rushing of the swollen waters drowned his voice, which was growing feebler.

Just as he had given up all hopes of succour a light appeared in the mill. The door was opened, and he could see two figures about to pull up the largest sluice to let the water escape. Before they could effect their purpose, he exerted all his remaining strength to utter a shrill cry in a high key, and held it as long as he could. The men started as the cry reached them, and after hesitating a few minutes, and apparently arguing the possibility of its being the cry of a human being that they had heard, they approached as near as the water would allow them, to the spot where Aqueous stood nearly exhausted, and evidently saw the dangerous position in which he was placed. The miller's man fetched his punt, and placing the lantern on the well, with one resolute and well-directed thrust pushed it past the overturned ferry-boat, and to the exact spot where Aqueous stood. The miller's man threw the chain round the willow-tree, and held on while he questioned Aqueous as to who he was, and how he came there. He could only say "a woman—a poor creature dead or dying," as the miller seizing them in his powerful grasp, deposited them in the bottom of the boat.

He took the lantern and turned the light upon the wretched objects before him and exclaimed, "My poor old mistress, and the young man who killed Towzer!"

To release the boat and urge it across was the work of an instant. The bodies of Aqueous and the old quakeress were carried in-doors. A few drops of spirit soon restored the youth to his senses, and while the miller was carrying his mother upstairs, and placing her in the warm bed which he himself had just left, being alarmed by the height of the rapidly-increasing water, he told the miller's man as briefly as possible all that had occurred.

"Dang it, arter all thee bee'st a noble chap!—and to think I should go to injure such a one for the sake of a few fishes—but forgive me—pray forgive me, and shal't have all thy tackle again," said the miller's man, rubbing the back of his horny hands as vigorously as possible against his eyes to remove the tears that ran from them.

Aqueous learnt that the old lady had set out in the afternoon to visit a neighbour about two miles off, but as the evening was stormy her son felt no alarm at her not returning, as he had no doubt but that she had resolved to remain with her friends all night, as she had frequently done before. It afterwards proved that her friends were from home when

she arrived, and that she sat an hour or so to rest herself, and without saying a word to the girl of the house started off home.

The old lady gradually recovered and Friend Prior did all he could to show his gratitude to her preserver. Above all things he gave him the free and uncontrolled right of fishing in his waters, with his own tackle, which the man had duly restored. His house and his table were open to him at all hours, and all seasons. He took care to represent the case to the authorities of St. Peter's, and it is needless to say that Mr. Aqueous Wagtail was praised instead of blamed for "knocking in after twelve."

So ends my tale ;

But ere I sound its knell
Crown my brows with laurel ;
For the tale I tell
Has for once a

MORAL.

"Return good for evil and you may soften the heart even of a
FRIEND."

THE FLOWER.

ALONE, across a foreign plain,
The Exile slowly wanders,
And on his Isle beyond the main
With sadden'd spirit ponders :

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
With all its household treasures ;
Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
And all its rural pleasures :

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
Its moors, and purple heather ;
Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
His childhood loved to gather :

When lo ! he starts, with glad surprise,
Home-joys come rushing o'er him,
For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd,"
He spies the flower before him !

With eager haste he stoops him down,
His eyes with moisture hazy,
And as he plucks the simple bloom,
He murmurs, "Lawk-a-daisy !"

NOTES ON THE NUMBERS ;

OR,

HUMOURS OF ARITHMETIC.

Few people know why the arithmetical characters are called numbers. The name has its origin in the experience of schoolboys, who having their fingers in winter-time chilled and frostbitten over their slates, while engaged in the operations of multiplication or "long-division," bestowed upon the freezing figures the appropriate epithet of *numb*-ers. It is not so easy to account for the numerals having been called Arabic. Decidedly it was not from Arabia *Felix* that these vexatious symbols proceeded. *Roman* is a much better name for them, they are so commonly *protested* against by the juvenals.

There are no honours too exalted for those who remain unpuzzled by the rule of three, and unmaddened by fractions. Your "great arithmeticians" ought at least to be created *Counts*. Success in arithmetic is no more to be had "*sine pulvere*" than success in battle. The *Abacus*, or counting-table of the ancients, was a board strewed with *dust* upon which they inscribed their numerical characters with their fingers. We have a trace of this usage at the present day in the dust, with which we frequently find the tables of hotels and coffee-houses covered, quite thick enough for the purposes of calculation, although the habit of scoring the bill upon this classic coating has fallen into desuetude.

Accountants, it will not be denied, are men of *figure*. Augustus Cæsar, who *figured* in ancient Rome under the name of *Octavius*, must have been an eminent arithmetician in his day, since we find his poet-laureate commencing an address to him with—

Cum tot sustineas.

Numbers are of vast importance to more people than the Michael Cassios ; for example, to poets, demagogues, and the proprietors of magazines. Poets are unfortunate when numbers do not *come*, and the proprietors of magazines when numbers do not *go*. The numbers of a poem ought to run well—of a periodical ought to read well—and of a populace ought to roar well. Numbers are essential to a *catalogue*, but they are incompatible with *doggrel*. Yet doggrel verses are the most *numerous* of any.

Numbers are the only things that may exist without themselves. Milton tells us of "numbers without number." A numberless number is no number at all. Suppose the number of a hackney-coach to be infinite, the driver might practise infinite extortions.

Numbers are odd and even : this is a pleasing alternation, the effect of which is lost in Regent-street, by the dull method of ranging all the even numbers on one side of the street, and all the odd ones upon the other, like male and female in a Quaker meeting-house. However, the arrangement was made, we must suppose, to preserve the harmony of numbers and keep the peace of old King Cocker. At any rate, keeping

the numbers thus apart has an obvious tendency to prevent multiplication. Regent-street reminds one of a dreary sum in "long-division." It is said that there are times, particularly in the amorous twilight of summer-evenings, when lovelorn No. 1 may be heard to sigh across the wide thoroughfare to disconsolate No. 2, and waft her the pathetic question—

When shall we *three* meet again?

Again, some numbers are *integral* and others *fractional*. The integrals are honest fellows, numbers of integrity, and it is surprising that they should associate with *improper* fractions, and sometimes even with *mean* proportionals and *gross* totals. The origin of fractions is uncertain; but the best account of it is that the *square* numbers came once upon a time to fisticuffs, and that the field of battle was found the next morning covered with these arithmetical fragments, like the ears and noses on the plain of Waterloo.

Fractions cannot be too much discountenanced, for they are fatal to *unity*, and are the agitators and incendiaries of the commonwealth of numbers. Fractions only differ from fractions by the dog's letter. Political arithmetic teaches us faction is nothing else than an *improper* fraction of a people who ought to be an integral number. There is no such thing as a *proper* fraction, let your accountants and algebraists say what they will. All the members of the family are improper, except the *tenths*, which, having invariably kept company with the clergy, had peculiar opportunities of moral improvement.

Mr. Moore informs us that this branch has ever been particularly popular in Ireland; indeed, so, much so that Captain Rock (the founder of *decimal fractions*) was actually christened DECIMUS.*

Let us not be understood as applying to *dividends* the severe remarks we have felt it to be our duty to make upon *fractions*. For *dividends* we have the most unfeigned respect, and we are always happy to *receive* them.

Mention has just been made of "*square* numbers," and we return to them for a moment, only to notice a gross mistake that arithmeticians commit respecting them. They tell you that *four* is a square number, and that there is no other such number until you get to *nine*. Have these sages ever been in Grosvenor-square in their lives? Pray is not No. 5, Grosvenor-square a *square* number? We can easily believe, however, that people addicted to *vulgar* arithmetic never set their foot in that, or any other territory of *fashion*.

Another and still more heinous blunder is their "*square root*." Now did any man ever see a *square* root? We have seen roots of all kinds, tulip-roots, crocus-roots, hyacinth-roots, jonquil-roots, lily-roots, all the roots in all the gardens and nurseries in England, France, and Holland, but we never saw a *square* root, or even so much as a triangular one, which (being one side less) would not be quite so prodigious a phenomenon. Possibly, however, they may have square roots in the parterres and quadrangles of St. John's College, Cambridge, where those Philosopher Squares, the mathematicians, have a little *circle*

* "The *tenth* don't dance," has not been a maxim of the Irish house of Decimi, many of whom in "the merry days gone by," have danced at sheriffs' balls.

of their own, in which they occasionally *argue*. As every thing that Midas touched became gold, so it is not improbable that every thing these great geometers lay their hands on turns into a square, or a parallelopiped.* Let us hope for the sake of their moral reputations, they have no *Polly-gons* in their chambers! The censorious world would suspect a case of the "loves of the triangles."

No. I.

FROM these few remarks upon numbers in general, we proceed to numbers in particular; and to begin with the beginning, we commence with No. 1, which after all is a bull, for how can *one* be a *number*? Upon reflection, however, there are cases in which this is a true paradox. For instance, a pluralist, who though as a man only an unit, is in an ecclesiastical sense, a multitude—in one county a rector, in another a dean, in a third a canon, in a fourth a prebendary.

'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson there,
'Twas Hodgson, Hodgson, every where.

An old cheese is a further example of many in one, and Dryden's "Zimri" is another.

A man so various that he seemed to be,
Not ONE, but all mankind's epitome.

Then "the multitudinous seas" are the "green ONE," and the bundle of twigs is the old and proverbial type of *oneness*.

No. 1 is myself, yourself, the self of every body, self itself, the arithmetical sign of selfishness; the oddity and old bachelor of numbers. No. 1 requires no care-taker; no figure of the nine takes so much care of itself. No. 1 is a riddle, at once the emblem of a great fault and a great virtue, the symbol of egotism, and the representative of unity and concord.

Had the fleas of an Irish inn been unanimous, or as ONE flea, they might have pulled Mr. Curran out of bed, as that great man himself testified; but they were torn by factions, and divided into dirty entomological cliques, each insect pursuing his own shabby ends, and catering for his own paltry little proboscis, instead of combining their energies to advance the common cause of the flea-public. Had these foolish little animals read so much as the annals of their native land, they might have learned the evils of dissension, and the advantages of concert. Sincerely rejoiced we are that fleas have not the sense to profit by human errors. *Divide et impera*. May the fleas never be *one* people.

A great deal might be said and sung of the ONES of the world, but we shall despatch them very briefly.

There are the little ones always struggling to be great ones, and the great ones sometimes affecting to be little ones. Then there are the

* A doctor, *pedicure*, who attended a distinguished algebraist of Cambridge, assured us that the very roots of his *corns* were *square roots*. In this case, both physician and patient were *extractors* of roots; but what was either of them to Boreas or Eurys, who extract the root of an oak before one can count his fingers.

simple ones trying to seem knowing ones, and the knowing ones to cheat the simple ones. The unfeeling ones are unfortunately not the unhappy ones; and the unpaid ones are occasionally not the fair ones. The undying one is hitherto the unknown one, and the undone one is always the forsaken one.

No. 1 is the most classic of numbers, as appears from the common saying—"all's *one* in the Greek."

No. 1 has conferred celebrity on numbers. There was Hamilton renowned for his *one* speech; Warner famous for his *one* pen; Sir William Jones distinguished by his *one* book; Nelson by his *one* arm; Hannibal by his *one* eye; and Andrew Marvel immortalized by his *one* dish. Then there was Socrates who knew but *one* thing (which, by the by, was *nothing*).

And we ought not to forget the wag of our own days who wrote from London to his mother in Yorksnire for a remittance of eleven shirts; informing her that since he had been in society, he had ascertained that a gentleman ought to have twelve. This was the man of *one* shirt, to whom we shall only add the man of "*one* observation," that we may admonish the world to avoid him as a pestilence. The man who rises to make "*one* observation" never sits down until he has made a very long speech. "Sir, I rise just to make *one* remark," is the established formula, when there is a predetermination to make five hundred. The moment we hear the words we invoke Morpheus, or morphine, the scientific substitute for a dose of "poppy or mandragora."

No. II.

"How many numbers is in nouns?" asks Sir Hugh Evans in Welshman's English.

"Two," replies Master Willy Page, which proves how limited were the grammatical studies of that young gentleman. Mrs. Quickly hits the nail on the head.

"Truly, I thought there had been *one number more*; because they say, od's nouns."

The good dame is wrong in the reason she assigns, but she is right in point of fact, as the Greek and some other languages have a *dual* number, or No. 2. This No. 2 is the hieroglyph of duplicity, the arithmetical cipher for the pharisee and hypocrite. How often do we see a double man; how often do we hear a double tongue; how often do we meet a double mind; how often do we find two faces under one hood, and not in the flower-garden only? There are few Unas, but many Duessas, and in other lands, we fear, as well as in Faery-land.

We need not go so far as the Roman forum to seek a Janus; we would undertake to find you one at Westminster, without asking Diogenes for his lantern. As *one* is the sign of union, so is *two* the emblem of discord. When those are two, who ought to be one, or, to speak more correctly, when those are one, who ought to be two, the results are misery and confusion.

Number 2 is Lucifer's own number, whence he is called the "*deuce*," and to "*play the deuce*" is to "*play the d—l*." As *one* is the old bachelor or old maid of numbers, so is *two* the very principle of population, for the very least number that a parson can buckle together

in holy matrimony is a *couple*. Without *two*, there could be neither pairing nor pairing-off, a proceeding which, although it thins the House of Commons, tends considerably to replenish the nation. No. 2 is sometimes, however, a depopulator. Witness a brace of pistols and a duel: witness also two doctors in consultation; yet it is questionable whether two doctors ever so met, without "the king of terrors" stepping in and making the duet a trio.

No. III.

"THIS is the *third* time. I hope good luck lies in odd numbers; they say there is a divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death,"—quoth Sir John Falstaff, and he has all antiquity with him.

Three is a most venerable number. Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto form a trio of the most respectable antiquity, and Jupiter had his three-forked lightning, Neptune his trident, and Pluto his triple-headed dog. Then there was the Saxon Trigla, or Friga, Thor, and Odinn; and the Hindoo *triad* of Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma (whom the reader will be careful not to confound with the modern inventor of pens, and patentee of locks). The freemasons assure us that their lodges are supported by three pillars—to wit, Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty,—a very pretty style of architecture, we must admit, although Beauty is perhaps a little too Corinthian for so moral and pious an institution. The British triads were a code of laws framed entirely upon a principle of superstitious reverence for No. 3. The principle was carried so far, that the wife was considered only a *third* of her husband. "*Qualibet uxor quasi 'tertia' pars viri sui censetur*" was the fundamental maxim of the conjugal law of the Britons. This was the origin of the wife's dower, or third part of her husband's lands. The moderns have raised the value of a wife considerably, as she is now considered not only a *moiety* of her husband, but the better half of the two. However, the lady is still but a fraction of the gentleman; which is possibly the reason why she is sometimes fractious, and (if gay and fashionable) actuated by party-spirit. When the husband prohibits parties, the wife is apt to become factious, which confirms the common political remark that "the end of *parties* is the beginning of factions."

No. 3 must be a sovereign prince, for we hear of the "*rule of three*," which cannot but be prosperous, since it is called the "golden rule." Next, he is your common mar-plot and spoil-sport, for many are the agreeable situations in which No. 2 is surprised and interrupted by No. 3. Who so often intrudes? Who is so frequently *de trop*? No. 3 is the Paul Pry of numbers.

Three is an important number to a flag, for it makes it a *tri-colour*, or flag of revolution;—to a stool, for it makes it a prophetic-stool, or tripod;—to a pacha, for it makes him a pacha of three tails, which is three times as great as a pacha of one tail;—to a parish beadle, for it crowns him with his three-cocked hat;—and to that admirable poetic figure an hyperbole, for it renders it a "three-piled hyperbole,"—Pelon upon Ossa, and Olympus on the top of both.*

* Sometimes "three" is used in diminution; for example, a "three-inched fool," a "three-suited knave."

Three is the numerical symbol, not only of revolution, but of riot. To make a riot at law there must be at least three rioters; yet that *two* persons may be *riotous* is certain.

No. IV.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee
Were still at odds, being but three,
Until the goose came in at the door,
And stayed the odds by making four.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

No. 4 is said to be the first *square* number, which means neither more nor less than this, that twice two are four, a discovery which has justly immortalized the sage who made it. It follows that for a dinner of four a square table is "the thing." If, however, you prefer a round one, round let your table be, and laugh at the mathematicians. But observe the advice of Bayle, and do not be so absurd as to require from the round table the advantages of the square one, or *vice versa*.

Four is *not* the number of the elements, although Milton assures us they

in quaternon move
Perpetual circle multiform.

They are five elements at least, for every schoolboy knows that, besides earth, air, fire, and water, there are also "the elements of grammar." Byron notices this truth in his philosophical poem of "Beppo," when "says of Napoleon in the Russian expedition,

Stopped by the *elements*, like whaler, or,
A blundering novice in his new Greek *grammar*.

No. 4 is the number of the cardinal points, both in the physical and moral world,—the number of the winds and the virtues (for the alliteration is irresistible). *Four* is learning's own number, as appears from the French adage "savant comme quatre," which Perron applied so wittily to the *forty* academicians. *Four* is also the number that crowns the labours of the toilette, for the French have another proverb, to be dressed "à quatre epingles." Since the discovery of America, there have been four quarters of the globe; previously there were only three, so that Shakspeare was both geographically and chronologically accurate in putting into the mouth of one of his Roman characters the phrase "three-necked world." *Four* is the father of quarters, and in all quarters of the earth there is nothing so important as our quarters, and above all our quarter-day, which brings our quarter's salary. We are deeply indebted to No. 4 both in peace and war. In peace it gives us our quarters of mutton; if we are consumers; our Mark-lane quarters if we are producers; our quartos if we are literary; and our quartettes if we are musical. In war there is no officer in the army of so much consequence as the quartermaster; and when a brave fellow is taken prisoner it is no bad thing to get quarter.

No. 4 is the vestibule of life, for in our infancy we go upon "all fours." Formerly when people committed treasons, or such high crimes,

they went out of life in *fours* also, for they were sentenced to be quartered. Now, here is no quartering save by the Heralds, and they only quarter our *arms*.

No. V.

THERE is little to be said about this number, except to notice the vulgar error that there are five fingers. The thumb is not a finger, because, if a finger at all, it must, from its size and position be the first finger: but the place of first finger is engaged. The thumb is not rightfully a freeman of the digital corporation, and the fingers ought to move the Five's Court for a *quo warranto*. Perhaps Lynch law would be still better: they are four to one, and ought not to suffer the thumb to bully them. That he is a tyrant is evident from the proverbial expressions, "the rule of thumb, and under the thumb."

The best five we know is five per cent.; *six*, however, is better.

No. VI.

Johnson is very learned on number six: he tells us that six is "twice three" and "one more than five!" But if you desire to know the true state and dignity of No 6, consult Brown's "Vulgar Errors," where you will find it stated that "six hath many respects in it, not only for the days of the creation, but its *natural consideration* as being a PERFECT number."* Six is, therefore, the "chrysolite" of figures, and doubtless it is upon this account, that womankind is called *par excellen e* "the SEX."

Six is the bankrupt's number in both English and French. "Not worth sixpence" and "*sans six sous*." In accordance with this, our Court of Chancery (the best and shortest road to beggary in the kingdom) employs *six* clerks, who are very important functionaries, although they are not once mentioned in Cicero's Offices.

Six is a good hour for dining, if the dinner be a good one, and neither company nor cook mistake it for seven, which sets things "at sixes and sevens," and introduces us disagreeably enough to—

No. VII.

WE shall be sparing of our remarks upon this number, because we intend to discuss it fully in a work of seven folio volumes which we have in preparation, and which will probably appear when the world is about seven years older, and better able to understand it. In this work we shall demonstrate that the "seven wise men of Greece" were not the seven champions of Christendom,—that the reason Rome had "seven hills" was that she had seven kings, and not because she has "seven sacraments,"—that the "seven sleepers" were seven lazy dogs,

* Algebraists mean by a perfect number, one that is equal to the sum of its submultiples. *E. g.* $6 = 1 + 2 + 3$. If you do not understand this be thankful, and content yourself with considering it one of the humours of arithmetic.

—that the giant who wore “seven-leagued boots” must have stepped twenty-one miles every time he put one foot before the other,—that a man may be at the “seven-dials” and not know what o’clock it is,—that the seventh son may be a doctor, without being a physician, or so much as an apothecary,—that seven times seven are not forty-nine always, but only when the multiplication is performed correctly,—that when Mohammed visited the “seventh heaven” he would have done well to have stayed there,—that there were once upon a time only seven planets, and that there would be only seven still, had not the “Peeping Toms of Greenwich” been so confoundedly busy with their *spy*-glasses,—that to talk of the seven senses is all nonsense, because it is clear that many men have no sense,—that the reason there are not seven Pleiads is because one of them was lost :*—and finally we promise make as “plain as a pike-staff” that the “seven wonders of the world” were seven humbugs, not to be mentioned in the same day with the “Swan-with-two-necks,” the Thames-tunnel, the “Blue Boar,” the wooden pavement, the “Green-man,” the Menai-bridge, and Bernard Kavanagh.

Seven is a most important number in the trades ; it takes only three or four years to make a man a lawyer, but it takes seven to qualify him to make a pair of boots or a coach-wheel. Seven is the number of the musical notes—the “*septem discrimina vocum* ;”—so that seven may be called the number of *numbers*. Seven is also the number of prismatic colours, although Milton speaks of the “triple-coloured bow,” as if Madame Iris wore the *tri-colour* cockade like Madame Roland. According to *Jacques*, there are seven acts in the drama of life ; and according to the witty clown in the same comedy, there are seven causes of quarrel and “the lie direct” is seven times removed from “the retort courteous.”

No. VIII.

“Another yet?—a seventh,—I’ll see no more,
And yet the *eighth* appears !”

No number has so little influence on human affairs ; yet we regulate our time, or kill it, by eight-day clocks. Those eight-day clocks are very objectionable, because they help to make us forget that there are but seven days in the week ; and accordingly when the week is over, we are full of amazement, and exclaim, “Who would have thought it !” Half the world, misled by these eight-day clocks, acts on the belief that there are seven days for pleasure, and one for business ; and it is not until the seven have joined “the days beyond the flood,” that they discover the eighth to be as imaginary as a Greek kalend, and that their timepieces have betrayed them. The clockmakers ought to answer in the next world for all the time lost in this. Suppose the almanac-makers were to add a month to the calendar, there can be no doubt but that all our affairs, save those of eating, drinking, and sleeping,

* We should like to ask our Aragos and Herschells why they do not take the same pains to restore the seven Pleiads that they have taken to *spoil* the seven planets, by palming their Junos and Vestas on us. Did anybody ever see Juno or Vesta ? That is the question.

would be postponed to the thirteenth moon, just as we now leave our weekly business to be wound up on the eighth day, along with our eight-day clocks. It is not "procrastination" that is "the thief of time," but this deceitful and treacherous machine, which, if it won't *go down* of itself, ought to be *put down*.

No. IX.

"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up NINE."

THREE times three! Nine is the number of jollity. If there be "a divinity in odd numbers," the divinity of nine is Bacchus. When the modern worshippers of Bacchus are most bacchanalian, they shout "nine times nine," as the ancients vociferated "*Erohe!*" The nine Muses are represented in English poetry by the nine verses of the Spenserian stanza. A pauper peer is "a noble come to *ninepence*." It is not true that nine tailors are a match for one man, for we know a man that has undone nine tailors. A woman has a right to the money her husband wins at nine-pins, because it is pin-money. The dullest ninth we know is a "flat-ninth." If cats were to insure their lives, they would ruin the insurance companies, for the sum insured would have to be paid nine times over. The most disagreeable sort of cat is the cat military with nine tails, which, however, commands the British army. A "nine days' wonder," in nine cases out of ten, is no wonder at all; and now should we be "counted out," were it not for what we have yet to say upon that most significant figure—

NOUGHT.

O.—The quality of NOTHING hath not such need to hide itself.

KING LEAR.

NOUGHT is a potent figure in arithmetic. Stationed in the right wing of an army of numbers, it makes tens hundreds, swells hundreds into thousands, and multiplies thousands into myriads, myriads into millions, and millions into billions, trillions, and quadillions, until clerks faint. Calculating prodigies lose their reckoning, and Mr. Babbage's machine rings its despairing bell. Nothing was the earliest subject of commerce: "*nothing for nothing*" was a traffic that flourished before a Tyrian merchantman ploughed the deep; and men who are wise in their generation, and great upon Change, give "*nothing for nothing*" to this hour. Shakspeare notices this ancient trade, and tells us the class of men who are best qualified to drive it. "I would have men of such constancy (inconstancy) put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of *nothing*."

Mark the men who are said to be the Wrens and Vanbrughs of their own enormous fortunes! Of what materials did they build those splendid piles—those Pauls of gold and silver—those Blenheim of bank-notes? Demand their history, and you shall hear how each, upon some fine or foggy morning, made his entry into London, or haply

into Bristol, with *nothing* in his pocket or his purse,—nothing his very stock in trade. These be our model men, in whose footsteps, parents and guardians are adjured to induct their sons and wards, beginning by launching them upon the world's wide sea with a floating capital of nought, in the teeth of the "*haud facile emergunt*," and of all the moralizing of Master Juvenal.

Who will say then that nothing comes of nothing? Epicurus, you lie! Lucretius, the truth is not in you!

Nought was the sum of all that even Socrates knew,—the total of his learning and his wisdom. In the words of Milton,

*The best and wisest of them all professed
To know this only that he nothing knew.*

That this species of knowledge is a source of serenity and joy to its possessors we learn from Shakspeare, who tells us of countries

where nothing
But *who knows nothing* is once seen to smile.

Nothing is a powerful weapon in the hand of a hero. To say nothing of the carnage that once was made with the jawbone of an ass, which is next to nothing, do we not read of

Moore of Moore-Hall,
Who with *nothing at all*,
Slew the dragon of Wantley?

The fool was no fool who asked, "Can you make no use of nothing, Nuncio?" The uses of nothing are various. To authors it is often the matter of their volumes; to orators the staple of their speeches; to talkers the theme of conversation; to nine people out of ten, the occupation of their lives. "To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing." To those who cannot live without a complaint or a vexation, nothing is eminently useful. Nothing is the hypochondriac's disorder, and the grievance-monger's standing grievance. The Queen says in the play—

Howe'er it be,
I cannot be but sad; so heavy sad
As—though in thinking on no thought I think—
Makes me with *heavy nothing* faint and shrink.

Nothing is the coward's apprehension and the "fool's bolt;" to the quarrelsome the occasion of fighting, to the litigious the cause of action, to the jealous their very meat and drink. Nothing is the coin in which the world commonly repays its benefactors; the currency of national ingratitude, in which it is the usage of most states to pay the bills drawn upon them by patriotism, philanthropy, and genius.

To the poets, *nothing* is absolutely everything. O! of "airy nothing," they build castles, erect thrones, weave bowers, raise palaces, and create worlds. Then as they construct, so do they people their edifices with nothing. The fabric of poetry is a pile of nothing, inhabited by nobodies, and existing nowhere. Since the poet works with

nothing, it is not surprising that he generally makes nothing, and consequently has nothing.

Nothing often avails itself of the great principle of co-operation, and is transacted by firms, joint-stock companies, and all manner of societies and unions. What's more common than to see Jack doing nothing, and Thomas helping him? And are there not hundreds of institutions, numerous composed, and elaborately organized, in which the same prolific principle of mutual assistance is daily acted on for the production of the same magnificent result? Whom the cap fits, let him wear it: we name nobody; we specify no society; we only assert that there are associations in existence, literary, scientific, political, and a host of others, in which the aforesaid Jack and Thomas system is in full and quotidian operation.

Here is a secretary: there a couple of subs: upon one side of the corridor nothing is done; upon the other they do nothing.

Two clerks sit at opposite sides of one desk.

"What are *you* doing, Mr. Quill?"

"Nothing."

"And *you*, Mr. Goose?"

"The same as Mr. Quill, sir."

Here is a Board of Commissioners: one, two, three, and a chairman. Commissioner the second.

"What *do* you?"

"Nothing."

Bravo! honest commissioner!

Commissioner No. 2.

"Your report?"

"Ditto."

No. 3.

"Your services, if it please you?"

"Ditto:" "all in a tale," as Dogberry says.

"Now, Mr. Chairman, what cares and toils distract and overwhelm you?"

The chairman directs, controls, and superintends—nothing!

Bravo! excellent commission! Well done faithful servants of the public.

The Do-nothings are an ancient, numerous, and thriving family: they claim descent from the noble house of the Farnientes, in Italy, and are closely allied to the Fainéants of France. They are very opulent people, and no relations whatever to the Have-nothings and Sans-avoirs. They are connected, however, with the Care-nothings, who are a branch of the old Roman House of Gallio.

Upon the whole, then, we see that Nought is a very significant figure; but its best quality is this, that it is proverbially "never in danger," which we see exemplified every hour in the escapes of block-heads of all kinds, from perils of all descriptions; while men of worth and *something*, bear all the buffétings of misfortune.

But we are now at zero; our numbers are numbered. Nine times nine, and one pine to the glorious and immortal memory of that old cock, Cocker!!!!!!!

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON.

BY AN ETONIAN.

CHAP. VI.

Their wild excursions, and window-breaking feats,
 Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
 Their hairbreadth 'scapes, and all their daring schemes,
 Transport them, and are made their favourite themes.

COWPER'S *Tirocinium*.

SOMEWHAT of a curious circumstance occurred in college, but in which I had no hand, nor in any degree participated in the sweets of it. A sow, very near to her accouchement, had been observed by the boys, feeding in Western's yard, close to the dormitory, when a most mischievous thought occurred, that she might be made useful to some of the community: the thought was no sooner devised than means as speedily used to put it into execution: a few choice spirits, ever active for any sport, were soon enlisted, and the plan laid before them. One boy was directed to keep the animal (without any apparent intention of doing so, feeding in a particular corner until dark. The scheme succeeded admirably: by throwing one of their cloth gowns over the old lady's snout, to obscure her vision, as well as to confine her squeaking trumpet from giving too much tongue, immediately, by the exertions of four stout boys, and no easy matter either, she was landed on the top of a tower attached to Long-chamber above the stairs: here she was regularly fed until some little piggy-wiggies came to light, which as soon as they were considered to be of sufficient age, dangled before the fire in chamber, and afforded the captors delicious supper, the pleasures of course enhanced by the potations which *Johnny Bear** brought from the Christopher inn, and received through the bars of lower chamber, the usual receiving-room of all smuggled goods, it being on the ground-floor, and adjoining to the school-yard. What Etonian, at least collegier, does not well remember that window—the lower boy, whose turn it was to watch for Johnny's arrival, had pretty good cause to remember it on cold nights. As soon as the young roasters had all paid the forfeit of their lives, for venturing to make their appearance within the precincts of the tower (no court-martial being requisite, but like spies, hanged and dangled without trial) the mamma was sent about her own business to seek her old quarters, *minus* offspring; and I have little hesitation in saying, that

* A well-known character in my day, paid weekly by a certain number of the upper boys as a carrier of eatables and drinkables, after we were locked up at half-past eight—of course not allowed by the college, though well known yet winked at by the authorities, that is, the head-master.

had her swinish ladyship ventured again to have visited our royal domains in the same *enceinte* condition, all circumstances allowing, the result would have been the same. Not only young pigs, but almost any other description of live stock would have stood a bad chance, more particularly when it is considered what *was* the college allowance for a number of hungry boys,—not according, I believe, to the intention of King Henry. A loin of mutton or a leg was between eight boys—a shoulder the same; and a neck between four; and when it is further considered that all these joints, never boiled (except by paying the cook for so doing), but constantly roasted almost to a chip, the dripping being his perquisite,—and a good thing he made of it, for he took especial care to squeeze the most out of it that he could, for his own benefit;—considering these things, together with the mutton being of the small South-down breed, it may not be very wonderful at anything in the shape of eatables not coming amiss. These things are now altered through the inquiries of the late Lord Chancellor Brougham into public charities, and a greater allowance given. The above piggyish trick, though savouring some little of the felonious, or forcible abduction, was no bad specimen of an Etonian trick: but another that was undertaken was, I know, an actual felony; the two actors in it being dead, I do not hesitate to relate it, their names, of course, being *sub nube*. In short, I do not know whether I might not have been termed an accessory to the fact. I am certain of this one thing, that it caused in me no slight sensation of alarm. About one o'clock in the morning, having previously been preparing my verses for the morrow, I had gone to a remote room, at the end of Long-chamber, called Phonca, the Greek word being Latinized. It had no glazed windows, only iron bars, a part of it was appointed for the reception of the logs to be burnt in Carter's chamber (to which I then belonged), when on a sudden I tumbled some very large carp, tench, and I think eels; but I was so terrified at being saluted by the entrance of the scaly gentry, thinking that it was some trick of his Satanic majesty at that midnight hour, that without stopping to inquire into the cause of my alarm, I made a most precipitate retreat into bed. The next morning I discovered it all; for they were trophies not to be concealed, but were shown with evident marks of exultation at their success by the two boys above alluded to. It seems that in some of their daily walks they had found out that there was a constant supply of fine fishes preserved in the well of one of the punts, in the pond situated in Mr. Botham's garden, at Salthill; and under the supposition that they might as well be cooked in a homely way in Long-chamber, or at Mrs. Windmore's, up Eton, as be served up with rich sauces by the landlord of the Windmill Inn to his various guests, they determined on making the attempt. After prayers at half-past eight, an iron bar, which had been sawn through, immediately under a cross one, being removed, as well as the lead from the stone which received the

bottom part of the bar, out sallied our adventurers, in a very dark night, and made their descent by a rope ladder down to the pump in Western's yard, which was directly under the window; from thence their progress was easy enough. I can well recollect the dark and tempestuous night which aided their scheme materially: in short, everything succeeded to their wishes, and they conveyed their prizes home, as above described, without any interruption. These and other acts of juvenile daring, which, if they had not ended in an excursion to Botany Bay (detection taking place), would most certainly in a good flogging, often created that relish for adventures of a nobler kind, which was fully proved by the deeds of many who fought and bled on the continent—one of these marauders fell in the battle of Waterloo. Many gallant heroes of the peninsular war were Etonians, the head and front of all, the noble Wellington.

Among other instances of predatory excursions, one took place which was the cause of much conversation, even beyond the bounds of the school, for it made its way into the highest circles, shook the sides of our good old George, and is often mentioned with the greatest glee by the uncle of the boy, now a noble earl, and of immense consequence in the county of Norfolk. It seems that the royal domain could not be preserved inviolate from invasion. To forage in an enemy's country is pardonable, but for a friend's territory to be reached upon was almost too bad: the only excuse to be made is that the temptation was too powerful to be resisted. The little park at Windsor abounded with hares; these had been often seen by the boys, and one whose name began with C——, was determined upon *nine parts of the law*—possession of one of these said hares. Having provided himself with a gun and boat, and another boy to take care of it, and having arrived pretty close to the place previously reconnoitred, C—— made for the park wall, which is within a few yards of the Thames, opposite to the *oak-tree*, near the *shooting-fields*.

Leaving his shipmate to look out for squalls in the shape of keepers, he mounted the wall, and a poor unfortunate pussy happening to be sitting most accommodatingly for a display of his skill, it is needless for me to add, that having been pretty well trained at home among the finest preserves in England, she tumbled over: down he jumped to pick her up—at the same moment a short-jacketed fellow, whom the report of the gun had roused from his lair, was observed making towards him with all possible despatch. Not a moment was to be lost; and, heedless of the vociferations of the keeper, he threw the hare over the wall, at the same time intimating to the boy in charge of the boat, that an enemy was in sight. He soon followed his victim, but lo! to his dismay, he saw his confederate pulling across as hard as he could, alarmed at the idea of being detained by the keeper, and leaving his comrade to make the best of his way as he could: we cannot bestow

much commendation on his poltroonery. What now was to be done by C——? Although it was a flood-water at the time, and the stream very rapid, he did not give much hesitation upon the subject, but dismissing his gun to a cold bath, he at once jumped into the river, and with the hare in his mouth, by dint of great experience in swimming, and a natural courage, he reached the other side in safety with the trophy of his daring. A short time subsequent to this, a boy by some ill luck, after having killed a brace of pheasants, was nabbed by the head keeper, and conveyed to his house in the park, where he was kept in durance vile. Some little degree of animosity, it is supposed, was rankling within him owing to the escape of the previous swimming marauder: at any rate he was detained, and a message sent to the head-master, stating the cause of his detention. Also a communication was made to no less a person than his most gracious majesty. I believe *old George* was a little offended at first, but he soon recovered his usual kindness, and after ordering the boy to be detained all night (as a memento not to offend again) and well fed, he was dismissed, with a note to the master, that he should not be punished this time, it being his *first fault*.

A few pages back I mentioned the *oak-tree*, one of the fashionable places of resort for bathing to the boys—more particularly for the singers, *alias*, collegers. At that very spot a circumstance occurred which will always keep the remembrance of the *oak-tree* in my mind, for I was as near finishing my career as an Etonian at that spot, and of being precluded from giving my “Recollections” to the public, as any one who would desire to go out of the world in a tolerably comfortable method. On the river Thames a species of flat-bottomed boat is used, called a punt, usually adapted for the purpose of fishing, having a well about two-thirds down the length of the boat, to preserve the fishes alive which may be taken, for an almost indefinite time, as a constant supply of fresh water runs through the well before named.

Being particularly fond of boating, and no bad manager in punting (which I have proved by punting up the Weir, a most sharp and difficult stream, as all Etonians know) which is performed by going to the head of the boat, and placing a pole in the water, retaining the hold of the pole all the time you run down to the stern, and then ascend again to the head. On the occasion I am mentioning, in running up again to the head of the boat, either from my presumption of being a good punter, and therefore perfectly careless, or I know not what, but like the person who in mixing his brandy-and-water took a *drop* too much, I, from looking at some boys on the bank preparing for bathing, took a *step* too many, and over I went.

On the particular spot where I fell over was a sandbank, and between that and the land deep water: there was just room enough for me to lie on my back, under this most unpleasant boat: and there I

did lie, and no very comfortable berth I had of it—the water pouring into my mouth, the boat pressing me down, and the thoughts of death coming upon me. Still I could distinctly hear the vehement exclamations of the boys, telling the one that was in the boat with me how to act, and push her off. At length, when all perception was nearly gone, and I was pretty well saturated with Father Thames (though not acting the part of a father) I was extricated from my perilous situation by the drifting of the boat off from me, and I never wish to be in the same situation again. I understood that my face bore a most particular resemblance, in regard to colour, to my hat, and for a long time after the *oak-tree*, the scene of my disaster, haunted me every night. I could not efface it from my mind, but that the said punt was on my chest, which completely usurped the place of any common nightmare, which has the fashionable name of indigestion.

CHAP. VII.

“Je n'ai jamais rien vu de si méchant que ce mauvais vieillard ; et je pense ; sans confection, qu'il a le diable au corps.”

AMONG those to whom the vicinity of Eton College was somewhat annoying, though a source of profit in other instances, was a man who rented the water near Windsor for a considerable distance, cognomine *Piper*, familiarly termed by us *Johnny Piper*. By the sale of eels, as well as other freshwater fish, he made a considerable sum, vast numbers of which were caught in eelpots, certain long, narrow, wicker baskets, which allowed the fish to enter for the bait enclosed therein, but by a kind of internal *chevaux-de-frise*, entirely precluded them from making their exit. The wicker pots were laid down in various parts of the river, with a rush fastened to each, which floating just on the top of the water, denoted where a pot lay at anchor. Of course in our peregrinations on the river these rushy buoys did not escape our eyes, long experienced in the pursuit of such articles, and consequently if there were any fishes in them they were soon emptied in the boat. It was always considered excellent sport to do old Johnny, who was a man of considerable wealth, and to whom the loss of a fish or two was nothing (except in the light in which a miser would grudge the loss of the most trifling coin), he being the principal *scalp* purveyor to the royal family and the inhabitants of Windsor and Eton of all freshwater fishes. It would sometimes happen that Johnny, attended by his boy *Fish* (a nickname, I believe), would come upon us unawares from behind some Ayot, where like some *Sallee Rover*, he had been watching for us in our marauding excursions, and then it was a glorious piece of fun to see our poor old fisherman in one of his *tantarums*.

He was a man of more than usual choleric disposition, and in the heat of his anger would belabour poor Fish's head with the oar, for not pulling faster on his side to overtake "those rascally boys." Poor weak-sighted mortal, he little knew that this head slave of his was in the pay of "those rascally boys," and in the hurry to obey his master's orders seemingly, would *most innocently*, of course, lose his oar or *catch a crab*—in short, anything to impede progress; and as the skiffs that were hired belonged to Charley Carter, his inveterate rival, a man with a deficiency of one arm, of equally irritable temper with himself, between whom an incessant war of words was constantly waged; on that account, therefore, poor Johnny could not pursue the marauders into the enemy's port, so that they generally escaped with their plunder, dropping perhaps one, as if by accident, for Charley in his yard, as hush-money.

The cause of this animosity between these two river gods, arose I believe from some little jealousy on Mr. Johnny Piper's part. He had lived at Eton all his life, and had possessed the sole letting out of the boats for many years. It is certain that these boats were what we should now call in these days of intellect's march, little better than floating *tubs*. Mr. Charles Carter, a speculating genius whose apprenticeship had been passed at Lambeth, the fashionable place for building pleasure-boats, came down from thence, bringing with him some beautiful skiffs, very light, and of course well adapted for speed. With this almost fairy flotilla, in comparison with what we had been accustomed to, Charley opposed old Johnny, and while all of the new pigmy navy, for many days bespoke beforehand, were constantly in commission, the veteran tubs were put on the "peace establishment," and floated quietly at their moorings, thereby causing a great diminution of revenue to the old Piperian government, and doubtless a source of grievous vexation to our old friend Johnny.

It required not much skill on the part of the rowers in these light skiffs to leave Johnny and his man Fish, when pursued by them; and as every trifling thing is an annoyance to the man at enmity with another, the words the *Fly*, or the *Swift*, of Eton, Charles Carter, were displayed in brilliant gilt letters on the stern of the flying boat, to the irascible eyes of the old fisherman, who kept at a respectable distance in her wake, all the time fuming and puffing like a porpoise, and swearing in no slight degree, to the *then* great amusement of the boys, and to the increase of the existing animosity. Nor can I be surprised at it, for should I moralize at all I might say, how few are there of the sons of Adam similarly situated but would have been equally vexed. Of all the passions which agitate the human breast, jealousy is, perhaps, the most easily excited. Our irritable antique had for many years reigned the undisputed admiral of the Etonian navy, the Lord Yarborough of its yacht-club.

But whilst he was the cause of mirth to the boys, his rival waxed a great favourite with them. Novelty perhaps is everything, but

so it was: he charged high, it is true, but still he was a *long tick*. In addition to his trade of *waterman* he also established an excellent shop for the sale of guns, and I know it well to my cost. Having hired a gun of him on a holiday to do some execution among the blackbirds in the lanes near the Brocas, just as I was sallying out of the yard of Davis, the horse-dealer, who should I pop upon, not upon blackbirds, but upon a most formidable enemy in the shape of one of the under-masters, who did me the favour to relieve me from carrying my gun home to its original quarters.* As the act of going out shooting is considered a very penal offence, and deservedly so, I fully expected to have atoned for my crime on the block; but as being high in the school, that is in the *liberty*, it would have been considered very *infra dig.* to have been flogged in that part of the school: therefore, with promises never again to take a gun in hand during my stay at Eton (a promise I strictly kept), and by saying a certain portion of the Greek "*Andromache*" (*ποῦ δὲν τὸ ἀλλή*) which I think I shall never forget, I was pardoned.

Owing to the Thames being so contiguous to Eton, he sometimes pays the town a very unwelcome visit, though a source of glorious amusement to the boys. This generally takes place in the winter, when having been well supplied by tributary streams, after the breaking up of deep snows, or long continued rains, he comes rolling down, casting on each side of the low lands a wide waste of waters, in-
 washing (as I heard old Pocock, the farmer, once say) the arable lands, but enriching the pastures.

One particular flood I remember of long continuance and of great impetuosity, when the fifteen-arch bridge was nearly all swept away, and the entrance to Eton from Slough was by going through the shooting-fields and the Playing-fields, a work of some little danger.

This was a time of excellent fun for Etonians: no getting to school, and the communication between the different houses was by boats and carts. I shall not forget an excellent ducking which Harry Matthews, the late talented writer of the "*Diary of an Invalid*," and two other boys had in Eton-street. I was looking out of my window at Ingalton at the time, when I observed these three boys coming in a cart which they had hired for a little bit of a spree, and just as they came abreast of my window, the water being nearly three feet deep there, down went the horse, and out went every one of them to salute old Father Thames. Of course there was not much chance of their receiving any very serious injury; but the water being very muddy at the time, their external appearance was none of the brightest: it created no small fun at the time among their schoolfellows, many of whom, like myself, witnessed their immersion, and they went by the appropriate appellation of the *Mudlark Trio*.

* Like smugglers' tubs, always forfeited to the captor.

The arrangements for bathing at Eton are very good: those boys who are not able to swim, are debarred from ablution, except at particular places, where it is an almost utter impossibility, from the shallowness of the water, that an accident can occur: because excellent swimmers, men appointed by the head-master, such as Shampo Carter (of my time) and others, are always on the spot to prevent any accident, and are regularly paid by the boys for that purpose. It is somewhat surprising that more accidents do not occur at Eton on the water, the boys being generally so very fond of it, and especially of one very peculiar method of propelling a boat, which is by *darting*—a very dangerous custom indeed. The only instances that I can recollect in my time, including a period of more than ten years, of death by drowning, were two, viz., Waldegrave and Burton, a very small mortality among so large a number of boys, when we take into consideration the immediate contiguity of the playing-grounds to the river.

In my day, for swimming, fishing, shooting, or fighting, take him altogether, Shampo Carter was the man. I have very little hesitation in saying, that many old Etonians can vouch for the truth of my assertions respecting him.

CHAP. VIII.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

THE expectation of the arrival of the holidays creates no little stir in our community. You will find some boys who have notched a stick, indicating so many days previous to breaking-up, and from which one is cut off every day; others are to be observed fitting on their boots at Ingaltan's, with which they intend to be *something* when they reach the paternal roof; others are to be seen bargaining for tandems to drive to Hyde-park-corner; while others more humble, and certainly more judicious, are taking their places by Lilliwhite's coaches, from which a general salute of peas, from pea-shooters, is received by the inhabitants of Colnbrook and Hounslow, the ammunition being generally expended previous to their arrival at Brentford. This juvenile peppering of course only alludes to the lower boys. In the winter time those boys who went by the six o'clock coaches, invariably put on their clean shirts the overnight, to be in readiness for starting—no time in the morning. Even now I wish for my boyish days (not as far as re-

gards the clean shirt), were it only for the delightful anticipation of the holidays. Care and birch for the time dismissed—the joys of home, the meeting with parents and brethren,—really it is a delight, and the more so in afterlife we think of it, more particularly as in mine own case, when all those beloved relations (with one exception) are gone to the tomb, and I am left as it were alone in the world, with the exception of my own immediate family: the joys of those former days, when wealth was at my command, now for ever fled, and poverty and its direful train, the accompaniments of the present, are regretted with a bitterness truly its own. And yet all this joy which pervades the boy's breast, is but the harbinger of sorrow. The holidays must pass away, *cito pede*; those dear friends, on whose smiles we live, must be left—the pouches* are given, and with sorrowing hearts we say the miserable “good-by”—then comes the return by the same coaches that conveyed us to town. We put on the face of bravado, while inwardly there is a ravening wolf of sorrow: we chink the money in our pockets (not long to remain there) which our parents and friends have given us, to dispel a little of our misery at leaving home comforts: soon, too soon does Slough meet our eyes, and the well-known turn down to the left, where we catch sight of the ponderous telescopes of Herschell—soon is the fifteen-arch bridge past, then are we within the confines of the miserable dull town of Eton. Our luggage arranged, and our solitary candle obtained from our dames, we hie us to Long-chamber: a few candles glimmer in the darkness visible, many not having the heart to light their candles, but turn into bed to forget their sorrow—even the upper-boys almost seem to have forgotten the well-used and well known word, *lower-boy*—in short, the chamber appears a scene of desolation. But on the morrow, the usual scene of activity is on foot, mutual recognition takes place, home is almost forgotten, and Eton is the same—*I'loreat Etona*.

Though it is rather hard, and the justice of it has been often canvassed, why the upper Oppidans should be allowed a greater indulgence in the length of their holidays, than the collegers: yet so it is. The upper Oppidans on leaving school, are in the habit of making a present (pouching) to the head-master in money or plate; the colleger, *never*. Some might say that there was a little policy in relaxation of duty for one species of boys; but that I do not believe was ever the origin of what at first sight may appear a piece of favouritism in behalf of the Oppidans.

In the pastrycooks'-shops of London, it is a very common practice to have a pretty young woman behind the counter, to induce the masculine gender to come in and talk to her, by which means an increased sale of pastry is generally effected. Some go to show themselves off, and to be admired as they suppose; others to ad-

* An Eton term for presents.

mire the fair shopkeeper, both tending to increase the exchequer or the pastrycook—the very same plan prevails in the Café de Paris, where the most splendid woman is selected to preside. When I was at Paris, I recollect the most beautiful woman in France as was imagined, presided at the Café aux Mille Colonnes.

In my time, I remember, my friend Garraway, of the Christopher (without any such intention I believe), had a very pretty young woman as his barmaid. It certainly was a most excellent speculation, if it had been intended as such. The upper-boys, I mean collegers, made it a point to go and have their glass of ale or brandy-and-water, until about two minutes before it struck the half-hour when we were locked up for the night, on purpose to talk nonsense with the beauty.

She was certainly the promoter or promotress (if I may so term it) of great profit to the landlord. I would strongly recommend any one who visits Eton, and stops at the Christopher, to order a broiled chicken and mushroom sauce—it is exquisitely cooked there—and for a bowl of Bishop, Garraway was always super-excellent.

Let me now escort my readers to a very pleasant scene, supposing the election Saturday to have arrived. For a week previous to it, *rug-riding* begins in Long-chambers. To illustrate the word *rug-riding*, let me say, that it is thus performed: Some lower-boys are tied up at one end, in which a bolster is placed, and to the other end of it a rope is fixed; an upper-boy then takes his seat, and a certain number of other boys are fagged to run up and down Long-chamber with as great speed as possible. This continuing for a week, it is scarcely possible to conceive the beautiful gloss which the old oak boards receive: the space between the bedsteads is also scrubbed with hard brushes to correspond with the other.

On the Thursday previous, waggon-loads of beech-boughs, from the college-woods, are brought, with which the whole of Long-chamber is decorated from one end to the other. On the Saturday morning, green rugs, with the college arms on them, are placed on every bedstead. Company is then admitted to view it, and really it is a very pleasing sight, a complete vista of foliage; and considering the moving scene between, the captain's bed at the top of the chamber, surmounted by a handsome flag, the boys in their gowns, and the fragrance of the boughs, render it almost a magical delusion—in short, it is a magical delusion, in comparison with the appearance which the dormitory exhibits without the assistance of these extraordinary supplies.

At two o'clock the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, enters Western's yard in his carriage-and-four, attended by the two Posers, a name given to the two gentlemen from King's, whose turn it is to examine the candidates for college. A speech is then made in Latin by the captain of the school in the cloisters (which fell to

my lot previous to leaving for Cambridge) to offer our congratulations to the Provost on his arrival at the college. In the evening the same water-excursions to Surly Hall and back (as on the 4th of June), and the exhibition of fireworks on Piper's Ayot take place.

On the Monday following, the sixth-form boys recite their speeches before a generally very crowded audience of big-wigs, most of them old Etonians, and a select company of fashionables, admitted by the head-master. The big-wig gentry are not very scrupulous in making their remarks on the merits or demerits of the orators. But *n'importe* their quizzing, a privilege which age may claim to itself with impunity. The gratification was, when the speaker caught the spy-glass of *magnus** full upon him, and the smile upon his countenance expressing his entire approbation of his pupil's oratorical skill,—a mutual recognition of delight. This is the principal day of feasting, and verily it is a day of feasting in good earnest, no shilly-shally, it is a regular display of the *odontical* art. A large party of old Etonians are generally present, and as a matter of course, invited to dine in the college-hall. The beautiful old tapestry makes its annual visit to the top of the hall, the *dais* of the day, where the table is set out for the principal guests. *L'uppy-parlour* abounds with the old plate belonging to the college—the butteries are a constant scene of passing and re-passing in glorious confusion.

Amor, the regular visiter on that day (well remembered by old collegers), was a good old divine, who had an excellent nose for a turtle or a haunch of venison, and I believe always managed to obtain a *provoke*, having long lived in the neighbourhood, and being much respected as an old Etonian and a Kingsman. On one of these annual feast-days, a haunch of venison of course sent forth its savoury odour at the head of the table where the Provost sat in all the dignity of his high station. It was the custom for the Provost to cut off a certain number of slices of the haunch, enough to fill the plate, which was handed round to each of the guests, to take as much as they pleased. On the present occasion, the plate made its *first* and *last* supply of the present burden to the Rev. Dr. B——, who, with a smile of great satisfaction (the occurrence making the hall ring again with laughter), took the plate and its contents, at the same time premising with, “You have helped me very bountifully, Mr. Provost, but I will endeavour to do what I can with it,” and it vanished. Poor old man, he is long since dead. He was a daily visiter at Eton.

We had no occasion ever to inquire what o'clock it was at the hour of two; for as sure as the clock would strike that hour, the old carriage, and equally old horses and coachman to boot, would pass by the long-walk wall of Eton, not Windsor. It used to be

* Dr. Goodall, then the head-master, afterwards Provost of Eton.

so regular in its rotatory motions, that it at length acquired the name of the S——e Waggon. His son was next to me in school; and Eton college, from their respect to the father, at his death, presented the son to the living which his father held:—a kind tribute of respect to his memory, and as gratifying to the son, which son, by the by, was a most tremendously lazy fellow in school; and when it was sometimes remarked to him that he would perhaps get flogged if he did not get his lesson to construe, his usual remark was, “Oh, I shall trust to Providence,” and Providence was very kind to him, for he generally escaped being called upon to construe—much kinder to him than Providence (reverentially speaking) was to myself and my old schoolfellow R——e. We went to school at Slough, I in petticoats, and we have continued next to each other in college to this day; and the only *trifling* difference between us now is, that he is a senior Fellow of King’s, plenty of dividends, no care for the morrow (as far as worldly affairs go), no butcher’s bills to pay, and I—*vice versa*. In most scrapes we were united—the *duo juncta in uno*; flogged together twice a week, because we had made up our minds not to do our Greek derivations for one of the assistants, who regularly heard us twice a week—(we knew the derivations), and who from spite or some other cause, regularly called us up, and as regularly put us in the *bill* sent to the head-master.

The good old man, Dr. Heath, observing that we as regularly as Monday and Friday came, *long morning* days, were sent up to him for punishment, divined that it was owing to some pique of the assistant, or that we were incorrigible, merely, just for form’s sake, touched us with old Sly’s manufacture (the birch) after his usual exclamation of “Ah! my old friends, *par nobile Fratrum*.” There never were two such unlucky dogs as we were: whenever either of us was asked for his derivations by this said assistant, now the head of one of the principal colleges in Cambridge (and that through the aid of my vote for him), his, or our usual answer was, “I have lost them, sir.” The truth was, we had never found them; that is, had never done them: and I fear, such was our obstinacy, that we never would if we had been flogged every day. During my residence at Eton I received great kindness, and many little attentions in the shape of pie or pudding from the mother of my old schoolfellow, a lady who lived at Eton, and of whom I have some time since heard she has paid the debt of nature. If intrinsic worth and Christian piety will meet with its due reward in another world, which we doubt not, it will be hers.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MISS STRICKLAND's long-expected fourth volume of the "*Lives of the Queens of England*" is at last before us; and its contents will prove that its delayed appearance has not been without its advantages. Our readers will remember that the first three volumes of the present popular work contained all the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet Queens; and that, in the very outset of her arduous undertaking, the author, quoting the words of Beaumont, proclaims that

The treasures of antiquity, laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened.

And well and ably, so far as she had proceeded in her labours, had she realized the promise thus held out to the public. It must be here admitted that Miss Strickland had unusual facilities for producing a work of rare value, since she confesses her obligations to J. Glover, Esq., her Majesty's Librarian, in granting her access to the royal collections in the library at Windsor Castle—to Frederick Devon, Esq., for facilitating her researches among the royal records in the Chapter House at Westminster—to Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart.—to Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, and his accomplished son, Philip H. Howard, Esq., M.P.—to Monsieur Guizot—to Sir Harris Nicolas—and a host of other persons distinguished for their love of historic literature. The State Paper Office and the British Museum have also been most carefully explored by our indefatigable biographer.

The present volume is well worthy of its predecessors, and fully sustains the high fame already acquired by Miss Strickland as a royal historian. But we cannot do better than bring forward the writer, and let her describe its nature and contents.

It embraces (she observes) a new and important era in the annals of this country, and opens with the eventful history of the heiress of the Plantagenet Kings—Elizabeth of York. This Princess, as the consort of Henry the Seventh, commences the modern series of the Queens of England, and forms the connecting link between the regal lines of Plantagenet and Tudor.

In detailing the successive historic tragedies of the Queens of Henry the Eighth, I enter upon perilous ground. The lapse of three centuries has done so little to calm the excited feelings caused by the theological disputes with which their names are blended, that it is scarcely possible to state facts impartially without displeasing those readers whose opinions have been biassed by party writers.

The records of the Tudor Queens are replete with circumstances of powerful interest, and rich in the picturesque costume of an age of pageantry and of romance. Yet, of some of these royal ladies so little beyond the general outline is known, that the *Lives of Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katharine Howard* are now for the first time offered to the public. In his portion of the Work due care has been taken to present facts in such a form as to render the memoirs of *all* the Queens of Henry the Eighth available for the perusal of other ladies.

Henry the Eighth was married six times, and divorced thrice. Four out of his six Queens were private English gentlewomen, and claimed no higher rank than the daughters of knights. Of these, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard were

cousins-german. Both were married by Henry during the life of a previously-wedded consort, and were alike doomed to perish on a scaffold, as soon as the ephemeral passion of the sovereign, which led to their fatal elevation to a throne, had subsided. We know of no tale of romance that affords circumstances of tragic interest like those which are to be traced in the lives of these unhappy ladies. Such as they were in life I have endeavoured to show them, whether in good or ill. Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their dress, and such of their letters as have been preserved from the injuries of time and the outrages of ignorance, will be found faithfully chronicled as far as our limits would permit. The six consorts of Henry the Eighth, from having lived nearer to our own times, are more identified with the sympathies of the generality of readers than their majestic predecessors, the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet Queens, and are peculiarly interesting from their being interwoven with the events of the Reformation; and their lives form, altogether, the most remarkable chain of biographies that have yet appeared in the annals of female royalty.

We will now subjoin a few extracts from the volume itself, which abounds with new and valuable anecdotes and details relative to the illustrious women treated of in its pages, which cannot fail to minister to the delight and gratification of all who take any interest in the history of their country.

The education of Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward the Fourth, and by right, heiress of the English crown, is in curious contrast to the customs of modern times.

She could, (says Miss Strickland,) at an early age, read and write her own language; for her royal sire sent for a scrivener, the very best in the city, who taught her and her sister Mary to write court-hand as well as himself. The following is a specimen of the princess Elizabeth's penmanship in childhood, written in a book of devotion.

Then follows a fac-simile of the handwriting of Elizabeth; for it is a new and valuable feature in the present series of the work, that it is enriched with specimens of royal autographs.

Elizabeth of York seems an active agent in the revolution which displaced her murderous uncle, Richard the Third. This was effected principally by means of her friends of the powerful Stanley faction. Miss Strickland has traced the agency of Elizabeth, at this obscure period, by means of a metrical history written by Humphrey Brereton, a squire of Lord Stanley, and subsequently in the service of Elizabeth herself. It must be remembered that prose history, written in *English*, was a department of literature not then in existence, for Alderman Fabian, in the time of Henry the Seventh, was the first prose chronicler who told his narrative in his native tongue. Every historical event recorded in English, previously to the accession of Henry the Seventh, was (like Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle) hitched into rhyme for the purpose of being easily committed to memory. Miss Strickland has, however, availed herself of the important information of Brereton, without inflicting on her readers his illegible orthography and crabbed phraseology, although, when he breaks into real beauty, she has very tastefully quoted his own language.

The princess, according to Brereton, having accidentally met Lord Stanley at a time and place convenient for conference, urged him passionately, by the name of "Father Stanley," and with many reminiscences of all he owed to her

father, to assist her in the restoration of her rights. At first Lord Stanley repulsed her, declaring he could not break the oath he had sworn to king Richard, observing moreover that women were proverbially unstable of council. Elizabeth renewed her importunities, but when he seemed quite inflexible—

Her colour changed as pale as lead
Her *faux** that shone as golden wire,
She tare it off beside her head.

After this agony she sank into a swoon, and remained some time speechless. Lord Stanley was overcome by the earnestness of her anguish.

"Stand up, lady Bessy," he said, "now I see you do not feign, I will tell you that I have long thought of the matter as you do, but it is difficult to trust the secrecy of women, and many a man is brought to great woe by making them his confidants." He then added that his adherents would rise at his bidding, if he could go to the north-west in person; but that he dared not trust a scribe to indite his intentions in letters. This difficulty the princess obviated by declaring she could "indite and write as well as the scrivener who taught her." Then Lord Stanley agreed she should write the letters without delay.

Among the other circumstances that the princess relates to Lord Stanley in this interview, there is one in strong coincidence with the propensity to dabble in fortune-telling and astrology, which was a weakness belonging to the house of York.† Brereton makes Elizabeth relate "that her father being one day studying a book of magic in the palace of Westminster, was extremely agitated, even to tears; and though earls and lords were present, none durst speak to him but herself. She came and knelt before him for his blessing, upon which he threw his arms around her and lifted her into a high window; and when he had set her there he gave her the *reason* or horoscope he had drawn, and bade her shew it to no one but to Lord Stanley, for he had plainly calculated that no son of his should wear the crown after him; he predicted that he would be queen, and the crown would rest in her descendants."

When Stanley and the princess had agreed in their intentions:

"We must part, lady," the earl said then,
"But keep this matter secretely,
And this same night at nine or ten,
In your chamber I think to be.
Look that you make all things ready,
Your maids shall not our counsel hear;
For I will bring no man with me,
But Humphrey Brereton,‡ my trusty squire."

That evening Lord Stanley and Brereton disguised themselves in "manner strange," and went and stood at a private wicket, till the princess, recognising Stanley by a signal made with his right hand, admitted him. It was the cold season, for there was fire in her apartment, of which Brereton gives this pretty sketch:

* This old word signifies a torch, or a profusion of long fair hair. There is an extraordinary similarity in St. Thomas More's description of her mother's paroxysm of anguish on hearing of the death of her sons, beginning "Her fair hair she tare," (See Life of Elizabeth Woodville, *Queens of England*, vol. iii.) The quotation is from the Song of the Lady Bessy, by Brereton.

† Edward IV. and George of Clarence re-minated magical practices on each other; and Henry VII. averred their sister, Margaret of Burgundy, terrified him more by her sorceries than by all her political cabals. Nor was the house of Lancaster free from these follies: the dark prediction that a young king of England should be destroyed by one whose name begun with the letter G, had been originally made for the annoyance of Humphrey duke of Gloucester; "but fulfilled in our days," says Rous of Warwick (who records the circumstance), "by that wretch Richard III."

‡ This is the author of the narrative, who frequently betrays himself as a principal actor in the scene by unconsciously assuming the first person.

Charcoals in chimneys there were cast,
 Candles on sticks were burning high,
 She ope'd the wicket and let him in,
 Saying, " Welcome lord and knight so free."
 A rich chair was set for him,
 Another for that fair lady.
 They ate the *spice*,* and drank the wine,
 To their study† then they went,
 The lady then so fair and free,
 With rudd as red as rose in May,
 She kneeled down upon her knee.

In this attitude Elizabeth commenced writing the letters dictated by Lord Stanley. Their contents are detailed by Brereton. He is too exact in all points of fact, as to the genealogy and individual particulars of the persons he named, to leave a single doubt that his metrical narrative was written from facts, and by a contemporary of Elizabeth of York; for, careless as he is in regard to the general history of his era, which, indeed, had assumed neither form nor shape in his life, he is wonderfully accurate in all the peculiarities of the costume and private history of his day, and the closer he is sifted, the more truthful does he seem in minute traits which must have been forgotten had the work been written a century afterwards. The dictation of these letters proves this assertion; for he shows the odd expedients men in authority resorted to when they could neither read nor write, and, therefore had to depend wholly on the fidelity of a scrivener, on whose transcription they placed their seals as proof that the missive was to meet credence from the recipient party;‡ and such person was often beset with doubts as to whether the engrossed scroll, which bore no identity of handwriting, was not a treacherous fiction sealed with a stolen signet. The expedients of the unlearned but sagacious noble, in this dilemma, are well worthy of attention. To convince his friends that these letters really were no forgery, he relates to each some particular incident, only known between themselves, and which no false scribe could invent. To his eldest son, for instance, he bade the princess "commend him, and charged him to remember when they parted at Salford-bridge, how hard he pulled his finger, till the first joint gave way, and he exclaimed with the pain." By such token Lord Stanley bade him "credit this letter, and meet him at a conference in London disguised like a Kendal merchant." Sir William Stanley was requested "to come to the conference like a merchant of Beaumorris or Caernarvon, with a retinue of Welchmen who could speak no English." Sir John Savage, Stanley's nephew, was summoned "as a Chester merchant." But of all, the letter to Gilbert Talbot, and the reminiscences Lord Stanley recalled to him, are the richest in costume, and the peculiar features of the age. Lord Stanley thus directs the princess:

"Commend me to good Gilbert Talbot;
 (A gentle squire, forsooth, is he,)
 Once on a Friday, well I wot,
 King Richard called him traitor high;
 But Gilbert to his falchion prest,
 (A bold esquire, forsooth, is he,)
 There durst no serjeant him arrest,
 He is so perilous of his body.
 "In Tower-street I met him then,§

* Spice means comfits, such, with cakes and sweet wine, was the evening repast in the middle ages. To this day children's sugar-plums, and all sorts of boubons and comfits, are called *spice* in the north of England.

† That is, they began to consult or study the business on which they were bent.

‡ Such was the important use of the seal when letters were written in one set hand by a scribe.

§ The squabble between the king and Talbot probably took place at the Tower;

Going to Westminster Sanctuary ;
I lighted beside the horse I rode—
The purse from my belt I gave him truly ;
I bade him ride down to the north-west*
And perchance he might live a knight to be ;
Wherefore, Lady Bessy, at my request,
Pray him to come and speak with me.†

The Epithalamium of Elizabeth of York is indeed a great curiosity ; it has reposed since her wedlock in MS., without finding an editor even of the Latin original. So little is known of the marriage of this queen, even its date being hitherto left in obscurity, that the public could scarcely have expected to see her Epithalamium. Agnes Strickland, however, has rendered into the following elegant English lines the Latin hexameters of the Bishop of Salisbury, John de Gigli, descriptive of the nuptial toilet of the queen.

Oh, royal maid,
Put on your regal robes in loveliness.
A thousand fair attendants round you wait,
Of various ranks, with different offices,
To deck your beauteous form ; lo, this delights
To smooth with ivory comb your golden hair,
And that to curl and braid each shining tress,
And wreath the sparkling jewels round your head,
Twining your locks with gems. This one shall clasp
The radiant necklace framed in fretted gold
About your snowy neck, while that unfolds
The robes that glow with gold and purple dye,
And fits the ornaments with patient skill,
To your unrivalled limbs ; and here shall shine
The costly treasures from the Orient sands,
The sapphire's azure gem, that emulates
Heaven's lofty arch, shall gleam, and softly there
The verdant emerald shed its greenest light,
And fiery carbuncle flash forth rosy rays
From the pure gold.

The routine of the queen's life is very amusing ; but the labour of arranging such information as the following, must have been great.

Elizabeth spent much of her time listening to minstrels and *disars*, or reciters, and these *disars* sometimes took upon themselves the office of players, since she rewarded one of them, who had performed the part of a shepherd, greatly to her satisfaction, with 5*s*. She gave William Cornish the sum of 13*s*. 4*d*. for setting the carol on Christmas-day, and presented 40*s*. to the king's minstrels with the psalms. She gave a Spanish girl (perhaps belonging to the household of her daughter-in-law, Katharine of Arragon), who danced before her, a reward of 4*s*. 4*d*. The fools of the royal household were not forgotten : Elizabeth bestowed on Patch, her own fool, 6*s* 8*d*., and she gave gratuities to a fool belonging to her son Henry, a functionary who bore the ap-

and the brave squire got into Tower-street, meaning to take boat to Westminster Sanctuary, when Stanley met him, and provided him with money and a steed for his flight into Cheshire.

* Stanley gave him the purse from the belt ; it is the strict costume of the era. Gilbert Talbot, the hero here described, greatly distinguished himself at Bosworth. He was made knight banneret, and richly rewarded by Henry VII., and was one of the officers of Katharine of Arragon, who made him her ranger of Needwood Forest.

propriate name of Goose. A hundred shillings were put into her royal purse for her "disport at cards" this same Christmas. She likewise made some purchases, as of a small pair of enamelled knives for her own use; and of mistress Lock, the silkwoman, she bought "certain bonnets (caps), frontlets, and other stuff of her occupation for her own wearing, giving her 20*l.* in part payment of a bill formerly delivered," which remittance the queen signed with her own hand. She paid Haywârd, the skinner (furrier), for furring a gown of crimson velvet, she had caused to be made for her young daughter, the queen of Scots, the cuffs of which were made of pampelyon, a sort of costly fur then fashionable. Among these items is a curious one showing Elizabeth's personal economy: her tailor, Robert Addington, is paid sixteen-pence "for mending eight gowns of divers colours, for the Queen's grace, at 2*d.* apiece." She paid, however, the large sum of 13*s.* 4*d.* to a man who brought her a popinjay (a parrot). Eightpence is charged for an ell of linen cloth "for the queen's samplar," perhaps a pattern-piece for her embroidery. She had musical tastes, and gave comparatively large sums for her instruments, which were of the piano or harpsichord species. Such was the clavichord, a keyed instrument of small size, the bass and treble were enclosed in two separate portable cases; and when played upon with both hands, were set side by side on a table before the performer. For a pair of clavichords, made or imported by a foreigner, the queen gave 4*l.* all in crowns, by the hands of Hugh Denys. She caused her eldest daughter to be instructed in music, for there is an item of payment to Giles, the luter, for strings to the young queen of Scots' lute. The queen's principal bedchamber lady, when her sisters, the princesses of York, were not in waiting, was her kinswoman lady Elizabeth Stafford, daughter to her aunt the Duchess of Buckingham. This lady had a salary of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The queen had seven maids of honour, who were allowed 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* each per annum; and dame Jane Guildford, who was governess to the princesses, received 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. Agnes Dean, the queen's laundress, had an allowance of 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and Alice Massey, the queen's midwife, was paid for the exercise of her office 10*l.*

On Candlemas-day (February 2) the queen's accouchement took place; she brought into the world a living princess who was named Katharine, after Lady Courtenay. The fatal symptoms which threatened Elizabeth's life did not appear till a week afterwards, and must have been wholly unexpected, since the physician on whom the king depended for her restoration to health was absent at his dwelling-house beyond Gravesend. The king sent for this person, but it was in vain that Dr. Hallyswurth travelled through the night, with guides and torches, to the royal patient in the Tower: the fiat had gone forth; and the gentle, the pious, the lovely Elizabeth expired on her own birthday, February 11, 1503, the day that she completed her thirty-seventh year.

The day after the queen's demise, Sunday, February 12th, her corpse was removed from the chamber where she died, to the chapel within the Tower; under the steps of which there reposed, unknown to all, the bodies of the queen's two murdered brothers, Edward V. and Richard Duke of York. Far different was the order of their sister's royal obsequies, to that dark and silent hour when the trembling old priest who had belonged to this very chapel, raised the princely victims from their unconsecrated lair, and deposited them secretly within its hallowed verge. Could the ladies and officers of arms, who watched around the corpse of their royal mistress in St. Mary's Chapel within the Tower during the long nights which preceded her funeral, have known how near to them was the mysterious resting-place of her murdered brothers, many a glance of alarm would have fathomed the beautiful arches of that structure, and many a start of terror would have told when the wintry wind from the Thames waved the black draperies which hung around.

The scene of the queen's lying in state in the Tower Chapel must have been imposing. It was on this occasion rendered, what the French call a chapel *ardente*. The windows were railed about with burning lights, and a lighted

hearse stood in the quire. In this hearse was deposited the royal corpse, which was carried by persons of the highest rank, with a canopy borne over it by four knights; followed by Lady Elizabeth Stafford and all the maids of honour, and the queen's household, two and two, "dressed in their plainest gowns," or, according to another journal, "in the saddest and simplest attire they had, with *threadden* handkerchiefs hanging down and tied under their chins." The Princess Katharine, led by the Earl of Surrey, then entered the chapel and took her place at the head of the corpse; a true mourner was she, for she had lost her best friend, and only protectress.

The life of Katharine of Arragon ushers us into the broad day of history, and now comes the trial whether Miss Strickland is able to sustain the name she has won among the dim records of antique lore. A few pages will decide that question. It was her object to give the English reader some information regarding the early days of Katharine of Arragon. How vain a task it was to look for such in our histories may be guessed, when even the day of her marriage with Henry VIII. is a matter of mystery. Miss Strickland has, however, fearlessly approached the fountain-head of information, and plunged into Spanish MS. histories. The following is the fruit of her research:

At the close of the year 1485 the ancient Moorish city of La Ronda had just fallen beneath the victorious arms of Queen Isabel, and several other strongholds of the infidel had accompanied its surrender, when she set out from her camp, in order to keep her Christmas at Toledo, which was then the metropolis of Spain. On the road the queen was brought to bed of a daughter,* at the town of Alcala de Henares, December 15, 1485. This child was the youngest of a family consisting of one prince and four princesses. The new-born infant, though she made her appearance in this world some little time before she was expected, was nevertheless welcomed with infinite rejoicings by the people, and the cardinal Mendoza gave a great banquet to the maids of honour on occasion of her baptism. She was named Catalina, the name of Katharine being unknown in Spain, excepting in Latin writings.

The first historical notice of this princess in Spanish chronicle is, that at the early age of four she was present at the marriage of her eldest sister Isabel, with Don Juan, heir of Portugal.

The early infancy of Katharine of Arragon was passed amidst the storms of battle and siege; for Queen Isabel of Castile herself, with her young family, lodged in the magnificent camp with which her armies for years beleaguered Granada. Nor was this residence unattended with danger; once in particular in a desperate sally of the besieged Moors, the queen's pavilion was set on fire, and the young infantas rescued with great difficulty from the flames.

The little Katharine, a few months after, accompanied her parents in their grand entry, when the seat of Moorish empire succumbed to their arms, and from that moment Granada was her home. At this time she was four years old. In Granada the early education of the young Katharine commenced. The first objects which greeted her awakening intellect were the wonders of the Alhambra, and the exquisite bowers of the Generalife; for in those royal seats of the Moorish dynasty was Katharine of Arragon reared.

Queen Isabel, herself the most learned princess in Europe, devoted every moment she could spare from the business of government to the personal instruction of her four daughters, who were besides provided with tutors of great literary attainments. Katharine was able to read and write Latin in her childhood, and she was through life desirous of improvement in that language.

* These particulars are taken from a beautiful Spanish MS. of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, by Andres Bernaldes, called *Historia de los Reyes Catolicos Don Fernando y Donna Isabel*; folios 12, 13, 41, 42, 125.

She chiefly employed her knowledge of Latin in the diligent perusal of the Scriptures, a fact which Erasmus affirms, adding, "that she was imbued with learning, by the care of her illustrious mother, from her infant years."

It was from Granada, the bright home of her childhood, that Katharine of Arragon derived her device of the pomegranate, so well known to the readers of the Tudor chroniclers. That fruit was at once the production of the beautiful province with which its name is connected, and the armorial bearings of the conquered Moorish kings. How oft must Katharine have remembered the glorious Alhambra, with its shades of pomegranate and myrtle, when drooping with ill health and unkind treatment under the gray skies of the island to which she was transferred.

"Donna Catalina," says the manuscript of Bernaldes, "being at Granada with the king and queen in the year 1501, there came ambassadors from the king of England to demand her for the Prince of England, his son, called Arthur. The union was agreed upon, and she set off from Granada to England, parting from the Alhambra on the 21st of May, in the year 1501." * * *

King Henry himself, November 4th, set forward from his palace of Shene on his progress to meet his daughter-in-law; the weather was so very rainy, and the roads so execrably bad, that the royal party were thoroughly knocked up when they had proceeded no further than Chertsey, where they were forced to "purvey and herbage" for their reposing that night. "Next morning, however," continues our journalist,* "the king's grace and all his company rose betimes, and strook the sides of their coursers with their spurs, and began to extend their progress towards East Hampstead, when they pleasantly encountered the pure and proper presence of Prince Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father." It does not appear that the prince knew that his wife had arrived. Certainly royal travellers moved slowly in those days, for Henry never thought of proceeding further than his seat at East Hampstead, "but full pleasantly passed over that night season," in the company of his son. Next morning the royal personages set forth again on a journey which was truly performed at a snail's gallop, and proceeded to the plains (perhaps the downs), when the protonotary of Spain and a party of Spanish cavaliers were seen pacing over them, bound on a most solemn errand; this was no other than to forbid the approach of the royal bridegroom and his father to the presence of the infanta, who in the true Moorish fashion was not to be looked upon by her betrothed till she stood at the altar,—nay, it seems doubtful if the veil of the princess was to be raised, or the eye of man to look upon her, till she was a wife. This truly Asiatic injunction of King Ferdinand, threw the whole royal party into consternation, and brought them to a dead halt. King Henry was formal and ceremonious enough in all reason, but such a mode of proceeding was wholly repugnant to him as an English-born prince. Therefore, after some minutes' musing, he called round him in the open fields those nobles who were of his privy-council, and propounded to them this odd dilemma. Although the pitiless rains of November were bepelting them, the council delivered their opinion in very wordy harangues. The result was, "that the Spanish infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, he might look at her if he liked." This advice Henry VII. took to the very letter; for leaving the prince his son upon the downs, he made the best of his way forthwith to Dogmersfield, the next town, where the infanta had arrived two or three hours previously. The king's demand of seeing Katharine, put all her retinue into a terrible perplexity. She seems to have been attended by the same train of prelates and nobles enumerated by Bernaldes; for

* Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v., pp. 332—355. The information of these court movements has been drawn from the narrative of a herald who witnessed the whole; he has so little command of the English language in prose narrative, as to be in places scarcely intelligible. But English prose was at this time in a crude state, as all such memorials were, till this era, metrical, or in Latin.

a Spanish archbishop, a bishop, and a count, opposed the king's entrance to her apartments, saying, "The lady infanta had retired to her chamber;" but King Henry, whose curiosity seems to have been thoroughly excited by the prohibition, protested that "if she were even in her bed, he meant to see and speak to her, for that was his mind and the whole intent of his coming."

Finding the English monarch thus determined, the infanta rose and dressed herself, and gave the king audience in her third chamber. Neither the king nor his intended daughter-in-law could address each other in an intelligible dialect; "but," pursues our informant, who was evidently an eyewitness of the scene, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other, in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." "After the which welcomes ended, the king's grace deposed his riding garments and changed them, and within half an hour the prince was announced as present." Arthur being, it may be presumed, tired of waiting in a November evening on the downs. "Then the king made his second entry with the prince into the next chamber of the infanta, and there, through the interpretation of the bishops, the speeches of both countries, by the means of Latin, were understood." Prince Arthur and the infanta had been previously betrothed by proxy; the king now caused them to pledge their troth in person; and this ceremony over, he withdrew with the prince to supper. After this meal, "he, with his son, most courteously visited the infanta in her own chamber,* when she and her ladies called for their minstrels, and with right goodly behaviour and manner, solaced themselves with dancing." It seems that Prince Arthur could not join in the Spanish dances, but to show that he was not without skill in the accomplishment, "he, in like demeanour, took the Lady Guildford (his sister's governess), and danced right pleasantly and honourably."

New and extraordinary lights are cast on the life and character of Katharine of Arragon. It is no light commendation to observe that the author never quits *her queen* for half a page to plunge into those dull and interminable discussions on the reformation which fill so many folios of history. She very properly avoids such discussion as not being according to her vocation, which is entirely devoted to Katharine's conduct, feelings, letters, and character.

Katharine's letters, soon after her regency, begin to form interesting features of her personal history, she had made herself sufficiently mistress of the English language to express her thoughts, and issue her commands with clearness and decision. The following appears to be one of her earliest letters, as it is written during the lifetime of her father. It relates to the misconduct of one of her Spanish attendants, and is addressed to Wolsey,† who was certainly the factotum of the royal family; it appears to have been written on her homeward journey from Dover.

"Mr. Almoner, touching Francesca de Casseris' matter, I thank you for your labour therein; true it is she was my woman before she was married, but now, since she cast herself away, I have no more charge of her. For very pity to see her lost, I prayed you in Canterbury to find the means to send her home to her country. Now, ye think, that with my letter of recommendation to the Duchess of Savoy, she shall be content to take her into her service. This, Mr. Almoner, is not meet for her; for she is so perilous a woman, that it shall be

* The royal party are now, after the betrothment, admitted into the infanta's own bedroom; the approaches seem gradual, the first interview taking place in the third chamber.

† Ellis Letters, 1st series. Wolsey, who was then a rising person, accompanied the King of France, ostensibly as his almoner, but in reality, as his private secretary.

dangerous to put her in a strange house, and ye will do so much for me, to make her go hence by the way, with the ambassador of the king, my father ; it should be to me a great pleasure, and with that ye shall bind me to you more than I ever was."

Here is benevolence, mingled with prudential forecast, arising from accurate judgment of character. She pities "the perilous woman who has cast herself away," and wished that care might be taken of her without danger of doing mischief in the household of another princess.

The situation of Queen Katharine during her husband's absence, was exactly similar to that of Queen Philippa, when left regent by Edward III. Like Philippa, Katharine had to repel a Scottish invasion ; and it is no little honour to female government, that the two greatest victories won against the Scots, those of Neville's Cross and Flodden Field, were gained during the administration of queens.

Katharine's correspondence with Wolsey at this juncture, is cheerful and friendly. She viewed the coming storm with intrepidity, worthy the daughter of that great and victorious Queen, Isabel of Castile, and only regretted that her removal nearer the seat of war prevented her from hearing as speedily as usual of her husband's welfare. The following letter was written by her to Wolsey just a month before the invasion of the Scots.

"Maister Almoner,

"I received both your letters by Coppinger and John Glyn, and I am very glad to hear how well the king passed his dangerous passage, the Frenchmen being present. * * *

"Ye be not so busy with the war as we be here encumbered with it. I mean touching mine own self, for going where I shall not so often hear from the king. All his subjects be very glad (I thank God) to be busy with the Scots ; for they take it for pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horrible busy with making standards, banners, and badges. At Richmond, 13 day of August.

"KATHERINE THE QWINE."

The queen was preparing to make a pilgrimage to the Lady-shrine of Walsingham, in Norfolk, when the news of the Flodden victory reached her.

The retirement and death of Katharine of Arragon, the early life of Anne Boleyn, the life of Jane Seymour, that of Anne of Cleves, and particularly the extraordinary particulars of Katharine Howard, are wholly new to the reader. We regret that our limits preclude us from further extract from the remaining Lives included in the present volume, consisting of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, and also of Jane Seymour and Anne of Cleves. We learn with much pleasure that the fifth volume will very shortly make its appearance. It will include the biographies of Katharine Parr, and Henry's daughter, Queen Mary the First.

A RECORD OF THE POLICE-OFFICE.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

"You mustn't be defacing the walls hereabouts—you're old enough to know better—move on," was the warning addressed by a police constable to an old man on whom toil as well as time had pressed heavily, but who yet seemed less bowed down by these than by some great and bitter trouble. He appeared to have been writing with a piece of chalk some unintelligible words on the wall. On he moved without a remonstrance, unless a deep sigh might be so interpreted.

It was a bleak, raw evening in autumn. Heavy rain succeeding to the dust of a fortnight's dry weather had made the streets wet and slippery as after the breaking up of a frost. Thick lowering clouds, through which not a star struggled, threatened yet more rain. Wandering on apparently without any settled course, the old man stopped in another street (it was somewhere in the extreme west of the metropolis) with the same intention as before. His chalk was already applied to a dwarf garden-wall, over which, among some leafless trees, hung a lamp, when he was again interrupted by a constable on duty, who charged him with the design of leaping the wall—a harder task to him of the bent frame and shrivelled limbs than scaling the walls of Newgate would have been to his sturdy questioner. But it was the constable's business to be suspicious, and the wanderer seemed to feel that it was in the nature of his task, whatever it might be, to excite suspicion. Again he moved on as directed, with the admonition not to be again found lurking in that neighbourhood.

The wind, as he traversed the streets, seemed to oppose his progress at every turn, and the rain, which now began to fall, was sure to beat in his face, whether he moved north or south, east or west. The poor old wanderer soon came to a standstill once more. The spot was lonelier and darker, and while the shower beat fiercely against him he had recourse to his chalk, and contrived to scrawl upon some rough boards that enclosed the scaffolding of an unfinished building, amidst bricks and rubbish, a sentence or two, formed in lines anything but parallel, and of letters of many shapes and sizes. He laboured hard to make every letter distinct, and connected them as well as he could in the uncertain light, but the rough surface would have puzzled an abler penman to write legibly. What he at last managed with such pain and difficulty to chalk on the boards few could have deciphered in broad daylight—even supposing that the pelting rain did not wash the inscription away before day dawned.

Having finished it, he threw upward to the heavens, now entirely obscured by chilling and dreary vapour, a look in which a feeling of hope temporarily struggled with anguish and despair, and the smile with which he turned to proceed on his comfortless and weary way

* The incident here related is not an imaginary one. It is taken from the London police reports published in the newspapers perhaps ten years ago. It passed unnoticed at the time, or with but a moment's commiseration.

seemed to tell of something lighter at his heart than a dull and stifling sense of the utter uselessness of persevering.

For three or four hours he continued to wander on, stopping at intervals, as often as opportunity offered, to chalk upon the enclosures of new buildings, on dead walls, or on the doors of outhouses or stabling, words which he could not spell, and had barely a chance of making legible. Patiently did he repeat the essay, and slowly did he labour to give distinctness to what he wrote. Often interrupted, he constantly resumed his endeavour when the interruption ceased; as though unconscious of any difficulty that could thwart his purpose, or of any pain, insult, or outrage, that would not be far more than compensated by the bare chance, the mere possibility of ultimate success in his sad and strange adventure.

As the rain fell without intermission, and the wind dashed it with sharp and sudden force against all whom necessity doomed to traverse the streets of London on that miserable night, few passengers, even if they chanced to note the old man loitering by the door of an empty house, or chalking on some closed window-shutter, troubled themselves to pause and observe his proceedings. But although most of them hurried on, mindful of nothing but themselves, and the frequent pools created by the torrent that descended upon them, some passenger would now and then stop to gratify an impulse of curiosity, or of benevolent feeling it might be, to see what he was about; and many were the charitable warnings that he was in imminent danger of being sent as a vagabond to the treadmill, many the kind inquiries whether he had been employed by a quack doctor or a blacking-maker to chalk the walls of the metropolis, many the insolent and unfeeling jeers from a rabble of big boys (generally the worst tormentors misfortune in the streets of a great city can come in contact with) that the old man had to hear and to brave in the course of his desultory and painful perambulation.

Every now and then, moreover, he had to experience more legitimate and effectual interruption. The police, then recently established in the metropolis, were a body of men very different from the force in existence at the present day—far less disciplined, instructed, and considerate—plentiful as examples of a contrary character may be even now. The wretched old man had to endure all the rashness, insolence, and brutality of an unweeded and newly-raised constabulary, and frequent and fierce were the assaults to which his perseverance exposed him, as he slowly and silently crawled on his way, and then recommenced the seemingly forlorn and crazy experiment with his piece of chalk. Not with harsh and threatening words alone, but often with rude and violent thrusts, was the aged pedestrian driven along; but he renewed his attempt when out of sight, and raised his eyes every two or three minutes to the starless and unpitying sky in muttered and inarticulate prayer for a blessing on his endeavour.

He had now threaded his way through a vast number of streets, generally avoiding the leading and crowded thoroughfares, when he found himself in one of the obscurer parts of Marylebone. Sick at the very heart, weary to a degree that under less stimulating circumstances would have been utter exhaustion, the shops nearly all closed, and the streets scanty of passengers, while the rain, descending less fitfully

with abated gusts of wind, gave sign of its continuance, the old man did now feel desolate almost beyond endurance; when, as he passed a house that stood somewhat backward in a quiet corner of the street, a sound of merrimaking, of jocund, laughing, screaming, human voices broke upon his ear. The wanderer suddenly stopped. What a contrast between their noisy shouting revels, and the blank and dreary silence of that old man's aching heart! But his heart now beat, gently at first, and then more strongly and more quickly—beat with a pulse that owned a keen and penetrating pleasure for its mover—as his ear caught in those sounds of unrestrained and riotous rejoicings the voices of children.

There is no music like the human voice, and in that voice there is no music like the joyous prattle and the ringing laughter of children. So seemed to feel the old listener as he drew nearer to the house, and bent his ear to hearken to the mirth that, more than the wind without, appeared to be shaking the very roof to which it rose. Coarse as might be the clay of which he was formed, commonplace as in all else he might be—a being born with no more mental gifts than may be enjoyed by the meanest of his fellows, placed on earth apparently to drudge away their days, with minds hardly raising them above the brutes that share with them the duty of labour—there was yet a feeling of the utmost possible refinement, a profound sense of sweetness and beauty, stirring in the old man, as he bent forward with his ear close to the window-shutter to catch the broken exclamations, and the bursts of laughter, loud and clear, that rose from the little revellers within.

It was a holiday-making, a birthday celebration, and they were sitting up late, with sparkling eyes that seemed as if they were never to know sleep again, to a genuine snap-dragon, anticipating Christmas. The old man felt the rain less than ever, though it poured fast upon him from the ledge over the shutters, while he listened intently to discriminate the various voices of the shouters, and catch them separately as they broke forth and blent into one wild tumult of delight. Each in succession he seemed to note and dwell upon; from the low, inward, bubbling, heart-shaking laugh, intensely joyous, and struggling to escape into the relief of loudness—to the high-pitched, long-breathed, uncontrollable scream of rapture that terminates, only just in time, in tears and pantings. The same happy voice and the same wild laugh he recognised again and again; yet the pleasure within him died away, and his heart shrank up, and lost its glow, and felt still and cold and desolate as before. He had heard them *all—all* the little voices one after another—he was certain that his ear had not missed a single sound—but it had recognised no tone that was *familiar* to it—no music like that it craved; no, nothing like it; for among the sounds of earth there was no resemblance to the sweet, low music of that *one* voice for which his soul rather than his sense was evermore listening night and day—in the wild visions of sleep, as in the desert haunts, the (to him) unpeopled streets of the thronged and tumultuous city.

But might there not be among the crowd of happy faces round the table, one *silent* child—one sad quiet gazer—one pale and gentle beholder of happiness in which she couldn't entirely participate, although she could not quite shut the sense of it from her heart—one whose breathings were of stifled regret more than of active joy—of fear, sur-

prise, and thoughts of tears shed recently, and to be shed again too soon, rather than of pleasure in the rude and novel liveliness of the scene. It was foolish, very foolish, he knew; it was vain and useless—yet something, it seemed to be a whisper in his heart, told him it might be. Should he knock; and pray, not in the name of humanity, but of Heaven that put divinity in it, for the charity of a kind answer to one fond and silly question! Should he risk the sharp repulse, and trust for his excuse to those beautiful sympathies, to those exquisite emotions of nature, which linking the old to the young, parents and children in that common dwelling, were converting it into a temple of concord, charity, and love!

Such were his thoughts, though they wore, as they awoke within him, a homelier garb. He sat down on the doorstep to wait. After a time, a coach came for some of the children; he saw them, one by one, but they were strangers. Half-a-dozen went, and then more. He scanned their features as though he half-hoped to see some face he knew. At last all were gone. The fancy that even into that fold of luxury compared with his own home, amongst that gay and fortunate flock, one shorn lamb might have strayed and found shelter, was indeed idle. The door closed, driving back the shivering old man upon that desolate prospect and despairing task, from which he had been thus attracted by sudden peals of childish laughter, and the associations to which they had given rise.

Now once more he journeyed onward; shaping his dreary course eastward, and taking occasionally in preference the principal streets which he had hitherto shunned—as unfavourable, by the lights in shops and the throng of passengers, to his object. The lateness of the hour now precluded all fear of such interruptions; and the only impediments he had to expect were from the police, and such midnight wanderers as vice, or destitution, or habits of prowling, still kept from needful shelter.

And thus the hours rolled on, no star breaking through the wet and murky night, to cheer his way, or supply an image of that vague and feeble and far-off hope, whatever its nature might be, that struggled to keep alive its melancholy light amid the darkness of his thoughts.

Over scarcely less than the fourth part of the immense metropolis, through spacious streets and squalid alleys, amidst meanness and magnificence, all alike dreary to him, had his old and tired limbs draggingly borne him. Of his “looped and windowed raggedness,” exposing him to the drizzling shower and the chilling blasts, he had for hours ceased to feel the effects; the severities of the night had no further power to subdue him; nor did fatigue admit of much increase, for once thoroughly weary and sore of foot, he felt that he could still drag on without great additional pain. Every now and then, while feebly endeavouring to guide, with his numb and aching fingers, the chalk he could just contrive to hold between them, he would start, and feel the blood rush warm into his very hand, as he fancied he heard in the wind that whistled past, the wailing of a *child*, hungry, deserted, and in peril. Occasionally, too, he would cast a glance up at a solitary window, which showed that a light was burning in the chamber of the sleeping, and felt that in that room might youth and innocence be nestled warm, and cradled in loving arms; yet not with less care and affection might his own

enfold the innocence his heart doted on, though theirs were comforts far beyond any his poverty could supply — comforts which, scanty as they were, that heart sickened with anguish to think might at that very time be denied to the object of its love.

He had rested two or three times since his wanderings commenced ; but from such drier nooks and sheltering corners as he could find, he was driven by the patrol under pain of being committed to prison for the crime of houselessness, known to the law by the name of vagrancy. He had now sunk for a few minutes on a step in the vicinity of Charing-cross ; when the streaming light from a policeman's lantern aroused him from his reflections. Sternly warned of his having been seen loitering about the spot on two previous mornings, and that if caught there again he would find no favour, he bent his steps (the clock warning him that it was near daybreak) to his wretched home, in one of the poorest districts of Westminster. Advanced but a little way, he stopped to make one final trial with the friendly chalk, the last piece of which was now reduced to a size so small, that it was with difficulty he could hold it. It crumbled away before he could finish the few words ; what he had written was useless without the rest ; and a presentiment came over him (for sorrow is ever superstitious) that this last attempt, if completed, would be fortunate—that the writing would not be effaced—that it would be seen and read—that it would be successful when all the rest failed. Close by lay a heap of lime and rubbish ; he searched among the dry mortar and chips of stone for something that might enable him to fulfil his wish ere he returned home ; he groped within the wooden fence in front of the building, when once more the long larding rays of a lantern were turned upon him ; a strong hand dragged him over the mass of rubbish, and hurried him, spent and exhausted, to the nearest stationhouse.

The next morning he was carried rather than led before a magistrate. The charge against him was established. He had been detected chalking on walls and doors, and qualifying himself for the House of Correction. Thither he was about to be committed, when it occurred to the magisterial mind that the culprit might have been writing treason on the walls.

"I don't think it was treason," said one of the constables, "'cause he don't seem quite right in his mind. He complains of having lost his little gal—his granchild leastways."

The magistrate having observed that all respectable persons, when they lose their grandchildren, put themselves into decent mourning instead of chalking walls,

"He don't mean dead," returned the constable ; "he's *lost* her—she's stolen or strayed."

The old man's feelings here overcame him ; he sobbed as if he had been but the little weak-nerved creature he bewailed. His story was told in a few simple words.

The child's mother, his only daughter, had deserted him before she was seventeen years old. A vicious life ended in a miserable death ; but in the midst of that vice and misery grew into being that delicate flower of humanity, which he had hoped, so long as he drew Heaven's breath, to guard from the rude storms of the world. More, far more

than a daughter to him, was that hapless and innocent being. As the child of his child, she seemed to bear a double life, and to claim a double love. Scant even to extreme poverty were his means; he was too feeble to pursue his occupation as a day-labourer, yet her wants he contrived to supply. And one day lately, while he had been employed out of doors, the fair, prattling, sweet-tempered girl, who was to him not more a thing that he should protect with his life, than an angel watching over and sanctifying it, suddenly disappeared. The lodgers in the house had seen her playing in the sunshine at the door—then a neighbour observed her at the end of the court listening to “some musicians,”—and another noticed her looking into a “picture-shop” two streets off—beyond this there was no intelligence. She might have wandered into the wilderness of streets, been kidnapped, or crushed under waggon-wheels.

The old man was too miserably poor to pay for the printing of hand-bills; and for three long nights had he paced the streets of the city, east and west, chalking on the walls the statement of his loss, the name of the little wanderer, and a description of her person. He described the eyes and the hair of his beloved granddaughter:—

“Lost, a little girl, name Mary Rose, six years old; had on a green spotted frock; blue eyes, and light soft hair, long, and curled on the neck; tall, and speaks quick, with a sweet voice. Wandered from her grandfather, Green-arbour-court,” &c.

Such were the words, though not so spelt. I know not how the incident may affect others—it may seem very trifling; but to me it appeared not undeserving a place among those chronicles of real life that record what is most profound and beautiful in natural affection. What a heart of love had that old man! and how impotent such words—“blue eyes,” “soft curled hair,” and “sweet voice”—to speak the sense of beauty that made part of its overflowing fondness. How impossible by such phrases to make the stranger see in the lost child the image of loveliness on which his soul hung, until the earthly became as something heavenly! What a lifetime of anxiety and dread must have been compressed into those three nights and days, so spent in threading the endless maze of London.

Everywhere but to his home he had gone—there he scarcely dared to go—the dark, silent, empty room looked like a grave that had been dug for him. And thither, as to a grave—when dismissed by the magistrate—he repaired; to find, that had he returned sooner, the past night would have been one of transport. The Dove had flown back to the Ark. The little creature had been awake all night long; but now she slept—unconscious of the loving, rapturous, half-blind eyes that dropped tears of joy as they watched beside her.

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

If any one, after a careful examination of the first volume of this work, can have retained a doubt that it will form, as a whole, a publication not merely of unequalled interest, curiosity, and amusement, but of high and permanent literary and historical value, the second volume, which is now before us, must remove any such doubt; for, in addition to all the qualities possessed by its predecessor, it carries us up to a period which opens an entirely new vista in the life and pursuits of the diarist, and shows her more than ever determined to avail herself of the singular advantages of her position, by studying and recording a series of scenes and characters, such as were probably never before subjected to the scrutiny, much less to the record, of so close, so keen, and so incessant an observer. We are alluding now to the circumstance of Miss Burney having, at the close of the year 1785 (where this volume terminates), accepted an appointment which placed her in almost hourly contact and communication with Queen Charlotte, and all the Princesses of the royal house, and in daily intercourse with the chief personages of the court and household; and which appointment it appears she retained for more than six years,—taking no relief or relaxation from her monotonous duties during all that period, but that of *journalizing* the events, characters, observations, and table-talk of each day as it passed.

Although the concluding pages of the present volume give us a most piquant and appetizing foretaste of the coming results of this new era in the life of Miss Burney, it is our duty to dismiss these mere promises till their fulfilment, and look to the more real and substantial fare before us. The reader will doubtless be better pleased to partake of the feast itself, than to be put off with empty, however well-founded, commendations of it. We shall therefore proceed to furnish a few specimens of this second course of Miss Burney's intellectual banquet,—in which, however, the reader will not be sorry to learn that, though most of the dishes are new ones, a few of the more substantial joints still remain on the table, and that among them, still conspicuous over all, is that noble "*pièce de résistance*," the old lion of literature—growing older and more of a lion than ever—growling more savagely than ever at everybody else, and every now and then tearing somebody by piecemeal,—yet "aggravating his voice as it were any nightingale's," at the bare approach of his "dear little Burney," of whom he evidently grows fonder and fonder as he sees at hand the hour at which he must quit her for ever. Alas! he does so quit her in this very volume, and in words that will fetch the tears into the eyes of everybody that reads them,—unless it be a critic here and there.

As this is the last we are to have of Dr. Johnson, we must commence our extracts with a few more traits of him,—than which no previous records can furnish anything more characteristic. Here is a touch of his tearing mood. The winding up of the scene, by the intervention of the matter-of-fact Mr. Cator, is as fine as anything in comedy.

The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's "Life," by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had sometime determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring, his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the "Life," that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"

"No, sir," cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started."

I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but mortal man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the *sneaking* complaints and murmurs of the Lytteltonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying—

"Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do me wrong," &c. &c.

Some time after, in the heat of the argument, he called out—

"The more my 'Lord Lyttelton' is inquired after, the worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him, which corroborate all I have related."

He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name; but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttelton's illiberal behaviour to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair, and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question;

on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon every thing that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand.

“As to this here question of Lord Lyttelton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his ‘Life,’ for I have only read the ‘Life of Pope;’ I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read ‘Lord Lyttelton.’ ‘Pope’ I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should not he pay his rent?”

“Who could contradict this?”

Here is another bit, very melancholy, from the feeling of bitter and almost savage disappointment that it exhibits about Mrs. Thrale (alluding to her recent marriage with Piozzi, the singing-master); but still more so from the circumstance of its being his last interview with the person he loved dearer than anybody else in the world.

Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father sat me down at Bolt-court, while he went out upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Litchfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at; for I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

“I remember,” said he, “that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition—for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. ‘Oh,’ said the man of the house, ‘that's nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!’”

He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but, willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession.

“Such a confession,” cried he, “to a person then coming to try his lodging for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for.”

I had seen Miss Thrale the day before.

“So,” said he, “did I.”

I then said,—“Do you ever, sir, hear from her mother?”

“No,” cried he, “nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind.”

Yet, wholly to change this discourse, I gave him a history of the Bristol milk-woman, and told him the tales I had heard of her writing so wonderfully, though she had read nothing but Young and Milton; “though those,” I continued, “could never possibly, I should think, be the first authors with anybody. Would children understand them? and grown people who have not read are children in literature.”

“Doubtless,” said he; “but there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as what is genius. They give to it all, when it can be but a part. Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools; but there must be tools

for it to use : a man who has spent all his life in this room will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next."

"Certainly, sir; yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakspeare could never have seen a Caliban?"

"No; but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw a monstrous cow, must first know what a cow commonly is; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head or an elephant's tusk will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man who is a very expert carpenter; another will say he was born to be a carpenter—but what if he had never seen any wood? Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look at an overturned waggon: he who has no genius, will think of the waggon only as he sees it, overturned, and walk on; he who has genius, will paint it to himself before it was overturned,—standing still, and moving on, and heavy loaded, and empty; but both must see the waggon, to think of it at all."

How just and true all this, my dear Susy? He then animated, and talked on, upon this milk-woman, upon a once as famous shoemaker, and upon our immortal Shakspeare, with as much fire, spirit, wit, and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him. How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way.

Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but, most kindly pressing both my hands,—

"Be not," he said, in a voice of even tenderness, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now."

I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but he called to me back, in a solemn voice, and, in a manner the most energetic, said,—

"Remember me in your prayers!"

I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare.

How exquisitely touching is the close of this scene! It is as if his very heart-strings were breaking under the presentiment (a true one) that he should never see her again.

One brief touch of the closing scene we must give, if it be only to mark the beautiful manner in which this delightful woman takes all the admiring fondness of her illustrious friend.

My father, in the morning, saw this first of men! I had not his account till bed-time; he feared over-setting me. He would not, he said, but have seen him for worlds! He happened to be better, and admitted him. He was up, and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after all his family, and then, in particular, how Fanny did?

"I hope," he said, "Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her? I was very bad!"

Amiss!—what a word! Oh that I had been present to have answered it! My father stayed, I suppose, half an hour, and then was coming away. He again took his hand, and encouraged him to come again to him; and when he was taking his leave, said—"Tell Fanny to pray for me!"

Ah! dear Dr. Johnson! might I but have *your* prayers!

After this, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself,—the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh, would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present. And again when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said—"I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!"

We beg the reader to observe how she seizes upon the word "amiss,"

and echoes it into a burst of passionate regard,—the more passionate for its deep and sincere humility. Dr. Johnson died the day after the interview referred to in the last extract.

But we must relieve the melancholy effect of these reminiscences of the last hours of one of the greatest men that ever lived ; and how can we do so more effectually than by the following comic disasters of his friend, the good but simple Mrs. Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua, as *related by herself*. They are better than anything in Foote's farces.

She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord.

"I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me," she said, "about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady! She did me the honour to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of any body,—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill ; and that, you know, made it quite improper to go to dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu ; for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer ; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her ; so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent her own errand man. And she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all ; for, when the girl came to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu and wait for an answer ; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers!"

Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord.

"You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed, so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern ; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only shewed the petticoat."

If this makes you grin as it did me, you will be glad of another specimen of her sorrows.

"I am always," said she, "out of luck with Mrs. Ord ; for another time when she came there happened to be a great slop on the table ; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table ; but as she got up-stairs before I had put it away, I popped a white handkerchief on it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and, thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket ; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone,—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dishelout in my pocket!"

I had several stories of the same sort, and I fear I have lost all reputation with her for dignity, as I laughed immoderately at her disasters.

The following portraits of the two Wartons are done to the life; and the Walpole anecdotes are still better.

Dr. Warton made me a most obsequious bow; I had been introduced to him, by Sir Joshua, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's. He is what Dr. Johnson calls a rapturist; and I saw plainly he meant to pour forth much civility into my ears, by his looks, and watching for opportunities to speak to me: I so much, however, dread such attacks, that every time I met his eye, I turned another way, with so frigid a countenance, that he gave up his design. He is a very communicative, gay, and pleasant converser, and enlivened the whole day by his readiness upon all subjects.

Mr. Tom Warton, the poetry historiographer, looks much like any butcher—coarse, dirty, unformed in his manners, and awkward in his gestures. He joined not one word in the general talk, and, but for my father, who was his neighbour at dinner, and entered into a *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, he would never have opened his mouth after the removal of the second course.

Mr. George Cambridge told me next a characteristic stroke of Mr. Walpole's. It is the custom, you know, among the Macaronies, to wear two watches, which, it is always observed, never go together: "So I suppose," says he, in his finical way, "one is to tell us what o'clock it is, and the other what o'clock it is not."

Another Walpolian Mr. G. C. told me upon the Duke de Bouillon, who tries to pass for an Englishman, and calls himself Mr. Godfrey. "But I think," says Mr. Walpole, "he might better take an English title, and call himself the Duke of Mutton Broth."

Two or three more of those living portraits, in which this Diary is so eminently rich and original, and we will turn to matter of another and still more rare description. How exactly is Boswell hit off!—and the broken English is perfect. It is of Paoli that she is speaking—the famous Corsican general who was pensioned by the English government.

I will try to give you a little specimen of his conversation, because I know you love to hear particulars of all out-of-the-way persons. His English is blundering, but not unpretty. Speaking of his first acquaintance with Mr. Boswell,—

"He came," he said, "to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him; but I was of the belief he might be an impostor, and I supposed, in my minte, he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say. Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh,—is a very good man; I love him indeed; so cheerful! so gay! so pleasant! but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry."

After this he had told us a story of an expectation he had had of being robbed, and of the protection he found from a very large dog that he is very fond of.

"I walk out," he said, "in the night; I go towards the field; I behold a man—oh, ugly one! I proceed—he follow; I go on—he address me, 'You have one dog,' he says. 'Yes,' say I to him. 'Is a fierce dog?' he says; 'is he fiery?' 'Yes,' reply I, 'he can bite.' 'I would not attack in the night,' says he, 'a house to have such a dog in it.' Then I conclude he was a breaker; so I turn to him—oh, very rough! not gentle—and I say, very fierce, 'He shall destroy you, if you are ten!'"

Afterwards, speaking of the Irish giant, who is now shown in town, he said,—

"He is so large I am as a baby! I look at him—oh! I find myself so little as a child! Indeed, my indignation it rises when I see him hold up his hand so high. I am as nothing; and I find myself in the power of a man who fetches from me half a crown."

This language, which is all spoke very pompously by him, sounds comical from himself, though I know not how it may read.

An Irish Member.—We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion, Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is highflown and hyperbolical; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly!

Keep this character in your mind and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

* * * * *

Mrs. Thrale who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; and he quite adores her, and quite worships Dr. Johnson—frequently declaring (for what he once says, he says continually), that he would spill his blood for him,—or clean his shoes,—or go to the East Indies to do him any good! "I am never," says he, "afraid of him; none but a fool or a rogue has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old hon (looking up to his picture) he is! Oh! I love him,—I honour him,—I reverence him. I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night's sleep!"

These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Mr. Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson's admirers.

Painting, music, all the fine arts in their turn, he also speaks of in raptures. He is himself very accomplished, plays the violin extremely well, is a very good linguist, and a very decent painter. But no subject in his hands fails to be ridiculous, as he is sure, by the abruptness of its introduction, the strange turn of his expressions, or the Hibernian twang of his pronunciation, to make every thing he says, however usual or common, seem peculiar and absurd.

* * * * *

When we met again at dinner, and were joined by Dr. Johnson, the incense he paid him, by his solemn manner of listening, by the earnest reverence with which he eyed him, and by a theatric start of admiration every time he spoke, joined to the Doctor's utter insensibility to all these tokens, made me find infinite difficulty in keeping my countenance during the whole meal. His talk, too, is incessant; no female, however famed, can possibly excel him for volubility.

He told us a thousand strange staring stories, of noble deeds of valour and tender proofs of constancy, interspersed with extraordinary, and indeed incredible accidents, and with jests, and jokes, and bon-mots, that I am sure must be in Joe Miller. And in the midst of all this jargon he abruptly called out, "Pray, Mrs. Thrale, what is the Doctor's opinion of the American war?"

We now come to that part of the present volume which opens to us such rich promises of what is immediately to follow it, in the *Court* portion of the Diary. The volume closes, as we have said, with the acceptance by Miss Burney of a confidential appointment about the person of Queen Charlotte, with apartments at each of the palaces, &c., the offer of which on the part of the Queen had evidently been long and deeply considered before she committed herself to it; and

which offer, though first led to contemplate it by Miss Burney's writings, her majesty had, very prudently, not determined on making until after the several interviews and conferences so minutely detailed in the closing part of this volume. There is probably, in their way, nothing extant so curious as these royal conversations, considering all the circumstance under which they occur, as minutely detailed in the Diary. As every word of these reports will be eagerly sought and perused in the original volume, we shall confine ourselves to a few passages that will retain their interest in a detached state. Here is Miss Burney's first contact with royalty. There is nothing on the stage more striking or dramatic than the first *entrée* of "the gentleman in black."

After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest,—for sleep it but seldom proves,—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room. And here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion;—but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forward, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss Port, turning round, exclaimed, "The King!—Aunt, the King!"

Oh mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered, in the room! Every one scampered out of the way: Miss Port, to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did.

He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, "Is that Miss Burney?" and on her answering, "Yes, sir," he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good-humour, came close up to me.

A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat.

"How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?"

"Two days, sir."

Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany.

He insisted she should sit down, though he stood himself, and began to give her an account of the Princess Elizabeth, who once again was recovering, and trying, at present, James's Powders. She had been blooded, he said, twelve times in this last fortnight, and had lost seventy-five ounces of blood, besides undergoing blistering and other discipline. He spoke of her illness with the strongest emotion, and seemed quite filled with concern for her danger and sufferings.

Mrs. Delany next inquired for the younger children. They had all, he said, the whooping-cough, and were soon to be removed to Kew.

"Not," added he, "for any other reason than change of air for themselves; though I am pretty certain I have never had the distemper myself, and the

Queen thinks she has not had it either :—we shall take our chance. When the two eldest had it, I sent them away, and would not see them till it was over ; but now there are so many of them, that there would be no end to separations, so I let it take its course.”

Mrs. Delany expressed a good deal of concern at his running this risk ; but he laughed at it, and said, he was much more afraid of catching the rheumatism, which has been threatening one of his shoulders lately. However, he added, he should hunt the next morning, in defiance of it.

A good deal of talk then followed about his own health, and the extreme temperance by which he preserved it. The fault of his constitution, he said, was a tendency to excessive fat, which he kept, however, in order, by the most vigorous exercise, and the strictest attention to a simple diet.

When Mrs. Delany was beginning to praise his forbearance, he stopped her.

“ No, no,” he cried, “ ’tis no virtue ; I only prefer eating plain and little, to growing diseased and infirm.”

During this discourse, I stood quietly in the place where he had first spoken to me. His quitting me so soon, and conversing freely and easily with Mrs. Delany, proved so delightful a relief to me, that I no longer wished myself away ; and the moment my first panic from the surprise was over, I diverted myself with a thousand ridiculous notions of my own situation.

The Christmas games we had been showing Miss Dewes, it seemed as if we were still performing, as none of us thought it proper to move, though our manner of standing reminded one of puss in the corner. Close to the door was posted Miss Port ; opposite her, close to the wainscot, stood Mr. Dewes ; at just an equal distance from him, close to a window, stood myself ; Mrs. Delany, though seated, was at the opposite side to Miss Port ; and his Majesty kept pretty much in the middle of the room. The little girl, who kept close to me, did not break the order, and I could hardly help expecting to be beckoned, with a “ Puss ! puss ! puss ! ” to change places with one of my neighbours.

This idea, afterwards, gave way to another more pompous. It seemed to me we were acting a play. There is something so little like common and real life, in everybody’s standing, while talking, in a room full of chairs, and standing, too, so aloof from each other, that I almost thought myself upon a stage, assisting in the representation of a tragedy,—in which the King played his own part, of the king ; Mrs. Delany that of a venerable confidant ; Mr. Dewes, his respectful attendant ; Miss Port, a suppliant virgin, waiting encouragement to bring forward some petition ; Miss Dewes, a young orphan, intended to move the royal compassion ; and myself,—a very solemn, sober, and decent mute.

These fancies, however, only regaled me while I continued a quiet spectator, and without expectation of being called into play. But the King, I have reason to think, meant only to give me time to recover from my first embarrassment ; and I feel myself infinitely obliged to his good breeding and consideration, which perfectly answered, for before he returned to me I was entirely recruited.

While this was talking over, a violent thunder was made at the door. I was almost certain it was the Queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape ; but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence, after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw.

Miss Port, according to established etiquette on those occasions, opened the door which she stood next, by putting her hand behind her, and slid out, backwards, into the hall, to light the Queen in. The door soon opened again, and her Majesty entered.

Immediately seeing the King, she made him a low courtesy, and cried,—

“ Oh, your Majesty is here ! ”

“ Yes,” he cried, “ I ran here without speaking to anybody.”

The Queen had been at the lower lodge to see the Princess Elizabeth, as the King had before told us.

She then hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out saying,

"My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you?"

"Instantly after, I felt her eye on my face. I believe, too," she courtiesed to me; but though I saw the bend, I was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me. I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing; I dared not return what I was not certain I had received, yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster to stand stiff-necked, if really meant.

Almost at the same moment, she spoke to Mr. Bernard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl.

I was now really ready to sink, with horrid uncertainty of what was doing, or what I should do,—when his Majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most good-humouredly said to the Queen something, but I was too much flurried to remember what, except these words,—“I have been telling Miss Burney—”

Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediately dropped a curtsey. She made one to me in the same moment, and, with a very smiling countenance, came up to me; but she could not speak, for the King went on talking, eagerly, and very gaily, repeating to her every word I had said during our conversation upon “Evelina,” its publication, &c. &c.

The details of this interview run through a score or so of pages; but we must pass them by, and give part of a still more interesting one.

In the evening, while Mrs. Delany, Miss Port, and I were sitting and working together in the drawing-room, the door was opened, and the king entered.

We all started up; Miss Port flew to her modest post by the door, and I to my more comfortable one opposite the fire, which caused me but a slight and gentle retreat, and Mrs. Delany he immediately commanded to take her own place again.

He was full of joy for the Princess Elizabeth. He had been to the lower Lodge, and found her in a sweet sleep, and she was now, he said, in a course of James's powders, from which he hoped her perfect restoration. I fear, however, it is still but precarious.

Mrs. Delany congratulated him, and then inquired after the whooping-cough. The children, he said, were better, and were going to Kew for some days, to change the air. He and the Queen had been themselves, in the morning, to Kew, to see that their rooms were fit for their reception. He could not, he said, be easy to take any account but from his own eyes, when they were sick. He seems, indeed, one of the most tender fathers in the world.

* * * * *

I should mention, though, the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters; and next, Miss Port, goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the tables and piano-forte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his majesty, upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread, and butter, and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers.

When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits till he has done, and then takes away his cup, and fetches more.

This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house; but here, neither of their majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

Well; but to return. The King said he had just been looking over a new pamphlet, of Mr. Cumberland's, upon the character of Lord Sackville.

“I have been asking Sir George Barker,” said he, “if he had read it, and he told me yes; but that he could not find out why Cumberland had written it. However, that, I think, I found out in the second page. For there he takes an opportunity to give a high character of himself.”

He then enlarged more upon the subject, very frankly declaring in what

points he differed from Mr. Cumberland about Lord Sackville; but as I neither knew him, nor had read the pamphlet, I could not at all enter into the subject.

Mrs. Delany then mentioned something of Madame de Genlis, upon which the King eagerly said to me,

"Oh, you saw her while she was here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—did she speak English?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how?"

"Extremely well, sir; with very great facility."

"Indeed? That always surprises me in a foreigner that has not lived here."

"Her accent is foreign, however; but her language is remarkably ready."

He then spoke of Voltaire, and talked a little of his works, concluding with this strong condemnation of their tendency:

"I," cried he, "think him a monster—I own it fairly."

Nobody answered. Mrs. Delany did not quite hear him, and I knew too little of his works to have courage to say anything about them.

He next named Rousseau, whom he seemed to think of with more favour, though by no means with approbation. Here, too, I had read too little to talk at all, though his Majesty frequently applied to me. Mrs. Delany told several anecdotes which had come to her immediate knowledge of him while he was in England, at which time he had spent some days with her brother, Mr. Granville, at Calwich. The King, too, told others, which had come to his own ears, all charging him with savage pride and insolent ingratitude.

Here, however, I ventured to interfere; for, as I knew he had had a pension from the King, I could not but wish his Majesty should be informed he was grateful to him. And as you, my dear father, were my authority, I thought it but common justice to the memory of poor Rousseau to acquaint the King of his personal respect for him.

"Some gratitude, sir," said I, "he was not without. When my father was in Paris, which was after Rousseau had been in England, he visited him, in his garret, and the first thing he shewed him was your Majesty's portrait over his chimney."

The King paused a little while upon this; but nothing more was said of Rousseau.

The sermon of the day before was then talked over. Mrs. Delany had not heard it, and the King said it was no great loss. He asked me what I had thought of it, and we agreed perfectly, to the no great exaltation of poor Dr. L——.

Some time afterwards, the King said he found by the newspapers, that Mrs. Clive was dead.

Do you read the newspapers, thought I. O, King! you must then have the most unvarying temper in the world, not to run wild.

This led on to more players. He was sorry, he said, for Henderson, and the more as Mrs. Siddons had wished to have him play at the same house with herself. Then Mrs. Siddons took her turn, and with the warmest praise.

"I am an enthusiast for her," cried the King, "quite an enthusiast. I think there was never any player in my time so excellent—not Garrick himself; I own it!"

Then, coming close to me, who was silent, he said—

"What? what?"—meaning what say you? But I still said nothing; I could not concur where I thought so differently, and to enter into an argument was quite impossible; for every little thing I said, the King listened to with an eagerness that made me always ashamed of its insignificance. And, indeed, but for that I should have talked to him with much greater fluency, as well as ease.

From players he went to plays, and complained of the great want of good modern comedies, and of the extreme immorality of most of the old ones.

"And they pretend," cried he, "to mend them; but it is not possible. Do you think it is?—what?"

"No, sir, not often, I believe;—the fault, commonly, lies in the very foundation."

"Yes, or they might mend the mere speeches;—but the characters are all bad from the beginning to the end."

Then he specified several; but I had read none of them, and consequently could say nothing about the matter;—till, at last, he came to Shakspeare.

"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff? What?—what?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences; that—"

"Oh!" cried he, laughing good humouredly, "I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakspeare, and nobody dare abuse him."

Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing and exclaiming,

"But one should be stoned for saying so!"

"Madame de Genlis, sir," said I, "had taken such an impression of the English theatre, that she told me she thought no woman ought to go to any of our comedies."

This, which, indeed, is a very overstrained censure of our drama, made him draw back, and vindicate the stage from a sentence so severe; which, however, she had pronounced to me, as if she looked upon it to be an opinion in which I should join as a thing past dispute.

The King approved such a denunciation no more than his little subject; and he vindicated the stage from so hard an aspersion, with a warmth not wholly free from indignation.

This led on to a good deal more dramatic criticism; but what was said was too little followed up to be remembered for writing. His majesty stayed near two hours, and then wished Mrs. Delany good night, and having given me a bow, shut the door himself, to prevent Mrs. Delany, or even me, from attending him out, and with only Miss Port to wait upon him, put on his own great coat in the passage, and walked away to the lower lodge to see the Princess Elizabeth, without carriage or attendant. He is a pattern of modest, but manly superiority to rank.

The reader will be startled at the royal critic's heretical remarks on Shakspeare. Whether, not wearing a crown, he will dare to coincide with them, is doubtful. For our parts, we say nothing,—except that such revelations of royal table-talk deserve to rank among the most rare and curious of the curiosities of literature, and that the volume which contains them will, in virtue of them alone, speedily find its way into the farthest corners of the land.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

BY THE LATE HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," "THE TYROL," "RAMBLES IN THE
FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE," &c. &c.

[The author has often thought, in reading autobiography, that the interest would be increased were it possible to suppose a memoir written after death. In fiction all things are possible; and it is to gain this supposed advantage for the confession of the avaricious man, that the introductory part is written.]

INTRODUCTORY.

No sooner had the last obsequies of my revered preceptor been performed, than I hastened to his scrutoire, to possess myself of the legacy he had bequeathed to me, designated in his will, "The Confessions of the Dead and the Living." I found thirty-one rolls: twenty-one of these written in the handwriting of the day, though for the most part antiquated in its form, and comprising the greater number of the European, and two or three of the Asiatic languages. The ten remaining writings were in characters with which I was not only totally unacquainted, but which, I had every reason to believe, were not in use among any one people upon earth. Once, several years before the death of my preceptor, I had surprised him with these writings before him. He at that time frankly communicated to me the history of those which were written in intelligible characters, but when I would have inquired further, his countenance assumed a mysterious and solemn expression that forbade more questioning. These, I think, were nearly his words:

"The writings that are in known characters are the fruits of unwearyed perseverance in a search after wisdom and happiness; they are the chronicles of the lives of men, written when life was drawing to its close, and contain that which may profit the inexperienced: those that are written in strange characters are as dark to me as they are to you. How I obtained them, cannot concern you to know; they shall all one day be yours; and if, when I depart from this world—"

But here he abruptly stopped, and from that hour these writings had never been mentioned; and now, when I spread out before me these mystical rolls, and called to mind the conversation I have alluded to, and the designation of the legacy in my preceptor's will, "the confessions of the dead and the living," I could entertain little doubt that I looked upon the confessions of the dead—but how emitted—how obtained—or how to be interpreted, were questions with which I was idle for me to occupy my mind. With a feeling of solemnity, therefore, I rolled them up, and returned them to the place where I found them; but as there was no mystery attached to the history of the other writings, them, I severally unfolded, and read successively the titles of "the Confessions of an Improvident Man," "the Confessions of an Ambitious

Man," "the Confessions of a Goodnatured Man," "the Confessions of a Cunning Man," "the Confessions of a Jealous Man," "the Confessions of an Idle Man," "the Confessions of a Wary Man," "the Confessions of a Vain Man,"—the Confessions of a Scholar, of a Gambler, of a Beggar, of an Upstart, of a Sycophant, of a Villain, of a Coquette;—and having locked the scrutoire containing the ten mysterious writings, I carried the others to my own apartments, to examine them at my leisure.

Curious as I felt to peruse the writings which I was able to decipher, it will readily be believed that those whose meaning was impenetrable, were uppermost in my mind, and that like many others of my fellow-men who neglect the enjoyments that are within their reach, but rather press on to those that are precarious and perhaps unattainable, I would have relinquished possession of the twenty-one rolls that lay before me, could I but have obtained the key to one even of the ten that were sealed. I tried to bring my mind under better regulation; I called to memory the lessons of wisdom delivered to me by my preceptor; his excellent instructions upon the legitimate subjects of human inquiry, the limits to which human curiosity ought to submit, and the folly as well as the sinfulness of attempting to be wiser than is consistent with our condition; and so far were my endeavours successful, that I had unfolded one of the rolls that lay before me, and was beginning to read the title, when again the unfinished sentence of my preceptor recurred to my mind—"If when I depart from this world," and my mind wandered from this world to those who had left it, and to the condition of the departed, and to the possibility of their fulfilling intentions formed upon earth, until daylight had long faded away, and the hour of repose having arrived, I suspended the gratification of my curiosity until morning.

I retired to rest, my mind full of conjectures and strange fancies, and soon fell asleep; and when I awoke, the ten rolls were to me no longer a sealed book. This was my vision; I stood in a great arched hall, the walls and the roof were of stone, and a stone table was in the centre; twelve stone chairs were ranged round it; upon each of the chairs sat the likeness of a man, and upon one of them I saw my late preceptor.

All the twelve wore the semblance of living men, but I knew that they had all—many of them centuries ago—passed into the world of spirits. The whole company was silent, and an outspread roll, which I recognised as part of my legacy, lay upon the stone table before each. I thought I stood for some time contemplating the assembly: one wore a kingly robe, and bore on his countenance the impress of kingly rule; another was clothed in a sacerdotal garb that told of ages long since passed, and the contracted lip and vindictive eye proclaimed at once the sway of bigotry and cruelty; a third was clad in plain and primitive apparel, but in the countenance I could read the proud heart, and trace the corrupt passions that abode there; a fourth was clothed in a flowing robe of white, upon which were seen representations of flames and devils, and in his countenance sat heavenly composure, resignation and happiness. Beside him was one in tattered garments; and in his face, also, there shone a pleasing serenity, while opposite to him sat another in like garments, but in his keen eye and sharp visage I knew

that I beheld the miser. I had fixed my eye upon another, in whose countenance there was something inexpressibly horrible, when my preceptor made a sign for me to approach the table. I obeyed; and pointing to the writings that lay around, while all the four-and-twenty eyes were fixed upon me, he, in one word—a word which I felt was never to be uttered, or revealed—gave me the key to the language of the dead. When I raised my eyes the twelve chairs were vacant, and in the same instant I awoke.

It was yet the gray morning—but I sprung from bed, anxious to apply my knowledge, yet nothing doubting the revelation of my vision. Having opened the scrutoire, and taken the rolls from their concealment, with a feeling of even greater awe than I had deposited them, believing, as I now certainly did, in their mystic origin, I unfolded them, and instantly read their titles: *The Confessions of a King*, the *Confessions of a Bigot*, the *Confessions of a Hypocrite*, the *Confessions of a Martyr*, the *Confessions of an Avaricious Man*, the *Confessions of an Atheist*, the *Confessions of a Coward*, the *Confessions of a Murderer*, the *Confessions of a Curious Man*, the *Confessions of a Philosopher*.

For a few moments I was undetermined with which of these to commence my inquiries; but I resolved to take the first that should present itself, and accordingly I unfolded

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

CHAP. I.

IN the world of life, of which I was once a part, I bore the character of a miser. This character I obtained because I was perceivable by the eye of the world; but had the world been able to look into my heart, or could it even have known the privacies of my life, it would have fixed upon me the character, not only of an avaricious man, but also of an unjust man—of an unmerciful man—of an unnatural man—of an unholy man, for all of these I was. Let none suppose that the only sin of a miser is an inordinate love of riches: avarice, that it may be gratified, will trample down every virtue—will break through every tie of nature—will close the avenues to mercy, and charity, and kindness—will absolve from the most sacred obligations—will dissolve the most holy connexions, and will make the man, whom it has subjugated to its power, a hater of man, and a contemner of God. But let the following history of my life and actions prove the truth of my self-accusation.

I was born in the City of London, in the year 1641. My parentage was respectable, my father being an eminent tanner, and my mother, who, I have heard, brought her husband a fortune of 500*l.*, being the daughter of a ship-builder. My father was a penurious man, and a greedy man; but his penurious habits were never carried so far as to fix upon him the character of a miser; nor did his greediness ever betray him into any direct violation of honesty, though it taught him to avail himself of those tricks of trade, between which, and downright dishonesty, the world has falsely made a distinction. As for my mother, she was a person of quite a different character: as greedy as my

father, she coveted that she might spend, and although, therefore, their greed of money was the result of different principles springing in the one, from the mere desire of possessing it ; and in the other, from a desire of gratifying those passions to which money may be made subservient, the distinction was not then perceived by me ; I observed only that money was coveted and adored by both my parents.

I could easily dwell at great length upon the years of my boyhood, and show how the character, conversation, and actions of both father and mother contributed to strengthen in me that avaricious disposition which I had received from nature. I, who judge no longer through the thick medium of mortal sense, could elucidate many points upon which the world has been, and ever will be divided ; among others, the respective influences of nature and education in the formation of human character ; but my lips are sealed, the wisdom of the dead belongs to the dead, and why should the living be made wise before their time ?

The object of my father's toil—the sole purpose of his life, seemed to be the acquisition of money ; every word that was spoken by him, every one of his actions, had reference to this end—and in all the conversations that passed between father and mother, I could only gather that the one was anxious to keep money, the other to possess it. It seemed, therefore, to be valued equally by both.

During the whole period of my father's life, I never received from him one farthing, excepting upon a single occasion. Standing one day in the street, when about fourteen years of age, near the entry to my father's tannery, I was accosted by two strangers, who requested to be informed where a certain tanner resided in that neighbourhood. The person for whom they inquired, was my father's rival in business,—a man whom he hated, precisely in the degree that he envied him,—for this man had lately obtained some profitable contracts. I immediately conducted the strangers to my father, who had the penetration to discover my adroitness, and to turn it to his own account ; and when he had executed upon the spot a large order, and received the value of it, amounting to many hundred pounds, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and after hunting for a sixpence, for as long a time as if all his silver had been quicksilver, he drew it forth, and saying I deserved some recompence for my quickness, put it into my hand, telling me at the same time to take care of it, and not to spend it idly.

But although I received no money from my father, I was not even in childhood deprived of the pleasure of hoarding. I had an uncle, after whom I had been named,—and from whom, being considerably my father's senior, there were reasonable expectations of a considerable inheritance.

This old man was every year entertained at my father's house upon my birthday, and from the fifth of these anniversaries, he had regularly presented me with a crown, taking care to tell me, even after I had reached my tenth birthday, that in a crown there were five shillings, ten sixpences, sixty silver-pennies, one hundred and twenty half-pennies, and two hundred and forty farthings ; and adding, that money was like trees which bore fruit yearly—for that my crown, if laid out at interest (a term which I did not then perfectly understand), would produce twelve farthings.

This scene never failed to make a powerful impression upon me: and additional effect was given to it by the silence and gravity of the rest of the family, while my uncle presented his gift, and explained its value; and sometimes my father, by way of adding to its importance, and of conveying at the same time a moral to me, and a compliment to the donor, would expatiate upon its uses, and tell me that a crown could purchase all the meat, and five times more than all the sweetmeats I saw upon the table. As for me, the first time my uncle explained the value of his gift, I was anxious to prove the truth of his calculation; and having then six crowns, I pleased myself by turning one into shillings, another into sixpences, a third into pennies a fourth into halfpennies, and a fifth into farthings. These my father enclosed in a box, telling me, that if I took away one of the coins, I should no longer be able to prove the truth of my uncle's calculation—an argument that would of itself have been quite unanswerable, even if I had not found a still better, in my natural inclination to preserve all that I had got.

Shortly before I had attained my twenty-first year, my mother died—an event that did not press very heavily upon me, partly, because my affection for her was not very ardent, and partly, because I knew that in case of my father's death, the maintenance of his widow would form no inconsiderable deduction from the inheritance of his heir. And I had scarcely passed my twenty-first year, when my father also fell ill, and gradually grew worse, until it began to be apparent that his end was approaching.

When it was no longer a matter of doubt that, within a few days at most, I should become the possessor of my father's wealth, I could scarcely contain the joy that filled me: and no sooner was the breath out of his body, than I hastened, without dropping one filial tear upon the corpse of a father, to ascertain the extent of my possessions. These I found greatly to exceed my utmost expectations, and my first consideration was, how I might, with the greatest economy, conduct the funeral obsequies of the deceased.

I affected to be so deeply concerned at the loss I had sustained, as to be totally unfit for the ordinary cares attending a funeral; and sending for my uncle, I intrusted him with the sole management—while I, in the meanwhile, sat amidst my books and securities, calculating the extent of my riches, and devising the safest means of keeping and the best expedient for increasing them. When, at the expiration of a week—a week that had been most agreeably, and I hope not unprofitably, employed—I again mixed with the world, dressed in a full suit of black from the wardrobe of my father; the first house I entered was my uncle's; he, good old man, thinking that any allusion to the part he had taken in the late ceremony, would but renew my grief; and probably also considering, that all he possessed would one day be mine, never mentioned the expenses of the funeral, and thus I was saved the pain of diminishing my inheritance the moment I became possessed of it—a piece of good fortune that gave me the most lively joy.

My love of money was of too engrossing a kind to allow me to practise my father's business, or any business, save that of simply adding to my wealth. The purpose of business is indeed to make money, but its details have no direct connexion with that object; and besides, all trade seemed in some degree precarious. I therefore disposed of my

stock, and applied my mind solely to the business of lending my money at the highest interest I could obtain upon good security. In other words, I was an usurer.

I now approach an eventful period of my life; I will not shrink from the confessions it calls for, the revilings of men cannot reach me; and the lips of those who would have reviled, are sealed. But let the reader of this history ponder upon what it contains, and eschew avarice.

There was a man named Solomons, a Jew, who, during my father's life, was upon habits of intimacy with him. They had been concerned together in some money transactions, of which I never knew precisely the nature; and, as far as Jew and Christian can be friends, this appellation might have been bestowed upon them. Solomons enjoyed the reputation of being very rich; and he also bore the character of being more than usually rigid and zealous among the sect to which he belonged. This Jew had one daughter. I speak of her as she then appeared to my eyes. The most beautiful of the daughters of Jerusalem, ere it fell, was not more beautiful than Esther, the daughter of Solomons. Eyes, whose dark crystal depths were wells of feeling; a brow, whereon intelligence sat, beaming like morning on the summit of Ida; a form, whose perfect symmetry and aerial lightness might, but for the heaving bosom, have enshrined an angel: such was Esther.

Before the death of my father, I had enjoyed frequent opportunities of seeing the daughter of Solomons; and although no gentle emotions akin to what is called love, among men, arose in my heart, yet Esther could not be beheld without exciting intense admiration; and such admiration I felt; but after the event to which I have alluded took place, and when the desire of gain became a more dominant passion, I regarded the daughter of Solomons with other views than those excited by admiration. I began to consider how I could make a pretended passion for Esther, subservient to my interest—a scheme in which indeed success seemed to be doubtful; for, supposing every other obstacle overcome, difference in religion presented an almost insurmountable barrier. I knew well the strength of that prejudice which, in the breast of a Jewess, would oppose the love of a Christian; and I knew also, that even if it were possible for me to obtain so great an influence over the daughter of Solomons, as might enable me to detach her from the household of Israel, this would eternally separate her from her father's love, and from the fruit of it—his riches. But I resolved, notwithstanding, to continue my visits to the house of the Jew, trusting that some advantage might eventually spring out of them.

Being always received by Solomons with kindness, I began to entertain a hope that his prejudices might one day give way in my favour, and that I might eventually be received into his family, even at the expense of his daughter's alienation from the sect of Israelites; and thus apparently encouraged, my visits became more frequent, and my assiduities to Esther were so earnest, that I felt convinced my object could no longer be mistaken by Solomons.

Solomon was not unobservant of what was passing. He wished to throw no obstacle in the way of a growing attachment between his daughter and myself; but the views of the Jew in thus encouraging the passion of a Christian, were far different from those which I had imagined, as will presently be seen.

Solomons, partly on account of his riches, and partly because of his learning and strength of mind, enjoyed great consideration in the Synagogue. It was said, indeed, that his secret largesses, first to the Protector and then to Charles II., had been the means of obtaining for the Israelites that shelter and countenance, which in these days made tardy reparation for the persecution of John. There was no man belonging to the tribe of Israel, less likely than Solomons to abate one iota of his prejudices in favour of a Christian, or to sacrifice, either to worldly considerations or tender motives, the smallest minutiae of the Jewish observances. His passion was not avarice, although riches had flowed upon him, and although he knew how to make them subservient to his purposes. His chief object was to support the dignity of the Synagogue. His ambition to be the Patriarch of a persecuted tribe, and to prove in his own life and actions, that charity and generosity might issue from the mansion of a Jew. If Solomons had lived in the days when Judaism was a proselytizing religion, he would have been ranked among the zealots, and might have boasted many a proselyte as distinguished as the Queen of Sheba.

It so happened, that shortly previous to the time of which I now speak, three Jews had been proselytized to Christianity—an event of which the Christian church had made the most, and which was deeply felt by the Israelites, both as affording matter of triumph to their enemies, and as an occurrence disgraceful to themselves. No one felt more keenly the insult offered to the synagogue, nor did any one brood more deeply over the means of wiping it out, and of retaliating upon the Christian church than Solomons; and it was upon me that he fixed his eyes to be the instrument of his revenge. Whilst the Christian pulpits were ringing with the triumph recently obtained over Judaism, Solomons stood up in the Synagogue, and said,

“God will avenge his people, and that speedily,—and as an evidence, a Christian proselyte will abjure in this Synagogue the errors of his creed, let us pray the God of Jacob that this sign be given to us.”

Solomons, when he spoke thus, had always keenly observed my character; he saw that my object was the possession of his daughter; and he probably had discovered, that avarice had as great a share as passion in influencing my conduct. But however truly, or however falsely, he might have interpreted my motives, he felt assured that the proselyte he had, as if by the gift of prophecy promised his church, was to be obtained in me.

During this time I had profited by the opportunities afforded me. Adept as I was in the art of dissimulation, practised too upon a maiden so artless, yet of so susceptible a nature, I contrived to win her favour so effectually, that had it suited my own purposes, I believe I might have obtained a fresh triumph to the Christian church; but my zeal for my faith was not so ardent as my zeal for riches—and still believing in the favourable disposition of Solomons, I resolved still to prosecute my suit, but patiently to wait until some consenting movement on his part might make it safe for me to be explicit. By this delay I hoped to engage more entirely the affection of the Jewess, and thus to secure an easy accomplishment of my hopes, in case she should become mistress of her father's fortune by the death of its possessor—an event

which I contemplated with much complacency, and upon one occasion with not ill-grounded hope. I may for the moment allude to this. One day, when as usual, I entered the house of Solomons, Esther met me in tears.

"My father is dying," said she; "my kind father is dying, and here will none be left to me; he is mortally wounded!"

I ventured to say, "You will not be left desolate, I will be a protector."

She answered, "You are a Christian, I am a Jewess—but the God of Israel will protect me. Oh! Christian!" added she, as the tears ran down her cheeks, "would that thou wert of that fold."

This was confession enough, and I proceeded to the chamber of Solomons—at heart, a murderer; but my hopes were disappointed. The Jew, in returning from the settlement of some money transaction, had been set upon by three villains, who would have waylaid and robbed him—but Solomons was a man of courage, and he had successfully defended himself from their attempt, though not without receiving a dangerous wound in the groin; but he recovered from it, and things continued to take the same course, till one eventful evening in the depth of winter, the occurrences of which I am now about to relate.

It was nearly a year from the time that I had been left master of my inheritance, when one evening, after having spent the day in gleaning from those best qualified to know, information respecting the nature and extent of Solomons' possessions, I repaired to his house, with a mind more than ever bent upon the accomplishment of my design.

For some little time previous to this, I had taken occasional opportunities of remotely hinting at the object of my desires, and although I had received no positive encouragement in the hopes I all but ventured to express, no advantage was taken of the opportunity to dash at once those presumptuous pretensions; and upon the evening in question the recollection of this, and still more, the full confirmation I had received during the day of the most extravagant of my expectations, respecting the wealth which I designed should one day be my own, nerved me with a resolution I had never before been able to summon, and determined me to throw off the reserve that I had hitherto shown.

Esther received me alone: her extreme beauty, which that night seemed more striking than I had before beheld it, lent additional energy to my resolve, and filled the little space that avarice had left in my heart with another passion, which, if scarcely more pure or noble, was at least less sinful. I had not been seated many moments when Solomons entered: his face wore a sinister expression, and, I thought, augured unfavourably for the success of my suit.

"I think," said he, as he advanced towards his daughter, and kissed her brow, "the Jewish damsel steals much time from this Christian youth; you, sir, can best tell whether you receive an equivalent."

I was about to reply, to make the meditated avowal, when he added, "I would have a few words with thee, and am now at leisure;" and as he spoke he led the way to a distant and somewhat obscure part of the house, where I had not before been, and having entered a low-roofed and gloomy-looking room, and shut the door, he desired me to be seated. I obeyed.

"I well know," said he, "the purpose of your visits hither; whether the attraction be my daughter's beauty, or my wealth, I will not inquire."

I was about to break forth into an encomium upon my own disinterestedness and the purity of my passion, when he interrupted me.

"Keep your protestations for her who will listen to them. You would wed my daughter. Well! she is fair, and good, and dutiful, and virtuous—but no matter, she is my child, and mine to bestow; and wouldst thou—a Christian—one of a proud race—thou—who hast a country to call thine own, and a king to rule over thee, and laws to protect thee—wouldst thou ally thyself with a Jewess—the daughter of an accursed Jew; one of an insulted, and degraded, and persecuted race? But I know thee, Christian—I know thee and thy people,—avarice brings thee hither, and well it may." And as the old man spoke he rose, and opening a concealed door in the panels, discovered a row of chests, the lids of which he raised, exhibiting to my dazzled sight hoards of gold, that even in one less avaricious than myself must have created sensations of no unusual kind. He marked the effect of the display, and pointing to another door said, "There I have securities to four times the amount." He then silently closed the door, and reseating himself, continued in a rather more subdued tone, "Knowest thou that no Jewess can intermarry with a Christian? Either the Christian must become a Jew, or the Jewess must become a Christian."

"I know," I replied, "it has happened that a Jewess has wedded a Christian, and conformed to his faith; but I have never known a Christian become a Jew that he might wed one of the daughters of Israel."

I had scarcely finished this reply ere I perceived its effect upon Solomons; a dark shade of anger gathered upon his countenance,—in another moment it burst forth, as with kindling eyes and quivering lip he rose, and in a voice in which passion and irony were blended, exclaimed,

"Aha! and thou wouldst indeed marry the daughter of Solomons, and wed her father's riches, and divorce her from her religion; it is kindly and modestly conceived. By the God of my fathers, Christian," continued he, suddenly pausing in his hurried step, "if I but remotely dreamt that thou entertainedst the design of alienating her heart from the religion and love of her people, I would at this instant wipe out the meditated offence with thy blood! But no, no, I know thee better! Thou lovest gold more than woman; thou lovest my wealth better than thou lovest my daughter; for if I should say take her, and make her a Christian, but expect none of my gold, I already know thy answer."

Here the old man paused; but his meaning was not sufficiently explained to make it safe for me yet to reply. I perceived, indeed, that I had made an erroneous estimate of his intentions, and that upon my terms the daughter of Solomons could never be mine; but it was also apparent that my suit was not hopeless, and that the Jew had terms of his own to propose. Whatever these might be, I was pre-determined to accede to them.

After a few moments' pause, perceiving that I made no reply, Solomons proceeded:

"Young man," said he, in a calm but determined tone, "let what

has passed between us be forgotten ; thou wouldst marry my daughter : embrace the Jewish faith, and she is thine."

The proposal was startling because I was unprepared for it ; to say that I entertained any true regard for Christianity would be false ; mine was a nominal faith, in which the heart—scarcely even the judgment—had any part, and which in no respect influenced my conduct ; still I was a member of the Christian world, not one of an outcast and despised race : and the momentary surprise, the proposal that I should become a Jew occasioned, was construed by Solomons into hesitation as to its acceptance.

"And is it even so?" said he. "Are we indeed so despised a race, that a youth, the son of an avaricious tanner, refuses an alliance with the loveliest and wealthiest, and not the least honourable among the daughters of Judah, if he may not lead her to his own altar?"

But I hastened to undeceive him : professed my sincere regard for the household to which himself and his daughter belonged ; I said that I had not for a moment hesitated to accept the condition which he proposed ; and that it had startled me for a moment, only because I had never heard of an example of conversion from Christianity to Judaism.

"It is true," said he, "that no such example is to be found ; the price of Esther is a price that has never yet been paid ; thinkest thou else I would wed my daughter to a proselytized Christian ! But the condition is accepted, and Esther shall be thine. Do not fear the scorn of the world,—its scorn is reserved for the poor of the tribe of Israel ; and persecution is now past ; no man will respect thee less, but more—ay ! much more—when it is known that thou hast wedded the daughter of Solomons, and that as one of his faith thou wilt inherit his possessions—the rich are never despised. The portion of Esther will content thee, and at my death, thou and Esther shall inherit all. I am an old man, in less than ten years my habitation must be the grave, and thou wilt scarcely have then reached the prime of life. Now, go to Esther ; and as yet say nothing of what has passed between us ; but first promise, swear in the name of the most high God, that thou wilt never reveal what has taken place, or publish the condition upon which thou art to wed a Jewess. I will myself prepare Esther ; thy marriage must follow thy abjuration at some little interval. I trust, young man, you love your bride, and will be kind to her,—she is well worthy."

Esther was somewhat surprised at our long interview, and questioned me slightly of its import ; I said that her father had been explaining the Jewish law, which seemed to me more excellent than I had ever before imagined : but as yet I spoke nothing either of my intended abjuration, or of the real subject of our discourse.

When I looked in the face of the Jewish maiden—so innocent, so lovely—I felt that I was what is usually called, a villain ; but the consciousness of this did not deter me from the prosecution of my villany ; the extreme beauty of my betrothed gave indeed an additional zest to my design, but avarice had sealed up the avenues to tenderness, and steeled my heart against the assaults of conscience. I knew that Esther had a heart overflowing with affection ; I knew that she believed I loved her ; but I knew that I loved her not, as she sought to be loved : and while I contemplated in fancy our approach—

ing nuptials, I thought not of the tenderness, and artlessness, and virtue of my bride—scarcely even of her personal charms; the gold I had seen flashed upon my sight from beneath the ponderous lids, and I already looked forward to the time when its possessor should go where he could not carry his riches along with him, and when all I had seen might be handled.

The interval between this day, and that upon which the ceremonies attendant upon receiving a proselyte into the Jewish church were appointed to take place, I spent chiefly in inward congratulations upon my extraordinary good fortune, and in vague anticipations of the time when the hoards I had seen should come into my possession. The approaching act of apostacy was regarded by me only as a necessary preliminary to the attainment of my object; and so engrossing a principle in my mind was the love of riches, that I contemplated almost without emotion the rites consequent among the *proselyti justitia*, and even the solemn perjuries which would separate me from the Christian world, and place me under the ban of an offended God.

CHAP. II.

THE day arrived when I should become as one “born in the land.” The rites were administered: I spoke the perjuries required of me, “that neither the love of any Jewish woman, nor the prospect of riches, or of any worldly advantage,” had tempted me to become a proselyte; and in the presence of the assembled Israelites, and of many Christians who had come to witness so novel an occurrence, I solemnly professed my assent to the Jewish doctrines, and promised to persevere in the faith and practice of the law of God till death. The sacrifice was offered, and I returned from the synagogue, a Jew.

Even previous to my alliance with the family of the rich Israelite, it was apparent to me, that the prediction of Solomons was true, and that the world was willing to look to results, rather than to motives. The circumstance of my apostacy was generally known, and although there was little difficulty in divining the motive that led to it, I found that the world forgave it, in consideration of the consequences that were likely to ensue.

I now became anxious for the completion of my bargain, and secretly urged the Jew to shorten as much as possible the term of my probation, while at the same time I prosecuted my suit with the Jewess with increased assiduity.

Esther listened to me, because her feelings were in my favour; but although my apostacy had removed the difficulty that oppressed her, when she said, “would that thou wert of that fold,” I could easily perceive that she entertained doubts of the sincerity of the confession I had made; but woman, once assured that she has inspired a genuine passion, will almost forgive the errors into which that passion may lead its votary; and when at length, by the consent of Solomons, a period was put to the term of incertitude (for until united to his daughter I could not feel altogether at rest), I found Esther willing to bestow herself upon one whom she deemed altogether worthy of her love.

The day arrived; I filled up the measure of my perjuries; Esther

was my wife, and I received her dowry—large beyond my expectations, but which I nevertheless regarded but as an earnest of the wealth I should one day inherit. By an irrevocable deed it was provided, that when Solomons should die one-half of his wealth should be mine, whether his daughter were living or dead, and that the other half should be hers, if she survived her father; but if not, that it should be appropriated to the erection of a synagogue. Solomons, knowing well my avaricious disposition, made no stricter provision in the event of children of our marriage, because he foresaw that I should not squander my wealth, and he knew that my children must be my heirs.

No sooner had I gained the object of my long-cherished hopes, and secured the ultimate possession of great riches, than new sources of disquietude arose. I dreaded the death of my wife, because I should in that event lose one half of the inheritance I promised myself, and the delay to which I was forced to submit ere I could inherit any part of the wealth of my father-in-law; for might he not live ten or even twenty years, entirely neutralized the pleasure I received from the hope of ultimately enjoying it. The dowry I had already received seemed nothing in comparison with what was in prospect—nay, even the enormous riches that were in all events secured to me, seemed inconsiderable in comparison with the equal riches that might escape me. Day and night I was tormented with the most disquieting apprehensions. The vision of gold that might never be mine was constantly before my eyes; the death of my wife would rob me of half; and in the long interval that might probably elapse, ere the present possessor should go, and leave his riches behind him, might not I myself die, and where then would be the reward of my toils and apostasy? It was not that I feared death, as other men fear it,—not that any accusations of conscience reached my heart,—it was simply the love of gold, the desire of adding to my stores, that led to this train of thought.

In the mean time the riches I possessed grew daily. I was an usurer—the keenest, the most inexorable of my race. Never did the gold I possess leave my coffers that it did not return to them with usury; never, from childhood until the day of my death, did one coin of mine carry consolation to the poor, or once alleviate the smallest among the miseries of humanity.

Between the character of the man who is merely fond of money and of increasing his wealth, and the character of the confirmed miser, there are many gradations. The desire of adding acre to acre, and of increasing one's possessions, is a less engrossing passion than the love of accumulating gold. The former may be the consequence of industry in a thousand branches,—the latter is the business of a man's life;—the former may proceed from many passions,—the latter from one only—avarice. But the accumulator of gold is not yet a miser. When I become entitled to this appellation I will, by laying bare my own feelings, confessing my actions, show wherein lies the distinction between the avaricious man and the thorough miser. At present, let me speak of myself as I am,—as an avaricious man. My desire, the sole object of life, the only subject of my thoughts, was to add to my wealth, to increase my stores, to see my gold grow around me; and it is a strangely intoxicating pleasure, that which the avaricious man knows, seeing his heaps of gold and bundles of securities grow bigger and bigger. I

know not what may be the exquisiteness of those enjoyments in which I never partook, but I know that my pleasure was overflowing, as I almost daily deposited some new proof of my increasing riches ; yet, save at those moments when I saw and handled them, the inquietudes I have named, perplexed and distracted me.

It was in an upper and an inner chamber that I had deposited the objects of my devotion ; there, at the early dawn, when all was still, I daily stole, and sitting down at a small oak table, and with odd scraps of paper, and a pencil before me, I meditated upon the subject nearest my affections ; calculated the accessions that a day had brought to my stores ; considered the relative advantages of various securities offered for loans, and resolved in what manner recent gains were to be laid out ; but often, ay, every day, while thus employed, my mind wandered from the contemplation of the present to the future : from the wealth that lay around me to that which I hoped one day to possess,—from the furniture and panels of the chamber where I sat to the chests I had seen in the depository of Solomons the Jew ; and then all that I possessed seemed utterly insignificant. But even the hoards which I saw in fancy might never be mine ; at all events an interminable period seemed to stretch between the present and the hour when I should become master of them ; and then the question was asked, is it not possible to anticipate this hour ? a question that at length became one of constant recurrence. What epithet did he deserve who put this question to himself a second time ? He deserved the epithet of a murderer—for such he must have been—and such at heart was I. Yes, I was daily, almost hourly, a parricide. Daily, hourly, did I covet the possession of wealth that could not be mine save by the death of its possessor—I wanted only courage to be an assassin.

They who have never known the dominion of avarice, as it rules in its utmost strength, will scarcely give credence to the confessions of an avaricious man. The love of gold is unlike every other passion in this, that it has constant nourishment. Ambition has its achievements, love has its triumphs, the sensual appetites have their hour or their moment of gratification ; but all of these must ebb and flow with the circumstances out of which they arise. New objects create, indeed, new desires ; but in every passion save in the love of gold, there is a pause ; for avarice has ever an attainable object in view. The love of glory feeds upon its trophies, the love of power upon its attainments, the love of woman upon its triumphs ; but the achievements of love or ambition do not of themselves produce fresh conquests, whereas it is the peculiar character of avarice that it cannot languish for lack of fuel, for gold generates itself. This, it is, that gives to avarice its peculiar power, and that makes so abjectly its slave him who yields himself up to its influence—for passions will grow with the opportunities of gratifying them ; and thus the passion of the avaricious man, hourly nourished as it is, soon fills up the entire soul, excluding all other passions and desires, and sacrificing to its own lust, all that is esteemed lovely on earth, or to be hoped for in heaven.

I speak as I myself felt, and would at this time have acted : hitherto, whatever my actions may have been—some crimes have been perpetrated only in fancy—but the time approaches when avarice consummates the deed, as well as suggests it to the mind.

Let me now for a moment return to my wife. Esther was soon undeceived ; she speedily discovered that she had wedded one for whose perjuries and apostacy, love towards her even could not be pleaded. The state of her mind cannot form any part of my confessions : to tell that she was undeceived, is to say that she was miserable. As her life was valuable to me (in the only sense in which anything could be valuable), I was not neglectful of her health and comforts ; but this was small consolation to her who had expected affection. I wiped away no tear, though I saw her shed many ; and while she sighed in solitude over her disappointed hopes, I busied myself with my daily pursuit, or remained wrapt up in the gloom of my own dark and crooked thoughts. No explanation passed between us—I did not any longer feign the attachment I never felt, nor did I make any avowal of the deception I had practised. The charms which had at first made some impression upon my senses, soon became indifferent to me ; and had it not been that my daily cogitations and earnest wishes were connected with the father of my wife, and with the continuance of her life, I might have altogether forgotten that she existed.

Meanwhile I remained steadfastly a Jew—obedient to the sabbaths, observing the feasts, and neglecting none of the external ceremonials of the Jewish law. My consequence among my fellow-men had greatly risen since my connexion with the family of Solomons ; and could I only have felt secure upon the subject of my prospective succession, I should have had no cause to look with other feelings than those of perfect complacency upon the bargain I had made ; but it was in vain that I counted my daily gains, and reckoned up the sum of my riches ; in vain that the consciousness of present wealth, and its sure increase, and the prospect of being one day master of a million more, rose to my mind ; that million I looked upon as *now* my own ; and fancied—nay, convinced myself—that each day its use was denied me, defrauded me of a day's fruits ; I calculated how much it might already have increased had I possessed it from the day of my alliance with the Jew's daughter ; and that increase ascertained, I mourned over its loss as keenly as if it had been abstracted from my coffers, and set more store upon it alone, than upon all that I rightfully possessed or justly expected.

The reader—if indeed this confession shall ever be read by mortal eyes—will ask, what pleasure I derived from accumulating wealth, since it was not for its uses that I desired its increase. The avaricious man will only answer, that he thus gratifies his passion ; his passion is not to spend riches, but to possess them. Ask the naturalist what pleasure he finds in collecting around him the rare productions of the animal and vegetable worlds ? Ask the antiquarian wherein lies the satisfaction he experiences in seeing spread before him the coins and medals, and other memorials of times past ? Cannot the collector of gold give as rational an answer as these ? Is it not gold that sets the world in motion ? Gold, that is the inciter of war, and the purchaser of peace. Gold, that can bribe virtue, and buy innocence. Gold, that can overthrow a dynasty or raise up a king. Gold, for which men every day peril life itself—for lack of which nations languish, science fails, arts decline, and knowledge stands still. And is the avaricious man asked, why he desires to possess gold ? It is not, indeed, that he desires to use it in

any of these ways, but he has learnt the value which other men set upon it ; and hence he has learnt to value it himself : his passion is, to increase his wealth, and his enjoyment—the enjoyment of every other passion—its gratification.

I have omitted to record in its proper place, a circumstance that must needs form a part of these confessions. Let me now supply the omission. When I was left master of my fortune, my grandmother, by the father's side, was still living. My father had assigned to her a separate maintenance from a sum of money which he had placed in the hands of a respectable merchant, and upon this she had, many years previous to his death, continued to subsist in comfort. This old woman had always been kind to me ; and if there was one for whom I could ever be said to entertain any affection, it was for her—not great indeed—for warm feelings were foreign to my nature, but such as might have afforded a presumption that, during the short remnant of her life, I would look with an eye of kindness upon the de-olate condition of her who had scarcely a relation upon earth but myself.

Very soon after the death of my father I was surprised one evening by a message from my grandmother, that she was desirous of seeing me. I immediately concluded that she was ill, and thought herself dying ; and although the sum from which she derived her maintenance was not large, yet the expectation of possessing it, as I should do in the event of her death, gave me very sensible pleasure, and I obeyed with alacrity the summons which I had no doubt was to prove the truth of my surmise. But I was deceived. The old woman received me with great kindness, and while a tear or two rolled down her wrinkled cheeks, she told me, in the manner of one who is certain of receiving sympathy, that the merchant who had been intrusted with her provision, had become bankrupt, and had absconded ; but that she well knew my father's son would not allow his old grandmother to want for any comfort in her declining years.

At this time avarice had not obtained so perfect a mastery over me as it did at a later period of my life ; and although I felt it to be a grievous disappointment, in place of receiving an accession to my wealth, not only to find the expectation of this entirely cut off, but to have a new claim made upon me ; I nevertheless did not at that moment refuse to help her in her necessities, and for a short period she received a scanty supply from my coffers. But as avarice grew upon me, the little pittance that went out, without the prospect of returning with usury, or even of returning at all, was like flesh torn from my bones—I could no longer support the pain it inflicted upon me, and at length refused any more to submit to the agony it occasioned. From that time, which was shortly before my admission into the Jewish church, my grandmother never received any further aid at my hands. How she subsisted, I have no means of knowing ; but about a year afterwards, when she died, it was discovered that I was her only relative, and I received notice to bury her. I could only ascertain further, that she had died of want.

HYDROPATHY, OR THE COLD WATER CURE,

AS PRACTISED BY VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, AT GRAFENBERG.

BY R. T. CLARIDGE, Esq.

The element that never tires.

BASIL HALL.

THE greatest danger to the health or life in Foreign Travelling, at least in Germany, is notorious, from damp linen. A German-Ofen is not adapted for the process vulgarly called "airing," and the "galloping Horse," alluded to by Wordsworth in his Poem on a Hanoverian Stove, is anything but a clothes-horse. If you send your linen to be washed, therefore, you must expect in return a shirt as damp as a Dampschiff—stockings as dripping as the hose of a fire-engine, and a handkerchief with which you cannot dry your eyes. As a matter of course, you must look, now and then, for a wet blanket, or a moist sheet; and should that be the case, there is only one warming-pan to our knowledge in the Rhenish Provinces—and that one is at Coblenze.

Now this drawback would alone prove a damper to many an English Tourist, who would otherwise go up the Rhine: for of what avail are all his Patent Waterproof articles—his umbrella, his Macintosh, his galoshes, Indiarubber shoes, and Perring's beaver, whilst he is thus liable to wet next his skin? In fact, we believe this danger, more than any sea risk or land peril, has deterred thousands of Valetudinarians from repairing to Germany to drink the water—accompanied by the unwholesome probability of chilling the skin, closing the pores, and checking the insensible, invisible perspiration by putting on humid garments; than which nothing can be more injurious to even the strongest constitution,—witness the fatal shirt that clung so to Hercules, and which, allowing for mythological embellishment, was no doubt simply a clean one—sent to him wringing wet by that jade Dejanira.

The catastrophe of the Great Alcides rests, however, on the very doubtful testimony of Greek historians. It is true, that by our English sanatory notions, he ought to have died—say of inflammation on the lungs—but according to the Hydropathists, the Strong Man ought to have been only the stronger for a "Cold Wet Bandaging." Instead of cutting his stick—or rather club—he ought merely to have broken out in salutary boils, which would have removed all his complaints, if he had any—for example, one Mr. Rausse names "all chronic diseases of the lungs, all organic defects, and all diseases in *people whose muscles and sinews are past all power of action, and from whom the vital principle has passed beyond recovery*—which said people, if we know anything of plain English, must be neither more nor less than "*Stiff-uns!*" And to confirm this cadaverous view of them, p. 74, declares that these assertions of Mr. Rausse are supported by Mr. Raven!

Professor Mundé, however, who was cured of a painful complaint during his residence at Gräfenberg, stops short of the cure of Death by light or heavy wet, but enumerates Gout, Rheumatism, Tic Dbloureux, Hernia, Hypochondria, Piles, Fevers of all kinds, Inflammations, Cholera, &c. &c. &c., to which Mr. Claridge adds a list, by the Reverend John Wesley, of some hundred of diseases, in man, woman, and child, to be cured by "Primitive Physic," *alias* Aqua Pumpy. Nay, we have cases of Illustrious Patients—Baron Blank; Count Dash, General Asterisk, the Marquis de Anonymous, and others, who were all well washed, and all washed well,—and so far from suffering from wet linen, were actually swaddled in it; and instead of being chilled, actually *heated* from being put up damp, like haystacks. It follows that Hercules could not be carried off in the way supposed,—and especially if he enjoyed such *indelicate* health as he exhibits in his pictures and statues.

The common dread of water and wetting seems certainly to be rather overstrained. We think little, indeed, of the instance of Thomas Cam, aged 207, of whose burial registry Mr. Claridge furnishes an extract from the parish-books; first, because there is no evidence that this very "Old Tom" was in the habit of soaking his clay with water; and secondly, because 207 *was very probably the way with an ignorant Clerk of setting down* 27. Neither do we attach much weight to the opinions of the Travellers, who "assure us that amongst the Arabs this age is not unfrequently attained, and that men are frequently married at a hundred years of age; first, because the Desert is not particularly well supplied with water; and secondly, that consequently the Arabs must be of rather dry habits. But looking at another animal which lives in the wet, and is one of the greatest of water-drinkers, namely, the whale, we are quite ready to allow, as to its longevity, that it is "the longest creature as lives."

Take courage, then, ye Valetudinarians, and apply for your passports! Go fearlessly up the Rhine, into swampy Holland, or Belgium, or wherever you will. Your old bugbears are actually benefits—real reforms to the constitution. Write on yourselves if you choose, "This side uppermost," but omit the fellow direction "To be kept dry." You will thrive like the hydraugeas the more you are watered. Ride outside, and forget your umbrella. Prefer soaked coachboxes and sloppy boats—and if you even go overboard, remember that the mother of Achilles, to make him invulnerable, ducked him in a river. Ask for damp sheets, and pay extra for a wet blanket—nay, never say die, though after a jolly night, you find the next morning that you have slept in a dewy meadow, with the moon for a warmingpan. If, in walking on St. Swirlin's day, you happen to get under a spout, stay there—it's a Douch-Bad—*vide* Frontispiece, figure 4, and you are lucky in getting it gratis. Should you chance to trip and throw yourself a fair backfall, with your head in a puddle, don't rise, but lie there as contentedly as a drunkard, for that—see figure 2—is a Töpf-Bad. Instead of striding over a kennel, step into it,—for it is as good as a Fuss-Bad. And when a tub of cold water comes in your way, squat down in it like Parson Adams, when he played at "the Ambassador," for that is a Sitz-Bad—as you may see in figure 3, where a gentleman

is sitting, as happy as a Merman, with his tail in a tub, and reading Claridge on the "Cold Water Cure!"

And should you experience, though you ought not, any aguish chills, or rheumatic pains from this mode of conduct—push on at once to Gräfenberg, where Vincent Priessnitz will soak all complaints out of you, like the salt from a ling. As the preface says, it is "only eight or ten days' journey from London," and you may go either by Ostend or Hamburg; but the first route is the best, because you can wet your thirst by the way at the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Brunnens of Nassau. For our own parts we prefer our washing done at home; but never mind us. Push on for the great Fountain Tavern in Silesia, for depend upon it whatever you feel, whether flushes, shudderings, gnawings, cravings, creepings, shootings, throbbings, dartings and prickings—it is only nature *boiling* for water.

Never stop, then, except perhaps for a minute or so to look at the votive fountain the Wallachian and Moldavian patients have erected, dedicated "Au Génie de l'Eau de Froide,"—never halt till you have reached the famous House of Call for Watermen, and pledged the great Aquarius himself in a goblet of his own Adam's ale. If you are faint it will revive you, if thirsty it will refresh you, and if you have broken a bone or two by the upsetting of a diligence, the very man for a fracture stands before you. In fact his first exploit in Hydropathy was with cold water and wet bandages, and some little assistance from a table, to set and mend two of his own broken ribs! After that if you are so unreasonable as still to require any evidence of the peculiar virtues of the fluid, know that by drinking and dispensing it, ice cold though it be, Vincent Precissnitz has made himself so *warm* that he is worth 50,000*l.*

The above advice, it must be remembered, is not ours, but drawn from the book before us. We should be loth to be responsible personally for any lady or gentleman going so far off as Silesia to drown themselves, and by the awfully premeditated process of taking "twenty glasses of water a day." Neither should we like to have to answer to a visiter to Gräfenberg for the discomfort of a room like "a soldier's chamber in a barrack," so low that Mr. Gross could not stand upright in it—with no better furniture than a bedstead with a straw mattress—a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a decanter and glass (for water only) and an "enormous washhand-basin." It would vex us to have commended any one to a table where it is generally complained that the food "though plentiful is coarse." He might not be pleased either with the remedy of drinking so much water, that there was little room for the solids. And, above all, he would naturally cry out against the heartburnings incurred by Mr. Claridge himself, and which were relieved by a cure certainly worse than the disease.

"The burning liquid which rises from the stomach to the throat is often caused at Gräfenberg by the abundance of greasy food with which the table is supplied. At the period of the crisis it frequently makes its appearance at the termination of humours, of which part is discharged by the first courses. I was sharply attacked by it at this period of the treatment, and "*a diarrhæa which I brought on in gorging myself with cold water during two days completely cured me.*"—p. 237.

Now, it may be very well for Priessnitz, who boards and lodges his patients, to prescribe water by the pailful to prevent gluttony; or to give them such beds and rooms as must necessarily promote early rising and encourage exercise out of doors. It may be quite consistent with his theory to neither light nor pave his neighbourhood, so that his clients are sure on a rainy day of a Mud-bath in addition to their other ones. But, as we said before, we should not like to advise any one we love or like to put themselves under his wet hands, unless inordinately fond of duck and cold pig. Moreover, many points of his treatment are practised, if not openly at least secretly, in our own country; and at a consequent saving of all the trouble and expense to the patients of a journey to Silesia. The damp sheet system is no secret to the chambermaids at our provincial inns, and the metropolitan publicans and milkmen are far from blind to the virtues of cold water as a beverage. A fact that probably accounts for the peculiar healthiness of London compared with other capitals.

To be candid, we have besides a private prejudice against anything like a Grand Catholicon—not the Pope, but an universal remedy for all diseases, from elephantiasis down to pip. And we become particularly sceptical when we meet with a specific backed by such a testimonial as that of the Rev. John Wesley in favour of Water *versus* Hydrophobia.

“And this, I apprehend accounts for its *frequently curing* the bite of a mad-dog, especially if it be repeated for twenty-five or thirty days successively.”—p. 81.

Of which we can only say, that on the production of certificates of three such cures, signed by a respectable turncock, we will let whoever likes it be worried by a mad pack of hounds, and then cure him by only showing him Aldgate-pump.

Moreover, we are aware of the aptitude of our cousins the Germans to go the whole way “and a bittock” in their theories. As Mr. Puff says of the theatrical people, “Give those fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it.” Thus allowing the element to be wholesome, for ablution or as a beverage, they order you not only to swig, sit, stand, lie, and soak in it, but actually to snuff it up your nose—what is a bridge without water?—for a cold in the head!—p. 228.

It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever which was got under much as Mr. Braithwaite would have quenched an inflammation in a house. But our limits forbid. In the mean time it has been our good fortune, since reading Claidge on Hydropathy, to see a sick drake avail himself of the “Cold Water Cure” at the dispensary in St. James’s-park. First in waddling in, he took a Fuss-Bad; then he took a Sitz-bad, and then, turning his curly tail up into the air, he took a Kopf-Bad. Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout “Priessnitz for ever!” But no such thing. He only cried, “Quack! quack! quack!”

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

EXCURSIONS ALONG THE SHORES OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN.

IF the reader will but take these "Excursions" for what they really are, and not complain of them for failing to fulfil intentions which never existed in the author's mind, he can scarcely avoid being both entertained and informed by them. Colonel Napier, like all the gallant family to which he belongs, is, by preference and profession, a man of the sword, not of the pen: but like all the rest of his clever and intellectual relatives, he can exchange the one for the other, whenever occasion serves. And though he is apt to use the tool of his temporary adoption a little too much as if he mistook it for that of his express calling,—cutting his way through difficulties, for example, in place of overcoming them—leaping over obstacles that he cannot stay to remove—riding roughshod over objects and people that might call for more delicate or considerate treatment at the hands of a less unscrupulous examiner—and in short, writing as if he were riding at the head of a foraging party in an enemy's country, cutting down, snatching up, and scampering off with everything edible that comes in his way, without much eye or time for arrangement and selection; notwithstanding, we say, the style military rather than style literary, in which Colonel Napier's lucubrations are presented to us, they are full of matter, bright with the sunshine of intellectual health and high animal spirits, free as a soldier's hand, buoyant as a soldier's thoughts, and frank, careless, and offhand as a soldier's talk at the mess-table after the first bottle.

The "Excursions" in which we are called upon to accompany Colonel Napier, are even more various and desultory than their title might indicate; for not only are the "shores of the Mediterranean" frequently deserted for the interior of every one of the countries which line them, but we have an entire "Cruise in the Levant," a visit to the "City of the Sultan," an exploring party to the "Plains of Troy," and sundry other results of those various expedients for killing time, to which our gallant defenders so naturally resort when they are reduced to the desolate condition of having nothing else to kill.

Nothing can be more easy and offhand than the way in which this pleasant rattler scatters about at random the flowers and weeds that he has picked up and preserved in the *hortus siccus* of his memory or memorandum-book, in the course of his desultory ramblings; and we cannot perhaps do a more agreeable office, and at the same time convey a more characteristic notion of his pages, than by following the writer's example, and seizing a few of the "notions" that present themselves in his miscellaneous "store."

A Turkish Mellish.—Recently from Andalusia, I had been accustomed to the brilliant national costume of the *Majo*; but in his most *recherché* gala attire he fell short of the really splendid figure before us, who might have been a model for a "Palicar." A graceful fez, ornamented with gold and silk, was

knowingly placed on one side of his head, and set off a naturally handsome countenance. The "fermeli," or waistcoat, was one mass of brocade and embroidery; the "doulamas" or pelisse-like vest, was of crimson, and richly worked with blue silk fringe; the "foustanelli," which corresponds to the Highland kilt, was of snow-white linen, and so capacious, that it was said to contain seventy yards of cloth, and reached to the knee, below which the leg was protected by the "periknimis," or legging, resplendent with gold. To complete his equipment, in the ample sash which girded his loins, he wore a whole armory of highly-ornamented weapons, a long knife, a dagger, and two or three brace of pistols, which he assured us were ready for immediate use. Such was Mr. George, whose large fortune and successful speculations enable him to rule with absolute sway at the Piræus, and who for many years has been in the habit of supplying the English armaments in these seas.

An English Oddity.—Every man has a right to indulge, when able, in his own fancies; that of the worthy and gallant colonel is, to make a permanent abode of the steamer plying between Falmouth and Gibraltar; he frequently goes out in one and returns by the next, but generally has an excellent excuse for so doing. On one occasion, having forgotten his "tile," he felt quite ashamed to expose the "shocking bad hat" he wore to the criticisms of the refined Scorpions, and forthwith went home for another castor. On his return to the Rock, he commenced new coppering, or making some other repairs to his yacht, when, on going to purchase five shillings'-worth of nails, he found these villainous Scorpions wished to make him pay as many reals above the established price. Unwilling to submit to such gross imposition, dire necessity again drove him to old England, where he could buy his "tenpennys" at their "real" value. However, whether it be a bad hat or a tenpenny nail which takes the old colonel across the boisterous Bay of Biscay, his presence is always hailed with pleasure by every one on board; where, by his good temper and humour, and more especially by the liberal distribution of some excellent Cognac brandy and undeniable Scotch whiskey (a bottle of each of which he invariably carries in his coat-tail pockets), he is, like Falstaff, not only pleasant to himself, but the cause of pleasure in others. He has always, moreover, sweetmeats for the children, a snug little case filled with curaçoa, noyeau, and cherry-brandy for the ladies, a tough yarn for a traveller, and good-nature for all. It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that he should be a general favourite on board.

A propos of Figs.—As the process of bringing them to maturity, and to the perfection at which they arrive here, may not be generally known, it will perhaps not be irrelevant to mention it. This process is called "caprification," from the caprificus, or wild fig-tree, which is made use of in carrying it into effect.

The "tokar," as the wild fig-tree is called here, is infested with a numerous tribe of insects of the guat species, which, introducing themselves into the umbilicus of the fruit, deposit their eggs; and it having been observed that the figs which have not been thus impregnated, invariably languish, become dry and shrivelled, and fall off without ripening,—the experiment of innoculating the domestic fig was tried, and the result proved successful,—the fermentation created by the puncture of the insect being supposed the cause of the fruit ripening and attaining a larger size than it would otherwise do.

A Turkish Repast.—After inhaling a due quantum of the soothing aroma, a low plated stand with a tray was brought in, and carpets were ranged around, on which we took our seats in tailor-like fashion, the attendants handing to us fine muslin napkins, fringed with gold and embroidery.

This preliminary concluded, a huge dish of boiled rice, heaped with kabobs, made its appearance, but without the concomitants of either knives, forks, or plates. We, however, discovered the crafty device made use of to supply their place. Small square pieces of bread were ranged beside each "convive," and with these and the fingers, the rice and kabobs are safely and expeditiously conveyed to their destination, into the general receptacle of which, each in turn dived

the greasy fingers of his right hand. To this succeeded a boiled fowl, which was dexterously torn to pieces by the old warrior, who distributed a leg to one and a wing to the other. When this last was cleared away, it was replaced by sweetmeats, which were again followed by stews, pillaus, and in short a dozen dishes were successively put on the tray, which seemed all to disappear with the rapidity of magic, and were excellent in their way. As we continued, out of politeness, to eat long after we had satisfied our hunger, we deemed it fortunate when the feast came to a conclusion, without an accident either from apoplexy or surfeit.

Turkish Hospitality.—At a short distance from the landing-place was a kiosk, occupied by a rich Turk, called Yusuf Aga. The caterer of one of the ward-room messes went on shore shortly after the arrival of the fleet, in order to procure poultry, sheep, &c., and seeing what he imagined to be a farm-house, went to the Aga's, and, choosing what he wanted from his live stock, demanded the price. The Aga said they were all at the service of the English officer, but declined taking anything, saying he was not a merchant. The Englishman insisted, but was pertinaciously refused; and finding the Turk immovable asked him how he could show his gratitude for so handsome a present; the latter replied, that as all the Franks were hakeems (doctors), he should consider himself amply repaid, if he would give his advice as to the treatment of a child who was dangerously ill. Our friend was obliged to confess his ignorance of the healing art; but on the following day brought the surgeon of the ship, under whose care, I believe, his daughter eventually recovered, whilst the old Aga's heart was gladdened (hear it not Allah!) by a few dozen of good sherry and prime port, which the wardroom mess unanimously voted to him.

A Spanish Bull-fighter.—The name of this man is as familiar in Spain as those of Spring and Cribb are in England;—the coolness he invariably displays, and the daring feats he sometimes performs, in his deadly game, are said to be almost incredible.

He usually dispenses with the scarf, which is held before the bull to divert the attention of the furious animal whilst dealing to it the *coup de grace*, frequently substituting for its folds the light silken fillet with which the hair of the Matador is generally bound up.

On some occasions he carries courage to the brink of foolhardiness. He has been known to take out his pocket-handkerchief, fearlessly approach the maddened bull, and, after wiping the foam from its mouth, to plunge the sword up to the hilt between the shoulder-blades of the animal, ere it had recovered from the apparent surprise caused by his opponent's audacity.

On another occasion, I have heard it related, that waiting the charge of a particularly fierce "toro," at the moment when the latter lowered his horns within a few inches of his body, Montes, nimbly springing over them, fixed himself on his back, turned round, stood up à l'*Astley*, and from that commanding position carried into effect the decree of death.

It need scarcely be said, that a book made up of such matter as the foregoing, told precisely as men tell (or at least ought to tell) their travelling experiences over a friendly dinner-table, will find readers among all classes, and leave them (especially if they are critics) in a better temper than it finds them.

SIR HENRY MORGAN, THE BUCCANEER.*

PERHAPS there is nothing else in modern annals at once so extraordinary and so stirring as the accounts that are extant (written in

* Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer. By the author of "Rattlin the Reefer," &c. 3 vols.

anything but "very choice" English) of some of the buccaneering expeditions which arose out of the strange and anomalous state of our foreign relations, especially with Spain and Portugal, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the beginning of the eighteenth. But of all the exploits of mingled valour and wickedness which at once illustrated and disgraced the English name during the period referred to, those of the famous Sir Henry Morgan stand pre-eminent, no less in the one quality than the other. He was perhaps the most daring, skilful, and accomplished ruffian that ever drew a trigger, or wielded a sword: and this is a bold word to say, if we consider who have been his competitors in the game of war and bloodshed, from Alexander the Great, downwards. Nor would it perhaps be going too far to say, that, at certain periods of his extraordinary career, his views were as vast and comprehensive as those of the greatest among his brother "conquerors," and quite as well calculated as theirs to carry his name to posterity as a benefactor of mankind. "Fate and metaphysical aid" prevailed however; and being too much of a voluptuary, and too little of a "gentleman," to maintain the position he at one time assumed, as the commander of armies, and the admiral of fleets,—being, in fact, too fond (especially in his latter years) of his ease, his bottle, his mistress, and above all, himself, to act the part of a great "hero," in Mr. Wordsworth's or Mr. Carlyle's sense of the phrase,—he adopted the other alternative, and lived and died an eminent scoundrel. It is not improbable that a remote posterity may shake him up with some of his more heroic competitors for their favour, and cry "handy-dandy—which is the justice, which the thief?" In the mean time let us look at what Mr. Howard has made of this singularly well adapted subject for an "Historical Romance"—for an historical personage our bold buccaneer will certainly remain, whether we treat him as a hero or a felon.

The author of "*Rattlin the Reefer*" was one of the most able and original-minded men that we have had among us of late years; and (as it too often happens) he had but just felt the true use of his powers when he was called upon to resign them. The result is, that, although "*Sir Henry Morgan*" is by many degrees the best work he ever produced, it is not what we had hoped some day or other to see from him; for the simple reason, however, as we conceive, that he took up his subject with too much haste, and finding a striking romance ready made to his hands, has left it rather too nearly what he found it—has retained too much of its reality, and applied to it too little of his own imagination. The book is fearfully and painfully true to the actual history of its extraordinary hero, and may be regarded quite as much in the light of a "Life" of Morgan the Buccaneer, as of a "Romance," taking the events of that life as hints for working out the writer's own conceptions, and putting in action his own creations.

Would we could say as much in disfavour of most would-be "historical romances,"—which would in that case have something at least to recommend them, instead of being the mere impertinent falsifications or true histories which every body knows. And here we must point out another, and a very potent attraction belonging to Mr. Howard's work (call it what we will—a memoir or a romance), namely, that it relates a history more curious, important, and interesting than nine-tenths of that which we are made to learn as doggedly as we do our letters, but no line or fact of which ninety-

nine hundredths of us ever before heard of. Who knows of such a person as Sir Henry Morgan, as one among the greatest generals, as well as the greatest admirals, of his time and country—not to mention him as the greatest pirate that ever lived? Yet each and all of these he unquestionably was: witness the historical portion of this singularly interesting book.

We extremely regret not being able to enter into a more detailed examination of the work;—though its popular pretensions as a romance—and as the best romance of a popular writer—will carry it at once into general reading; and render such an examination the less necessary. An extract, however, we must find room for. It will give a sufficing notion of the intense interest attached to the *true* portions of this work when we state, that the following extract is one of them,—scarcely at all changed or exaggerated, and little added but the dialogue portion of it. The negro actor in it is one who owes Morgan a deadly grudge of many years standing; and thus he pays it. The mixture of the droll and the terrible is very striking; and the attainment of it, without becoming positively repulsive, is one of this writer's fortes. By the by, it is a little curious that some part of our hero's medical treatment in his last illness was very like the "cold water cure" of the modern Hecattystick of Priessnitz.

Morgan was a little surprised to hear that Hecattystick, whom he had before so dreadfully punished for his cheater, had been for some time established at Kingston, in the double capacity of Obiman and physician, and that among the ignorant, high and low, his reputation and practice were extensive. It was some time before Morgan became reconciled to send for the learned Doctor Hecattystick, for he well knew the revengeful nature of the offended blacks, and he very prudently hesitated to place his life in the hands of one whom he had so harshly treated. However, as he rallied a little in health, so he did in courage, and the fatal step was at length taken.

Doctor Quashie Hecattystick made his appearance. He was in a court-dress coat of light green velvet, profusely trimmed with silver, and a good deal worn; his waistcoat was of silk, the groundwork of which could not be discovered, it was so much plastered with embroidery of the most glaring description. It was edged with broad gold lace, and its flaps descended considerably on the negro's crooked thighs. His continuations were of scarlet, very much soiled, over which, and nearly meeting the flaps of his waistcoat, were drawn a pair of flesh-coloured silk stockings, much darned, yet not so much as to prevent sundry patches of the black shanks beneath being visible. His shoes were enormous because his feet were so, and the buckles enormous to keep in character with the shoes. He had round his neck a lace cravat, but it was so dirty that the nature of its texture could not be discerned. The whole was crowned with a full-bottomed flowing wig or peruke, profusely covered with flour, which ridiculously contrasted with the little of his jet-black face that was visible. The smallest conceivable three-cornered cocked-hat was placed under his left arm, and there was the black leathern hanger by which he should have carried his sword; but alas for Doctor Quashie's pride, although undoubtedly a free nigger, it had been taken from his side by the parish constable, and broken over his head. But his principal glory consisted in his immense gold-headed cane, which he carried so pompously before him. It was much stouter and longer than that used by the governor's own physician. As Doctor Quashie entered, he cushioned the top of it on his broad flat nose.

Loud was the cry of admiration from the black attendants. They coveted to be ill, that they might be cured by a physician so magnificent. His very appearance did Sir Henry Morgan good; for, weak as he was, he indulged in a very long and refreshing fit of laughter. This did not in the least discompose Doctor Hecattystick. After due splemnity, he pronounced that his patient

laboured under two visitations; he was obeahed "by some damned black nigger," and he was breeding ants in his inside, both of which he confidently promised to remove, and therefore demanded a double fee. The cunning rascal had enjoined secrecy on his dupe, and stipulated for the absence of Lady Morgan, and all white persons whatever, during his visits. Of course he was munificently paid beforehand.

What the rascal did about the obeism no one knew,—probably nothing; but what he did to Sir Henry was apparent enough, and that poor man must have then had his intellects much prostrated, or he would not have suffered all the beastly indignities to which his perishing body was submitted.

We cannot record the disgusting operations to which he was subjected. By the tortures that they brought upon him, the Spaniards whom he had racked and burned alive were fully avenged. The last, however, settled the matter. The black doctor came with two assistants as black as himself, with one pail filled with cold water, and another with an unctuous bluish clay. With this clay and water they coated the unhappy Morgan to the thickness of half an inch over his whole body, the clay being next to the skin. There were only his eyes, nose, and mouth, left unplastered. He was then thrown into his net hammock, with no other covering than the clay, and the two blacks were left with him all night to keep the clay moist by continually sprinkling it with water from a large hair-brush. "This treatment," Sir Hans Sloane very naively remarks, "augmented his cough." We should think it did.

This was given out by Doctor Quashie Hecattystick as the infallible process by which the cure would be all but instantaneous. No admittance was to be allowed to any one until nine o'clock next morning, when the whole household was to see their master eating rumpsteak and pepper-pot, and drinking sangaree for breakfast. All this the sable people fully believed, and some of the fools among the whites.

Sir Henry Morgan passed a long night in bitter torments. His breathing became so affected that he could not speak, and the cold agonized all his limbs, and struck through his vitals. If he could have risen, he would have slain, or attempted to slay, the two demons who carefully kept him moist. It would be impossible to describe that night of agony, and too painful if possible.

About seven in the morning Doctor Hecattystick came to pay his patient his last visit. He was evidently accounted for travelling. No wig, no cane; he was now respectably dressed like a free negro. There was a merry devilry in his countenance that was quite hideous. Sir Henry lay motionless, and, but for his short low breathings, apparently lifeless. He was never more acutely alive in his mental faculties.

"Hab him life yet, dah! pirate body him die hard. Massa Cesar, ah! Annibal, you black niggers, him not dead yet—tink him sabbey what we say, Cesar? How you feel, massa gubernor that 'twas, eh! hearee to his dam teeth, grit, grit, grit—you member, sir, floggin poor black body 'board Satisfaction, eh!—poor Quashie very hot then, gubernor too cold now, eh!—you no speakee—dere—tweak your dam ugly nose. Massa Sir Henry, you lub your doctor, eh! gib him gold watch for lub. Here, Cesar, gubernor, you member, you yellow color debbel, give me plaster of brimstone and salt, hey—poor nigger raw back—how you like, sar, your nice cold coatee obelean blue clay? One pay toder—damme! no floggee no nigger no more—soon go die, debbel ob pirate—da, da, go to hell—get warm dere—Annibal, searchee—searchee."

And so the three thieves plundered the apartment of all the portable valuables, and found a great quantity of ready money also. This done, they each practised various indignities upon the helpless yet perfectly sensible Sir Henry Morgan, and, as they left, informed the servants that he was in a sweet and refreshing sleep, and that he was not to be disturbed till ten o'clock, at which time the doctor would return to witness his perfect recovery.

Neither the black doctor, Quashie Hecattystick, nor his two assistants, were ever more heard of in Jamaica.

A RIDE ON HORSEBACK TO FLORENCE.*

WE once chanced to meet with an honest doctor—(start not, reader—there be such—"two, or one") who admitted that riding on horseback might, and in fact did, perform cures that were beyond the reach of his "so potent art." But this was very far from admitting that it could perform a miracle; which he *may* admit, if he should chance to light upon this pleasant book. Conceive a readable work of near eight hundred closely printed pages, on a journey over a track so beaten, by book-writing travellers, that our English turnpike roads are (since the rails) like the grass-grown streets of Florence or Genoa by comparison!—But when we state that the journey was performed *on horseback*, the wonder ceases:—add that both book and journey are the performances of a *lady* equestrian, and the miracle not merely sinks into an ordinary matter, but opens a vista of countless new volumes on topics that, although the pleasantest of all, have long been looked upon as utterly used up and exhausted. The "Lady" to whom we are indebted for these agreeable volumes, appears to have started from her home (a country one of course—our London fair know nothing of riding on horseback but what passes for that exercise in the park) accompanied by her anonymous husband, D—, her pony Fanny, and gray mare, ycleped Grizzle (*not* in this case "the better horse"), and John, an Irish groom—to have mounted the said Fanny in the *cour* of Meurice's Hotel, at Calais—and never to have *dismounted*,—barring bed-time and meals,—till she reached her destination at Florence. It needs scarcely be stated that the little party met with innumerable adventures,—pleasant as well as the reverse,—incident to their peculiar mode of getting over the ground; and that these, as they form the most novel, form also the most inviting portions of the book. But these, and a thousand more such, could not have compensated for the hacknied character of the general topics treated of, had it not been for the animal spirits, the good humour, the patience under petty annoyances, the willingness to be pleased, and the desire and capacity to please our companions, that are inevitably incident to riding on horseback. As it is, however, the book is one of the pleasantest of its kind that we are acquainted with; and as useful as it is pleasant;—useful to *all* travellers over the same tract—but especially to those who may have at once the nerve and the *nous* (for it requires a little of both) to perform it on horseback.

To show the more than patience—the "pleased alacrity"—with which this mode of travelling enables its practisers to face difficulties and dangers of no ordinary kind,—we will give a brief specimen of the "Lady's" adventure in crossing the Alps at a period when the road has just been broken up by a storm. The dwellers in towns and cities will scarcely credit, any more than our travelling "Lady" did, the singular fact, that within a stone's throw, as it were, of the great road which joins together France and Italy, there dwell whole families who *had never seen a horse*, until a young Englishwoman rode one all the way from Calais to enlighten them. The whole account of the *contre-temps* is full of interest, but we can only give three or four pages of it. Driven out of the vile

inn at the vile little village of Isella, by the crowd of travellers who had been stopped short there by the recent catastrophe, our equestrian pair determined to try their fortune at finding or making a way, but are soon on the point of returning in despair,—when they are accosted by a wandering priest, who provides them with a guide across a mountain track over the Trasquiera, which he thinks *may* be passable.

The Trasquiera almost hangs over Isella, and the zigzag path up its side commences from the broken road we had crossed after leaving the village that morning. Over this our poor horses were led again, and bidding good-bye to the priest and officer, we commenced our ascent, the boy leading the way, Fanny climbing like a goat, and pulling up the guide, who, having never touched a horse's rein before, rather hung by it than was of service; D—— supporting Grizzle, who was very frightened and awkward, and I bringing up the rear; and though they were obliged to pause every ten steps for breath, often at a distance; as the weight of my habit encumbered me, and this path is not even used by mules, and by the country people rarely to drive their cattle to the pastures, as there is a better on the other side the mountain. For the first five minutes we went on trusting it would improve after the first quarter of an hour, because to turn became almost impossible, the track being at no part more than two feet broad, and winding in zigzags along the extreme verge above a torrent, which, though neither so broad nor deep as the Doveria, would, as Mercurio said, “serve,” and besides formed like an irregular stair of steps of stone two and three feet high, small and pointed, broad and smooth—I often used hands as well as feet, catching at rocks and roots—Poor Grizzle went sorely against her will; only the boy and Fanny, who were far ahead, seemed to enjoy it.

As the road grew steeper, and I found I must have both hands free, I took off the skirt of my habit, and laid it over the latter's saddle, thinking at the time I never saw a prettier object than her little thorough-bred form in the guise of a packhorse, but stepping on with a demeanour as dignified as if she had been at a review in the Camp de Mars. The path now became absolutely vertical, and the more difficult from its being over smooth loose ground. As we had dined lightly the day before and not breakfasted this, even on a cup of water, I have perhaps an excuse for the giddiness and fear produced by exhaustion, which took momentary possession of me, and certainly brought with them my only real danger, for worn out by the scorching heat and harassing walk, I felt unable to climb higher, too giddy to look back, and unable to sit down, as the ground from its excessive slope afforded no support, and I was afraid of slipping in a minute from the height I had passed three hours in attaining. I believe I was going to scream, but I thought better of it, and seized a pine-branch and arrived at the stones and safer ground before D——, who had therefore left Grizzle to her fate, could arrive to help me. Here was the first chalet, but it was locked, left by its owners, who were gone to the high pastures, and we were disappointed in our hoped-for draught of water. There was a spring, the boy said, half an hour's walk farther, so we rested a few minutes and then went on patiently, though it was twelve o'clock, and we were parched with thirst; and mountain air, renovating as it is, will not supply the place of all things. We were now in a tract of pine forest, and at its steepest part found our way barred by half-a-dozen Italian woodcutters, who were felling the trees, one of which lay across our path. D—— said afterwards he expected a worse adventure here, for we had a large sum in gold about us, and the odds were in their favour, besides that the ground was of such nature, that a push would have been sufficient to settle matters without trouble. The Italians were, however, better than their countenances; they opened their dark eyes wider in wonder at the apparition of English horses there, but dragged aside the pine: and when I, who had struck my foot against some roots and could get no farther, called to them to give me “la mano,” goodnaturedly pulled me up, each consigning me to the broad

black hand of his comrade, so that I arrived at the summit of the mound with more ease than accompanied my climbings heretofore. After this followed a few steps of what the guide denominated plain. The direction of our road had changed, and now too high above the unseen Doveria to hear its roar, we looked through vistas of pines to those of the mountains on its opposite bank, seeming a continuation of these forests without a symptom of the abyss between. We toiled on some time longer, D—— casting back at me looks of pity, and I trying to smile, though I should have been puzzled to say for what. We found two juniper-berries and hips and haws, and shared them after the manner of the babes in the wood, but the delight was the spring, at which we arrived at last, trickling from a rock. D—— bent the top of his hat into a hollow, and out of this cup we drank, I do not know how many draughts, but certainly the best in our lives; for my own part the relief it afforded seemed to dispel all fatigue, and we went on merrily, though our path lay across the bed of a torrent, which, though hardly flowing, had still sufficient water to make slippery its smooth shelving stones, polished like marble by its pas-age.

The ascent continued, but it was no longer rapid, and half an hour brought us on the mountain pastures at the summit, and among the chalets. We saw nobody; the priest's brother said it was not the hour for finding milk, so there was nothing to be done but to lie down on the short fine grass, irrigated by a hundred rills, and let the horses drink from them, and drink ourselves out of the palm of our hands. The guide murmured for the fiftieth time "*paese del Diavolo*," and the boy laughed at me. Though he had knocked at one of these habitations and found no one, he was fortunately wrong as to the absence of all, and the wondrous sight we indeed constituted there, attracted some of the half-wild mountain women, good looking and picturesquely attired with bright kerchiefs on their heads, and cloth leggings instead of stockings on their feet, coarse brown jackets and blue cloth petticoats with a deep crimson border.

The first who issued from the dwelling, seeing the perseverance with which I drank out of my hand from the mountain stream, came smiling to offer a long ladle, which was an admirable substitute. An old woman seeing, I suppose, that I looked pale and faint, plunged her hand into a long pocket and drew forth two apples. We accepted them with great gratitude, and asked if we could get some milk; it really was not the hour, but several of the good natured creatures set forth different ways in search, and our first benefactress, who had left us for a moment, returned, this time her apron quite full of the small sweet apples, and with her half a dozen companions came close to watch us eat them, and say "*povero*" and "*poverina*" every minute. They asked the guide and the boy fifty questions without obtaining satisfactory answers, for they spoke a patois, which neither clearly comprehended. For my own part, Giuseppe's Swiss Italian was bad enough; the boy spoke purely, for he was from the shores of the Lago Maggiore, but of this not a word in ten was intelligible to me. I understood, however, that the horses were even more than ourselves the objects of their curiosity. Their admiration was unwearied; they walked round them and clapped their hands, and laughed to see them eat and drink, repeating some of the few Italian words they knew, "*Oh la bella bestia, la bella bestia*," and that they had never seen a horse before."

FASCINATION.*

THE leading idea of the tale which gives a title to this work is indeed excellent, and is worked out with much cleverness, and to a most amusing result. A young French marquis of the time of

* *Fascination, and other Tales.* Edited by Mrs. Gore. 3 vols.

Louis XV., is endowed by nature with such resistless powers of "Fascination," both mental and physical, that he "charms the very birds from off the trees." Like a certain brilliant and conspicuous countryman of his in our own day and city, there is something so "taking" about him, that the tradesmen insist on his getting in their debt whether he will or no; the money-lenders force him to borrow of them; the most ill-conditioned insist on doing him services; the lawyers are "too happy" to carry on his suits at their own cost; the women insist on marrying him; and even the restive horses, that will be ridden by nobody else, are as docile under *his* hand as a lady's hackney! At the outset of the story we find him penniless and friendless,—except that his old tutor is "fascinated" to run away from college with him, and become his chum in a miserable *cinquième* in Paris, rather than lose sight of him, or let him go into the world without a Mentor; and the first (involuntary) exertion of his power is to fascinate "five ells of amaranth-coloured Segovian cloth, and three ells of taffeta for the lining," into a new coat, at the hands of a poor tailor, out of pure inability on the part of the said tailor to resist seeing so fascinating a gentleman dressed *like* a gentleman;—and so on, till at last, on a great princess falling in love with and offering to marry him, he declines the honour till he has made himself in some sort worthy of it, by "fascinating" the three Aulic councillors, on whom the decision of a great lawsuit depends, to give it in his favour, against their honours, their consciences, and their interests! This latter portion of the story is so much superior, both in design and execution, to all the rest of it, that we are apt to think the early portions must be the result of an after-thought, with a view to extending the tale beyond its due limits; which is its only fault. The part in question, the scenes of which are laid in Germany, would make a capital subject for a comic drama, and we have little doubt they will be so employed. Each of the Aulic councillors is a *character*, diametrically different from all the rest, and each is impressed with the belief (of what is in fact true) that the gay and gallant young Marquis they have made up their minds respectively to nonsuit, is anything but what a marquis and a gentleman ought to be—in other words, that he in no particular resembles themselves. Such, however, is the versatility of his gifts and accomplishments, that by adopting for the nonce the respective characters and qualities of each, he gains his end with all. This part of the tale brings before us many lively, amusing, and characteristic scenes. We cannot, however, improve of the unhappy close to the story; though the writer has doubtless adopted it from the original source (the *Memoirs of the Maréchal de Créqui*), on which the tale is founded.

With this single exception, the tale is highly amusing; it is full to overflowing of incident, animation, and variety, and affords an excellent picture of the condition of French society in almost all its departments, about twenty years before the Revolution,—from the shop-board and little back-parlour of the jobbing tailor in the Rue St. Honoré, with his virago wife and his sentimental apprentice, to the gardens and court of Versailles, with all their gorgeous and glittering denizens. But the pictures of the social manners of the time which will still more amuse and interest the general reader, are those arising out of the "fascinating" hero's adventures with the three members of

the Aulic council; the jolly old hunting and woman-hating Baron of Henferester, the learned Doctor Aloysius Sphex, and the henpecked gourmand, Flacsinfingen. The whole of this portion of the tale is conceived and conducted in so dramatic a spirit, that it might be worked into a conic drama by a few hours' trouble, and be put upon the stage with a certainty of success. The picture of the Hall in the ancient Manor-house of a German baron of the old school, is drawn with singular truth and force, and is worthy of Cattermole's pencil: there is not a touch of anything modern or newfangled about it. The following description of the arrival of the baron at home after a long day's hunting, is full of spirit, and will convey a fair impression of the style in which this story is written.

The lord of Henferester was about fifty years of age, of colossal height, and Herculean strength. On entering the hall, he threw down his cap upon the dresser. His fair hair was cut short; while his beard, which he only shaved on council days, was so thick and abundant, that his face was nearly covered. His features, strongly defined and bronzed by the open air, were somewhat hard, but of a noble expression.

His old green vest, buttoned up to the chin, was dripping with wet. His leather breeches, black with age, and his heavy boots coming up to his thighs were cased with mud; while his girdle was garnished with horn-handled hunting-knives. Slung over his chest was his horn, and he held in his hand a hunting-whip and rifle. Having delivered up the last-mentioned articles to his major-domo, who hung them carefully up, he advanced to the fire with a dissatisfied look; distributed a few kicks of his boot to disperse the dogs, and sat down heavily in the old oak-chair, crying out to the hounds in an irritated voice, "Back, back there! you are only worthy to turn the spit yonder, instead of pursuing noble animals in the chase. Give in after five hours' run, because the boar's hole was a little too thorny? You are become precious delicate, forsooth! Even you, old beast Ralph!" cried he, lashing out a smart kick at a very fine hound.

The major-domo, perceiving the ill-humour of his lord alluded to more successful days.

"I can understand his lordship's discontent," said he, "so little accustomed as he is to such ill-fortune, but—"

"Enough, enough!" cried his lordship. "Prithee, serve the venison. I want my supper, for I am as hungry as a wolf. The boar took us as far as the forest of Henterpressen."

"My lord must admit that the dogs were not so much in fault. But will not my lord be pleased to change his coat—he is so very wet?"

"Change, quotha? Why, what the devil—master Selbitz, am I turned milksop?" cried the irritated sportsman. "Do you take me for a young lady or a Frenchman?—do I ever change when I return from hunting?—do my dogs change?—do my horses change?"

"No, certainly not, my lord. But your lordship's clothes smoke like a washing-tub."

"Well, well! That proves that the humidity is evaporating."

"But, my lord—"

"Hold your tongue, sir!—Selbitz the ass—Selbitz, the chatterbox as you are—and give me a glass of kirschenwasser." Then, seeing the letter upon his plate, he added, "What the deuce is *this*, master Selbitz?"

"A letter brought by express from the Count of Hasfeld," replied the major-domo.

"To the devil with business to-night!" cried Henferester. "It is quite enough to go to Vienna twice a week," said his lordship, opening the letter, "without being troubled at home." He then read the following epistle:—

"I beg leave to apprise you, my dear Baron, that the French Marquis Létorère will arrive at your house to-day, to solicit you respecting his lawsuit. I need not recall to your mind the almost formal promise you made me, to act with your two colleagues in furthering the interests of the Duke of Brandenburg."

"I have the honour &c.

"J. T."

"What the devil can this Frenchman want here?" exclaimed the irritable lord. "By the holy kings of Cologne! I never have a moment's quiet. Here is this Ver-a-illes fop coming to worry me like a boar in its hold. In my opinion, his suit is already lost—that is, half lost. What can he want now? Does he suppose I can feel interested about an effeminate fop, who embroiders and wears rouge and patches? But, pest take it! how to avoid the fellow? If he come, I *must* give him hospitality. Vienna is fifteen leagues from hence. How am I to send him back? To the devil, I say, with all lawyers and lawsuits! Should he come to-night he must sleep here,—and where, pray? One might as well have a lying-in in the house as a French fop."

The Baron stamped on the floor with rage, as he observed to his majordomo, "A Frenchman will be here to-night—a Marquis—about some law business. I cannot let him return to Vienna in such weather as this. Where the deuce can we lodge him?—I dare say he has as many handboxes as a woman!"

"Faith, my lord, I scarcely know, unless it be in the rat-garret," replied Selbitz.

"With all my soul—he it so!" cried his lordship, ironically. "And in order that he may have a favourable notion of the hospitality of my château, mind that there be silk curtains to the bed, pillars of cedar-down, fine Holland sheets, perfumed candles in china candelabra, and let his bed be warmed with ashes of aloes-wood—Do you hear, sir?"

"I do, my lord!" replied Selbitz, dishing up the venison, the pork and sauerkraut, and delighted with the jocularity of his master. "Be sure, my lord, I will fulfil your lordship's instructions. The straw of the mattress shall be shaken up,—the coverlid well beat,—all the cobwebs swept away,—that the moonlight may not be obstructed; and finally, since he is so particular, his bed shall be warmed by the turnspit!"

Heuferester appeared vastly diverted by this facetious manner of describing the rat-garret; which in all respects resembled his own chamber, for he was completely indifferent to the common necessities of life.

"To table, to table!" cried his lordship, drawing his knife from his girdle.

At that moment a postboy's horn was heard without.

"It is perhaps this damned Marquis!" cried he. "Here—Erhard!—Selbitz! Run to meet the fellow—run!"

And, rising from his seat, the Baron observed,

"He must be possessed by the devil, to travel in such weather! Bless his soul! on the soft cushions of his travelling-carriage he is much better off than under my roof! Well, well! let us have a look at this pink of a man—the most effeminate of the effeminate court of France!"

And in spite of his disinclination, the Baron stepped out to welcome his newly-arrived guest.

This capital story occupies an entire third of the whole work. The other tales, which are six in number, are chiefly illustrative of the French manners and society of various periods, including the present, and are full of interest and variety. They are offered by the editor as "specimens of the most popular writers of France;" and they convey a very favourable impression of the light literature of our mercurial neighbours.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

For a long time past the Editor has felt the want of some short mode of communication with his Correspondents. The inconvenience of troubling Mercury on every petty occasion, and the impossibility of personal interviews with so many individuals, and at such various distances, were sufficiently apparent ; but the remedy was not so obvious. At last, after a casual visit to St. Paul's, the idea occurred of devoting a department of the Magazine-like the famous Gallery in the Cathedral, to the circulation of confidential gossip. In pursuance of this plan, the latter pages of the *New Monthly* have been specially appropriated to the purpose ; and it is expected that a whisper uttered therein will reverberate quite loud enough for the deafest and most distant of our friends. In fact, many persons will *hear* from us by reading this portion aloud. Listeners must not, however, be surprised should some of its murmurs be unintelligible. Sounds, that to one ear may seem as unmeaning as the "Wulla-wulla-wulla" of Hook's skipper, may convey to another organ the most significant syllables. It must be remembered, also, that to different parties the same sentence may imply very opposite things. For example, the poetical line, "and *rifle* all the *breathing spring*," would only denote to an Englishman a gathering of flowers, but to a Kentuckian, the shooting some animal in its leap. Our allusions may be local or personal. What is as puzzling as a riddle at Chichester, may be as explicit as an oath at York—a hint as obscure to John Canoe as a nod to a blind horse, may be as clear as the sun at noon-day, and no eclipse, to Davy Jones. But *verb. sat.*

To begin, our echoes cannot be better employed than in repeating a few words from Cornwall :—

"As some person is now employing his time in writing letters to many noblemen and gentlemen, in my name, soliciting subscriptions, liberty of dedication, &c., to a supposed publication of mine, will you allow me the opportunity of stating in your columns, that all such letters are *Forgeries*."

"I am, &c.,

"B. W. PROCTER.

"Feb. 3, 1842."

We cannot fairly interfere in the literary wager. Nor do we see how a large list of Subscribers can determine the *popularity* of an unpublished work. Many persons subscribe to books they never intend to read, and certainly would not relish or approve. Some striking examples of this evil practice are lying before us, and may be exhibited in our next number. A poem on the Thames ought to be written in Pool measure.

Is Emily, of Durham, herself or her brother ?

To B.—We have not heard that the quaker uniform is hereafter to be dyed turned up with Prussian blue. The royal compliment was to the Friend, not to the Society. In fact, in Prussia quakerism is practically discouraged by compelling every male subject to become a soldier.

W. H.—Had better consult some first-rate Latinist. Our own impression is that *ora pro nobis*, does not mean "Hooray for us."

The communication from a "Borough Magistrate" is on a subject too political for our pages. All we have learned, personally, from the interminable debates on Corn is, that no M. P. knows when to cut it.

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LITERARY REPORT FOR APRIL.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.—The third volume of this highly-interesting work, now on the eve of publication, contains the narrative of Miss Burney's residence at the Court of Queen Charlotte. The "sayings and doings," not only of majesty itself, but also of the gay and brilliant circle composing the Court of George the Third, chronicled by so delightful a writer as Miss Burney, whose familiar revelations have been justly compared to those of Horace Walpole, must prove welcome in no ordinary degree to the public at large, who have hitherto known little of the domestic manners of royalty, and of what was passing behind the scenes at the Court of England at that eventful period. The new volume will be illustrated by a fine portrait of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, after a painting by Gainsborough.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.—Miss Strickland's fourth volume of these delightful memoirs, has at length come forth to gratify the public curiosity, which had been excited in so lively a manner by the preceding portions of her invaluable work, which must ever be one of most commanding attraction and importance to all who feel any interest in the history of their country. The present volume comprises the biographies of Elizabeth of York (Queen of Henry VII.) Katharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katharine Howard.

THE BRITISH BALLADS.—Mr. S. C. Hall is preparing for press a volume that will, in some degree, associate with the "Book of Gems of British Poets," published by him some three or four years ago. The work on which he is now engaged is a collection of British Ballads, including the choicest of those that have been gathered, with so much industry and labour, by Percy, Evans, Ritson, Ellis, Scott, Jameson, Pilkington, Motherwell, &c. &c.; the majority of which rank among the most popular compositions in the language, but which have never yet been brought together. The engravings are to be on wood from drawings by the most eminent of our British artists; and it is intended to introduce an illustration upon every page, so that the volume may contain above Four Hundred embellishments. Ample scope will thus be afforded for the display of that genius in design, in which the artists of Great Britain have been hitherto unjustly contrasted (to their disadvantage) with the artists of Germany and France, whose works, drawn on the wood, are generally considered of unapproachable excellence. The volume will be "got up" so as to vie, in all departments with the best productions that have been issued in any country.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.—Such is the title of a new work of fiction about to be introduced to the public by Captain Chamier. It is said to present many vivid sketches of character and accurate pictures of existing manners and society in the upper classes of life, with which no one is better acquainted than the gallant editor.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—The present position of our affairs in Afghanistan has naturally created a most lively curiosity, and directed the public attention in an especial manner, towards that part of the "Asian world." It is not surprising, therefore, that the narrative of Mr. Vigne's forthcoming Travels in Kashmere, the Alpine Punjab, and Great and Little Thibet, should be impatiently expected. The volumes will be accompanied by a map of the above countries, which has been engraved under the auspices of the Honourable East India Company, and which will fill up a blank in geography, besides a variety of illustrations of costume, &c.

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL KEPPEL.—This work will certainly be published in the course of the present month. It will contain a number of interesting historical letters to the admiral from his political contemporaries, together with his own in reply, as also his Manuscript Journals, &c.

The Countess of Blessington's new novel, entitled "The Lottery of Life," is in a forward state at press, and may be expected about the middle of the present month.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. IX.

I TAKE it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up—unless particularly *inn-disposed*—at an Inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged—to be ill, and ill attended—to be poorly, and poorly fed—to be in a bad way, and a bad bed—But let us pull up with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such an outlandish *Hostelrie*, and take a peep at its ‘Entertainment for Man and Horse.’

Bur-r-r-r-rrrr!

The nag stops as if charmed—and as cool and comfortable as a cucumber—at least till it is peppered—for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair*—

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in *Kleinewinkel*, it will serve just as well to cry “Boxkeeper!” as “Ostler!” but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

’Tis Katchen herself—with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron—and a huge rye-loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at every body, including the horse! But see—she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it—as if to sweeten its sourness—against her soft, palpitating bosom, the very hemisphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut—or rather haggle—for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard: but she works with good will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self, at last severs a liberal slice from the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by

the lips—of a sweet little curly chubby urchin?—no—of our big, bony iron-gray post-horse!

Now then, Courteous Reader, let us step into the Stube, or Traveller's Room; and survey the fare and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor—and that dreary stove—and those smoky dingy walls—and for a night's lodging, yonder wooden trough—far less desirable than a shakedown of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup—and that drowned beef—and the rotten pickle-cabbage—and those terrible Hog-Cartridges—and that lump of white soap, flavoured with carraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese—

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the “*dura ilia Messorum*” into an Iliac Passion—and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nastities, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night's rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the “Entertainment for Man and Horse”—a clear proof, ay, as clear as the Author's own proof, with the date under his own hand—

Of what, sir?

Why that Dean Swift's visit to Germany—if ever he did visit Germany—must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver,—namely to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos.

CHAP. X.

To return to the afflicted trio—the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C.—in the small, sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best room at the Adler. The most miserable “party in a parlour—”

“’Twas their own faults!” exclaims a shadowy Personage, with peculiarly hard features—and yet not harder than they need to be considering against how many things, and how violently, she sets her face. But when did Prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never—since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade*!

“’Twas their own faults,” she cries, “for going abroad. Why couldn't they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?”

“Lebanon, ma'am.”

“Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats!”

“Nevertheless, madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example—”

“Oh, pray don't! I hate to hear you say so. I hate every body who doesn't hate every thing foreign.”

“Possibly, madam, you have never been abroad?”

“Oh, yes! I once went over to Calais—and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent!”

“For what reason, madam?”

“Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent—because it's so large.”

"Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides?"

"No—I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad—I hate governesses—and her Reverend sick father with ridiculous spasms—I hate Dissenters— They're not High Church."

"Nay, my dear madam, you are getting a little uncharitable."

"Charity! I hate its name. It's a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others? As the Corsair says,

My very love to thee is hate to them.

But I hate Byron.

"As a man, ma'am, or as an author?"

"Both. But I hate all authors—except Dr. Johnson."

"True—he liked 'a good hater.'"

"Well, sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a Lord among wits. Oh, how I hate the aristocracy!"

"You do, madam!"

"Yes—they have such prejudice. And then they're so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem and New York—I hate the Americans—don't you?"

"Why, really, madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover natural bad qualities."

"Phoo, phoo—I hate flummery. You know as well as I do, what an American is called—and if there's one name I hate more than another, it's Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there. Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine!—I hate that Bulwer.—Yes, they set out indeed like Pilgrim's Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains—but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blowses—I hate smock-flocks—they come back hardly like Christians. There's my own husband, Mr. P.—I quite hate to see him!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—I hate to cast my eyes on him. He hasn't had his hair cut these twelvemonths—I hate long hair—and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was a real ermine."

"A moustache, madam, is in fashion."

"Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi—but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learned to smoke—I hate smoke—I hate tobacco—and I hate to be called a Frow—and to be spun round and round till I'm as sick as a dog—for I hate waltzing. Then don't he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour crout—I hate German cookery—and will have oiled melted butter because they can't help it abroad?—and there's nothing so beautiful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won't drink my home-made wine—at least if I don't call it Hock, or Rude-something, and give it him in a green glass. I hate such nonsense. As for conversing, whatever we begin upon, if it's Harfordshire, he's sure to get at last to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine—I hate such rambling. But that's not half so hateful as his Monomanium."

"His what, madam?"

"Why his hankering so after suicide (I *do* hate Charlotte and Werter), that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains!"

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, sir. I hate joking. And then there are his horrid noises; for since he was in Germany he fancies that every body must be musical—I hate such wholesale notions—and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring! But pray go on, sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense."

CHAP. XI.

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Adler, convinced her that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no Cook—no John to send for the Doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Gefällig" or Ja Wohl—and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the mean time, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floorcloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made,—for fear it should be wrong,—and accordingly whenever he at-

tempted to lean towards the right-side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—"Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow, sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—
Or plaited him a guard-chain—
Or cut him out a watch-paper—
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
Or embroidered his waistcoat—
Or worked him a pair of slippers—
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have re-jacketed him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—
Or encrusted him with blue alum—
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—
Or festooned him—

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!

CHAP. XII.

"Mercy on me!"

[N.B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little dwarfish "smooth-legged Bantam" of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active black eyes—and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Partlet with ten chicks of her own and six adopted ones from another hen.]

"Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla—she's like a born idiot. Fancy-work him, indeed! I've no patience—as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancy-work him into a picture of health. Why didn't she think of something comforting for his, inside instead of

embellishing his out—something as would agree, in lieu of filagree, with his case. A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast—and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I'll warrant, if I'd been there, I'd have unspasmed him in no time. I'd have whipped off his shoes and stockings and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was."

"There can be no doubt, ma'am, of the warmth of your humanity."

"Warmth! it's every thing. I'd have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense—stick him into his grave at once! Miss Crane? Miss Goose, rather. A poor helpless Sawney! I wonder what women come into the world for if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs agin in a jiffy—and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred."

"But madam—"

"Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth!"

"But madam—"

"To have a dying parent before her eyes—and think of nothing but trimming his jacket!"

"But—"

"A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she couldn't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry."

"Of course, madam—or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology."

"Conk what?"

"Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates?"

"Dates! what those stony things—for a spasmodic stomach!"

"Are you really at home in Arrowsmith?"

"You mean Arrow-root."

"Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises?"

"What, drawing o' corks?"

"Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech—the rudiments of his native tongue?"

"To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever."

"Are you acquainted, madam, with Lindley Murray?"

"Why no—I can't say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers."

"In short, could you prepare a mind for refined intellectual intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties?"

"Prepare his mind—religious duties?—Phoo, phoo, he warn't come to that!"

"Excuse me, I mean to ask, ma'am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies, in all those usual branches of knowledge and female accomplishments——"

"Me! What me keep a 'Cademy! Why, I've hardly had any edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit

over. Lor, bless you, sir, I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat!"

Exactly, madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a School room, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one—Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton Beach!

CHAP. XIII.

RELIEF at last!

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the Invalid, to signify the destination of the dose he held out to Miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the perscription.

"Ruth—what is Snaps?"

"Take it and smell it," replied Miss Ruth, still with some asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior—but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongue. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian Mistress in the Prospectus, and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person—not to name a lady, not distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

"I think," said Miss Priscilla, holding the wineglasses at a discreet distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, "it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G."

So saying, she prepared to return the drink to the kindly Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go of the glass a second or two before he got hold of it, and the Schnaps fell, with a crash, to the ground.

The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty—but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

"What do you think, Ruth, of a little horchound tea?"

"Well ask for it," replied Miss Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the efficacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for—in English—as any thing else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman, shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

"Ruth—what is forstend mix?"

But Ruth was silent.

"They all appear to think very highly of it," however, continued Miss Priscilla, "and I should like to know where to find it."

"It will be in the kitchen, if any where," said Miss Ruth, while the invalid—whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalizing nature of the discussion—gave a low groan.

"My poor dear papa! He will sink—he will perish from exhaustion!" exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety, into the strange kitchen. The House-wife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress, and whether from national phlegm or intense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hindrance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the Governess had no distinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her life. It was a *Terra Incognita*—a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries, and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the Cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling-pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flower-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an Orange-tree, and the range might be that of the Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew no more how to boil an egg than if she had been the Hen that laid it, or the Cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the Art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporize Flint Broth—and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake,—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof—phew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. It's paste—common paste!"

(To be continued).

SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

But oh! what rapture do we find,
 When *demonstration* leads the mind, &c.
 DILWORTH.

Of all conceivable classes of Practical People, there is one certain set whose system deserves to be held in especial abhorrence.

The principle of suiting the action to the word, may be perfectly sound in some cases; but the exceptions are too numerous to justify a general adoption of the rule. In the case of a promise to pay, the suit-the-action-to-the-word system is eminently desirable; but nobody above the level of a pettifogger, sniffing damages, would desire it to apply in a case of threatening to kick. It is excellent, no doubt, in the instance of a charity-sermon; but highly disagreeable in association with a sentence to be hanged.

The Practical People to whom a strongly disrespectful allusion has just been made, constitute that class of expositors, who, let them be upon what subject, or in what society they may, are never satisfied without an ocular demonstration of any fact they may happen to report.

They are to be met in every street, in every drawing-room—at the club and at the theatre. Go not very near them, if you can possibly help it. Even at church it may be prudent to shift your seat into the next pew—you are never safe but when you are out of reach.

These demagogues are dangerous then? What is it they *do*? He who is simple enough to ask the question has never, it is clear, received a friendly poke in the ribs, in exposition of some circumstance or event obligingly related to him by one of these practical people.

An individual of this species is matter-of-fact to the very tips of his eyelashes. If he were to dream, it would be upon the principle of a clock, or a spinning-jenny, or a steam-engine. His visions would be accurately measured off into yards and furlongs, their rainbow-hues would be arranged in exact order and to a set pattern, and he would tell you in the morning, to an ounce, the precise weight of a nightmare.

If such be the principle that must regulate his dreams, it is easy to guess how he would describe occurrences that happen when he is awake. He cannot be content to talk—he must *act*. He has always a misgiving about mere words, and resorts to his arms or legs—or to his umbrella, or an article of furniture—to eke out the meaning, and give force to his description. Thus if his talk be of dancing, he cuts an illustrative caper; or should he attempt to describe Catalani's singing, he will squeeze out an asthmatic note of explanation—a thick guttural sound, to make the account clear, and assist your comprehension. "Ah! if you had heard her when her voice went up so," is a favorite expression of his—a screech following, of course. The expositor never thinks he has done any thing, until he has tried to show you practically *what* was done. He is the man who, with his remorseless walking-stick, crops your tulips to exemplify the system of decapitation in the east; and he would joyfully set your chimney on fire, if he could con-

vey to your mind an idea of the eruption he witnessed when he was last at Naples. He esteems his description nothing, if not illustrated; he is an *illustrator*, or he is nobody.

There are people—we all meet them daily—who seem to think that their bare words are not to be taken. They have always a superabundance of emphasis, and when relating the most trivial and probable circumstances, they support the credible narrative with solemn asseverations of its truth, as though any one could doubt it. You may catch them swearing to such a fact as this: “I was going up Waterloo-place this morning, when what should I see tearing down from Regent-street, but an omnibus—*upon my life it’s true.*” They are only to be matched by those practical persons of whom we are speaking—who assume that what they *say* goes for nothing, and that nobody can understand them, unless they demonstrate and attitudinize as they proceed. They reverse the position, which the moral poet shows to be the false one,—

Their pride in acting, not in reasoning lies;

but they are, nevertheless, not a whit nearer to its opposite. Nay, the harder they toil, the further they often are from the point they propose to attain; inasmuch as their simple, unillustrated statement may conjure up an image in the mind of the listener, which the spectator’s eye is slow to recognise in the acted representation of it. They weaken their oral account of the most ordinary miracle by endeavouring to realize it visibly—“injuring their credit by offering too much security.” The picture that lives bloomingly in description, is as dead as Queen Anne when deemed susceptible of bodily delineation. We can allow the old soldier to gabble on, while we imagine more wonders than his weak words hint at; but when he

Shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields were won,

the sublime hobbles out, and burlesque rushes in in triumph.

Take a literal example suggested by the word acting. An illustrious old stager was on one occasion eloquent, to a degree that made the jaded hour of four in the morning look fresh, like half-past eleven at night, while descanting on the wonderful qualities of a tragedian of the past age—George Frederick Cooke. In the general picture drawn, in the masterly analysis of power, the imagination saw a prodigy; and Cooke grew into a wonder before eyes that had never beheld him; but when the glowing eulogy terminated in an accurate and vivid imitation of the voice and manner of the actor, the spell was broken, and the audience broke up too—thoroughly convinced that the magnificent tragedian was a monstrous savage.

But the practical man pluming himself upon suiting the action to the word, does not always miss the great point he aims at—which is conviction. He seeks to convince you at all hazards; and thanks to his physical energy, exemplified in the poke in the ribs feelingly alluded to above, he sometimes succeeds. We do not here advert to the poke so frequent as to be quite familiar, wherewith a smart jest—a delicate and fragile pun—is, some minutes after its birth, in certain companies rewarded—attended often by the approving exclamation, “Sly dog,” or “devilish clever!”

No; this sort of hit has its defence; it serves to symbolize the rubs and knocks, accompanied with praise, which genius is sure, at some period of its career, to encounter from its fickle and hard-fisted admirers; and happy is that gifted benefactor of his kind, who, having convulsed the world with fattening laughter, or sprinkled it with purifying tears, sustains no heavier ill at its hands than a half-spiteful, half-affectionate dig, administered once in a way just a little below the heart. But the physical energy indicated above, plants hits less defensible. Its pokes and digs admit of no excuse, because they are wholly superfluous. As the "hardy tar" said, after taking his three dozen at the gangway, "I should ha' been just as well without 'em."

Let us explain. How often in the week do we encounter a practical man who deems it expedient, the better to illustrate his meaning or enforce the moral of his tale, to give one a precious rap or an explanatory punch somewhere.

"See," he says, illustrating his position, "see—in this way; stand so—I won't hurt you."

You feel the force of his argument for the rest of the day. He has laid down certain rules of logic, and you are to be laid down with them. To make an impression upon you, is to accomplish his point—and he takes the shortest cut.

Another comes up all rage and desperation, but the feeling is gently smothered; you see the smoke, and innocently ask the cause of the fire. He has been assaulted by a ruffian—he was walking quietly along, through a retired part of Westminster, thinking of nothing but the philanthropist Howard and Father Matthew, when a drunken savage ran wilfully against him, and striking him violently upon the shoulder, almost dislocated it.

"Look here," he continues, "in *this* manner!" at the same instant making a sudden and unexpected movement with his uninjured arm, and bringing his whole weight to bear upon you with a shock that calls to mind a charge of cavalry—all in admirable illustration of the injury sustained by the gentle demonstrator.

No words of his would, in his judgment, convey an idea of the outrage he had suffered; nothing short of a practical demonstration will satisfy his mind that you comprehend the nature of his wrong. Ten chances to one that he is not satisfied even then; he sees that you wince under the assault—he hears your indignant protest against this personal exemplification of a grievance—and his apologetic reply is, "Ah, *that's* nothing; you've no idea of it yet;—now just let me show you." Hereupon he draws himself up for a second and more effective illustration; preparing himself for a rush upon your already partially-shattered frame, that would have wellnigh broken the stubborn square at Waterloo.

"I hate that Ironsides," said Tom Flint, the other day. (It was Tom's visit that suggested the idea of this article, illustrating the illustrative tendencies of practical people).

"What has he been doing now, Tom?"

"Oh! he's so ferocious in his friendships," rejoins Flint, sulkily.

"He's always so deucedly glad to see you, and so infernally sorry when you are going away, that he grasps your hand, and holds it in a vice for

a couple of minutes, till the water runs out of your eyes. Why can't people be friendly without doing one an injury?"

"Perhaps you admire that system of shaking hands, which consists in just touching your palm with one or two lax lifeless fingers, and withdrawing them again without so much as an apology for a squeeze?"

"No, no, I don't," returned Flint; "but there's a difference between a hand of warm wax, like one of Madame Tussaud's, and an iron fist that crushes every bone in your fingers instead of shaking them. That fellow now, under pretence of an affectionate regard for me, has given me such a grip, that the edge of my mourning-ring has cut the next finger to the bone. See her!"—proceeded Tom, seizing my hand—"he takes your fingers so; you'd think they were in a vice, wouldn't you?"

And here the tender, weak-nerved, and protesting Flint, all gentleness himself, compressed my digits till, as in his own case, the water poured from my eyes, and testified to the force and fidelity of his illustration.

You can never check these inveterate practitioners by crying out "tell me, don't show me." It is in vain to assure them that you can clearly comprehend the inconvenience of a crushed bone without experiencing it. They will not give you credit for a capacity to conceive their feelings until, by an experiment upon your frame, they have produced a corresponding set of sensations. They will not allow you to take any thing for granted; they afford no scope for the fancy. So utterly matter-of-fact are they in all their notions, that they cannot imagine even the existence of imagination in another.

As this habit of demonstrating grows up in total disregard of a friend's bodily comfort, so in its exercise it is not very scrupulous about a friend's personal property.

One of the demonstrators dined with us upon a certain occasion, when a glass was observed to be slightly chipped at the rim, and a remark was made on the delicacy of the blow that had fractured so nicely without destroying the glass.

"Oh," said my friend, eager for an exposition, "it is very easily done—observe!"

And with the intention of chipping a glass he gave one a smart rap with the back of a knife, and broke it.

"Rather too full a hit," he observed, "I should have struck a little more obliquely. See here, now!"

And another glass was demolished.

"Ah, that goes for nothing," proceeded my experimentalist; "I know it is to be done."

And after shivering three glasses to atoms and cracking a fourth, he proved that he was right, by triumphantly chipping the edge of a fifth.

These enthusiasts in the cause of practical knowledge can scarcely relate a new anecdote—how the Great Captain, once upon a time, called out, "Up, guards, and at 'em!" without overturning the table.

The passion for exemplifying pursues them every where. Hand them some prints with the gentlest possible suggestion to be cautious,

and they will expatiate handsomely upon the barbarous way in which some persons turn over the contents of a portfolio.

"You will see a rough-handed blockhead," say they, "knock about beautiful prints—here now—in *this way*," tossing them about, at the same time, like a pack of cards, to show you ocularly, how very shamefully you are liable to be treated.

"Haven't you seen people," they proceed, "take hold of a valuable engraving with their unwashed finger-and-thumb, and crush the corner of it—~~thus~~!" Suited, as usual, the action to the word!

For the sake of showing you *how* some shabby book was injured, they would disfigure the finest.

"Never lend your books," said a demonstrator, warningly, one day, "to that Hipsonberry; at every place where he leaves off he turns down the page—in *this* fashion!"

And here, of course, a volume was snatched up for illustration—to show practically *how* a leaf is turned down by an unconscionable reader.

These suit-the-action-to-the-word people have another favourite trick. They denounce some esculent as not simply disagreeable to the palate, but so surpassingly nauseous as to be sickening; this duly expatiated on, they wind up with, "Only taste it!" They discover some other substance, obnoxious in as curious a degree to the olfactory nerves, and they are sure to crown their peroration upon its offensiveness, with "just smell it now!"

They are the only eccentrics upon earth who are desperately offended when you are willing to take their words for a fact. Their simple affirmation in either of these cases is all-sufficient; but they as good as tell you that there is no trust to be put in them, and that their opinions are worth nothing. These practical, proof-loving men are truly modest creatures.

Some of them, rather than allow a mere description to take the place of a demonstration, will go so far as to practise upon themselves, to their own detriment, when the more convenient machinery of a bystander is not to be had. If they state some fact from which they are suffering, they give you an example of the fact and of the suffering too. They act a painful scene all over again, just as Launce does by the aid of his dog and his shoe.

When a fly has found its way into their eyelid, and they tell you how acute the agony is upon opening the eye, they *open the eye* immediately to convince you of their accuracy.

We can all recollect what Abernethy is reported to have said to the simple lady, who consulted him about her inward bruise, and explained that when she raised her left arm ("suited the action to the word") it put her to extreme torture.

"Then what a confounded fool you must be to do it," was the muttered reflection of the sensible man.

Shakspeare, who missed nothing, must have seen some of these practical people, and has turned his observation to the usual excellent account. Othello, instructing his hearers as to what they are bound to report of him in Venice, proceeds,

Say, too, that in Aleppo once,
 When a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—*thus!*

The stage direction adds, "*Othello stabs himself.*" This is undoubtedly carrying the principle of practical exposition to its farthest possible limit.

When Shakspeare does a thing he does it thoroughly; and we have almost wished, when obligingly invited to swallow something nauseous by way of testing its disagreeableness, that the matter as well as the manner of the Moor were adopted by the demonstrators. When they relate a story of shooting or poisoning, they should illustrate with pistol or prussic-acid, and die dramatically—martyrs to the truth of illustrated narrative.

Short of that extent, which may be thought to go a little too far, there is, it must be confessed, high authority for the practice without resorting to fable.

When the illustrious Burke declared in the House of Commons, that rather than witness the direful calamity (in deprecation of which he had delivered an impassioned and masterly address), he would plunge a dagger in his heart! at the same time drawing one from under his waistcoat, and exhibiting it to the fear-surprised eyes of honourable gentlemen—he hit upon a magnificent specimen of the practical and the demonstrative.

His friend, the all-admired Fox, figures more pleasantly and wittily in an equally well-known story, the tendency of which is similar. When interrupted, in an allusion to a gentleman whose name will immediately transpire, by loud cries of "Name, name!"

"No," he said, "I must decline mentioning him, though to do it is as easy as to say Jack Robinson."

But both these examples we must consider to be eclipsed by the admirable faculty for practical illustration once strikingly displayed—very strikingly as will be seen—by an eminent pamphleteer now dead, who in his younger days was usher in an humble school. Expounding to a publisher (who had called during school-hours to settle terms for a new treatise on finance) the merits of a grand plan for paying off the national debt without sponge or money!

"Sir," said he, "I here prove by simple arithmetic, that there is no more difficulty in paying it off at once, than there is in *caning this boy!*" at the same instant, dragging one from the nearest form and caning him vigorously—but observe, without the least difficulty.

The illustration was triumphant. The mode of argument was more than forcible, it was convincing. By merely comparing the two tasks of liquidating the debt and flagellating the boy, he just raised an idea of their identity in point of ease; the consequence was that he seemed to establish the practicability of the one by immediately performing the other. When the admiring publisher saw the boy flogged, he fancied the debt was paid. It was the cane that did it all—the comparison would have been nothing without the successful practical experiment.

Desirous of dealing fairly by the demonstrators, as by us they have not done, this anecdote is cited because it seems to supply some vindication of their practice. We are not, and possibly nobody is in these times, so absurd as to object to the flogging of a boy merely because he is not our own, and has committed no offence. The question is, not whether the little ceremony with the cane is just, but whether it is expedient; whether the injury done to the weaker party is a convenience to the stronger. In the case referred to, it was; and the demonstrative principle succeeded. We complain of it only where it fails; where an unwarrantable attack is made without beneficial results; where the outrage is wholly superfluous. It is thrown away, when an acquaintance jams one's hat down over one's eyes, for the mere sake of showing how his own had just before been served in the mob; but it would be by no means thrown away, perhaps, if, while seated beside an author seeing his new play, you were to hiss loudly, with the view of exemplifying to the dramatist the energy with which some brute in the pit had been hissing in his absence.

Nay, you may even go all lengths with the demonstrators, provided you keep a desired object distinctly in view; you may not only injure another, but yourself also, when a great moral end is to be answered.

A story occurs, as a case in point, of a needy gambler, who wished to palm himself off as a pigeon upon a famous rook whom he had never before met, or at least to beget a conviction that he could pay what he lost—which otherwise might seem doubtful.

"Why, sir," said he, "I value it (whatever they were conversing about) I value it no more than I do this bank-note;" taking out one of the last two tens he had left in the world, and quietly lighting his cigar with it.

How empty was 'I have been this vaunt without the flame! The sacrifice was essential to success. Success! by which, in every age and in every class of life, so much that is doubtful in policy and worse than doubtful in morals, is triumphantly vindicated.

The chapter of complaints directed against those who *do* suit the action to the word is after all a short one; but what a volume would it have been, had it included commentaries upon those who *do not* suit the action to the word.

Hazlitt wrote a brilliant essay (years ago, in this magazine) upon "Persons one would wish to have seen."

"Very well," said Charles Lamb, upon reading it, "then I'll write a paper twice as long, on 'Persons one would wish *not* to have seen.'"

A REMONSTRANCE.

"No charm hath he of form or face,
 To win a woman's heart withal!"
 Alas! you wrong him!—many a grace
 Fond Love can see around him fall.
 Yet trust me 'twas not aught of this
 That in my bosom wrought deray,
 It was that gentle tongue of his
 That witch'd my very wits away.

For when in whispers light and low,
 He praised my form and features fair;
 My dimpled cheek's May-morning glow,
 And the gold sunset of my hair;
 And vowed he ne'er had loved in sooth,
 Nor e'er through life could love another;
 Oh! judge me by your own warm youth,
 Could I do ought but love him,—Mother?

And when as hand in hand we walked
 Yon wide and windy park alone,
 At midnight's starry hour—he talked
 Of themes to lovers only known;
 And rising in his deep, dark eye
 I saw the gem he could not smother,
 And felt his fond heart beating high.
 Could I do well but love him—Mother?

And when from every lip, the praise
 Of his high intellect I heard;
 How nothing e'er escaped its rays,
 Or said by sage or sung by bard;
 And to his mind full well could see
 The homage deep of every other;
 And knew *that* mind did worship me,
 Oh, was I wrong to love him—Mother?

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

IV.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

IN one of the great manufacturing cities of our country, a firm does business by the name of the "Westwater Spinning Company." This name is derived from a beautiful stream more than twenty miles distant, on the banks of which stands a very extensive factory. About two thousand persons depend upon this factory for their bread, and as its site has been selected with a view to water-power for machinery, it and the hamlet attached, are most picturesquely placed, and far from other towns or villages of any magnitude. The inhabitants of Westwater form a class by themselves,—disliked by the country people, and not overfond of them in return, and are divided into lesser sets, according to the nature of their labour, and the parts of the buildings in which they are employed.

The benevolent proprietors of the works have taken every measure to secure the well-being of their workpeople. Their houses are comfortable, are kept in constant repair, and have each a small garden attached; while a couple of large fields have been thrown together into a park for their recreation. On this, of a summer evening, after work is done, you may see a hundred or so of the male population merrily engaged at cricket and football, sports, for excellence in which they are famous, while among the trees, at the sides and angles, bands of young girls lie chatting: laughing upon the grass, or run about chasing each other in frolic. Others again walk about, either in the park or on the banks of the clear Westwater, along whose winding and very beautiful margin footpaths extend for miles. But while their bodily health has been thus attended to their mental profit has not been forgotten. A church and a library, which is also a reading-room, form part of the buildings, and, from the opened windows of an edifice, apart from the rest, you may hear issuing a hum of little voices, telling that the work of instruction is busily going on. The greatest man in the place is, of course, the manager, whose large white house you see just before entering the little town. This situation was held for many years by my father,—and here I was born, and received the first rudiments of my education.

When I attended the school—decidedly the prettiest little lass in it was a small creature called Jane Granton, pronounced in the dialect of the place Jeeny, or more often Cheeny. She was a yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked little thing, exceedingly healthy, goodhumoured and merry, and was the only child of a widow who kept a kind of small green-grocery-shop in the village. This widow was a very goodlooking woman,—indeed, it was a common saying to the little girl from the grocer's up people that, pretty as she was, she would never be like her mother. She had the reputation of being a very religious person, and was the only one in the place that, from scruples of conscience, refused to attend the services at the church. Indeed, her whole conduct appeared

dashed with a strong and very remarkable tincture of superstitious fanaticism ; though under what particular sect or denomination it might be classed, I have not been able to determine. This peculiarity, as well as her general clean tidy habits, sobriety of demeanour, good looks, and obstinate persistence in the state of widowhood, attracted to her much respect, and to her little child, the attention and kindness of every one in the place. Among the boys at the school, again, little Cheeny was a regular toast : many bloody battles were fought and won, upon various pretences and provocations, all of which, however, were privately known to every one, to be merely in her honour and glory. For a long while I believed myself to be the prime favourite ; but whether this was owing to my own particular personal charms, or to the superior dress and equipment of the manager's boy, I am not prepared to say. But the time came round when I should leave the factory and its beautiful environs, to be transported to a large boarding-school, where the place of the widow's child in my mind was speedily usurped by other charmers. From that school I was removed, four years after, and apprenticed to a medical gentleman for three years more. Upon the completion of my time, I returned, a grown and serious young man, for a month or two's residence with my father ; and if I was changed myself, I certainly found Cheeny much more so.

She was now about seventeen years of age, and just passing from the slender reedlike grace of girlhood, to the full voluptuous development of face and form, of eye and gait, of smile and attitude, characteristic of perfect and beautiful woman. I saw her walking lightly along from work, among a group of other girls, as I was riding into the town, and was struck in a moment by her exceeding beauty ; and not till I saw her turn into the little shop, did the thought enter my mind that to this perfection could have sprung my former pretty schoolmate, little Cheeny Granton. I dismounted and entered just behind her, and addressing the widow, whose staid, yet comely and cheerful countenance now bore palpable traces of the lapse of time, called myself to her recollection, and we entered into conversation with regard to various occurrences that had taken place since I left. I may mention, to account for my long absence from Westwater, that just before I was sent to school, my father, who was a widower, had entered into a second marriage with the daughter of Mr. H——, one of the proprietors, a connexion which ultimately procured for him a partnership, though it was the cause of a very great change in my habits and prospects. While I was talking with her mother, Jane stood by with a sort of quiet unconcerned look. I addressed her, and she answered me frankly, and though she spoke in kindness and good-humour, I at once saw that our former liking, if it had ever existed, was not likely to be renewed. I talked with her for a little, and then leaving the place, rode on to the works. Yet, though my love for her and for many others had all finally merged into one permanent and sensible attachment, and though to endeavour to excite affection in her now, would be not only folly, but crime, I could not, for many days, altogether dismiss her from my thoughts.

As I walked my horse through the village, my fancy called up her image before me. Her stature might have been about five feet and a half, or less,—for it is a difficult matter to judge of a woman's height

—and the symmetry of her figure was matchless. It was one of those so rarely to be met with, exactly following the old Grecian models of classic female beauty. The deeply-hollowed back, the swelling chest and bosom, and high round neck,—the long lower limb, with its full upper development, and short, much-arched foot, all combined to make it perfect. Her waist was not slender—the word light would apply to it rather, for here no means of unnatural compression had ever been practised, and it looked free and unconstrained as she stepped along, having a sort of indistinct undulatory motion, like a swan's-neck, graceful exceedingly. Her face was very beautiful, the nose had just a trace of the Roman curve, while the small plump mouth looked redder than the richest tint limner ever selected, wherewithal to touch the lip of his ideal. Her eyes were of a deep dark, almost indigo blue, large and rolling, at times most spirited in their glances, at other times softened into an expression of such melting sweetness, that you could not look upon them without feeling an involuntary sigh stealing from your bosom, just as would be called up by a strain of music familiar to your childhood. Her hair was of a bright yellow, curling naturally, and glistening with a lustre almost faintly metallic, like tarnished gold-wire. Add to these a skin, not snow-white certainly, but of a clear living white, clouded by a flush of health on either round cheek,—a high spotless forehead, small thin ear, pierced by a slender ring of gold,—and a hand, whose beauty not the labour of a factory could deform; and if you have any thing of an active fancy, you may form in your mind a likeness of fair Cheeny Granton.

But it was not in personal excellence alone she stood out among her mates. She was a very clever girl, and her page on the library roll-book bore testimony both to the extent and nature of her reading. An ardent love of the poetry of Byron, Burns, and Moore, was, strangely enough, its distinguishing characteristic, and the continued perusal of this description of writing must have had no little effect in bringing about the events of this narrative. Her moral character was unexceptionable, her disposition amiable, though about her lip there lurked the trace of a haughty smile, and about her voice a slight tone of condescension which, however, those who were habituated to her, did not perceive. It was possible, too, occasionally to detect in her mind evidence of a deep, all-potent enthusiasm, similar to that of her mother, which seemed only to require an object to be called into vigorous life and light. But it was certainly not religious; for, though she loved her mother with an engrossing affection, she followed her tenets with what seemed respectful filial acquiescence, not faith. Such a being as this could hardly exist in any place without exciting around her the passions of admiration, love, envy, and hatred in their most violent forms. She was a marked girl about Westwater. Some were extravagantly fond and proud of her, others hated her bitterly, taking every opportunity of evincing this feeling, both by word and deed. She thought herself a lady, they said, and would take the shortest way to become one. But all these insinuations Jane took with a quiet smile, as things that were to be expected.

Lovers she had in abundance; indeed every young man in the place had some pretensions to this character. For some of them she appeared to entertain very friendly feelings, though when their attentions

became more urgent, she could not conceal her annoyance. There was one, however, evidently more favoured than the rest. This was a young man of the name of Williams, who, for two years or more had held the situation of teacher at Westwater. He was a pale, studious, anxious-looking young person, of some talent. He had been connected in an inferior way with a newspaper-office, in the large city I at first alluded to, and from that situation had been transferred to the one he held. But his crowning advantage was, that he professed ardently, and, I believe, sincerely, the same views of religion as Mrs. Granton, and they used to spend hours together of evenings in the performance of their peculiar rites of worship. With her he was all in all, and her daughter certainly had a very great regard for him. But still I thought I could see that this regard was not what I myself would have been content with in similar circumstances. I was particularly struck with this thought a few days after my arrival. It was a beautiful evening early in the summer, and I was taking a solitary walk up the bank of the stream to a place called the grove, about a mile or more above the factory, where there was a large reservoir, with an extensive system of locks and sluices. From its lonely and romantic character, this had always been my favourite walk, and here I was met by the so-called lovers. They were moving along slowly, side by side, he walking quite close to her, his eyes fixed upon her face with an appearance of complete devotion, while she listened to his address with a look as if it required an effort to keep her attention to it. As I passed, I remarked upon the beauty of the evening. She answered me quietly and civilly; he said nothing, but blushed, and appeared much embarrassed and confused. I often met them again, and always noticed in them the same demeanour.

But a change had come over the course of events at Westwater. My father having become a partner in the firm, removed to the city, there to take charge of the counting-house business, and another manager came to reside at the factory.

His name was Edward Southern, and as he occupies a prominent place in my story I will stay to describe him. Whose child he was no one knew. He had been brought up by a person formerly a gentleman's servant, and who received from some quarter unknown a regular pay for his maintenance. By this man, who kept a cigar-shop in London, he was tolerably educated, till about sixteen years of age. At this period, having been by chance present at an introductory lecture to a popular course of natural philosophy, the bent of his genius at once evinced itself, and he became devotedly fond of mechanical science. He studied this with so much success, that next season he obtained the situation of assistant to the lecturer, with a small salary, and the use of an apparatus-room and workshop. Here he made striking progress: his peculiar genius unfolded itself rapidly, and in a year or two he astonished the lecturer by showing him an article he had written in one of the leading scientific journals. One step leads to another. He shortly after commenced, in an infidel publication, a series of papers, the tendency of which was to run down every thing, in government or religion, usually held established or sacred, and which were remarkable for their original character. For these, the extensive sale of the pestiferous periodical afforded him liberal remuneration.

Another short while passed and he obtained the situation of lecturer on mechanics and chemistry on the retirement of his former teacher. Another year saw issue from the press a work of his on a popular scientific subject, which ran speedily through two or three editions. His income, of which he was himself the sole creator, now amounted to several hundred pounds a-year, while his name was in the mouth of every one interested in popular science, especially as connected with manufactures. To this person Messrs H—— H—— and Co. offered the situation of overseer of their works, with the prospect of a junior partnership. He was indeed a most singular individual; tall, and eminently handsome in person, with fine features, dark curling hair, and whiskers, and eyes which, in their deep blackness, seemed to consist altogether of pupil. His manners again were most insinuating, though at times rendered all but offensive, by an overweening pride of his own talent and success, which continually broke forth in his conversation, and a sneer constantly ready for every opinion, differing from his own, and especially for every symptom in others of religious or moral feeling. The propriety of placing such a person as this over a factory employing several hundred young females may be questioned: but the owners only knew him as a scientific character, the inventor and patentee of several valuable improvements in spinning and weaving. But the result of his being placed in such a situation may be guessed by the reader, when I add to the above hints of his character that he was fond of styling himself by the phrase "a refined voluptuary," and was utterly devoid of all principle, believing and stating man's sole happiness to consist in the gratification of appetite. In further aid of his person and address he was possessed of a ready tongue, a talent for delicate flattery, a decidedly good taste, a ready knack of turning his hand to any thing, and a consummate knowledge of the world.

Upon his arrival at his new charge, his first proceeding was to introduce an entirely new system of discipline among the people, which, I must confess, proved to be considerably to the advantage of his employers. In personally setting this in operation, his eye lighted upon the widow's daughter at work, in the silk-weaving department of the factory. I was with him.

The moment he saw her, he stood struck, bending upon her a gaze, before which the red blush flew to her face, while she appeared at the same time unable to turn her eyes from his. A second or two this lasted, when he abruptly passed on. He had been talking to me with great volubility the moment before, but now he walked silently along, and completed the survey.

Their next encounter was in the walk up the stream I have before mentioned. Here he met her with Williams. He immediately addressed her, while Williams knowing his place, dropped a little behind—his heart flooded on the instant with a new and bitter passion—jealousy.

Poor fellow! at once he saw his fond aircastle of love and here dashed in fragments to the ground, and he walked behind them, watching his new rival, whispering and exerting upon her all his many powers of fascination—his blood boiling with jealousy, hatred, and rage. For more than an hour, Southern continued to walk slowly by her side, when suddenly turning round, and observing Williams, he

calmly ordered him to go in some other direction. It was the manager—he had but to obey; and turning, he moved swiftly away in the direction of the grove. I was there myself at the time, enjoying the beautiful evening, when I saw him come hurriedly up. His whole frame appeared actually writhing under the influence of his passion, and he passed without observing me, muttering to himself as he went by a roundabout path homeward to the village. He went directly to her mother's house to await her return. She came in shortly after him, but seemed absent and thoughtful, and returning indistinct replies to his questions, retired to her apartment. He communicated to her mother what had occurred, and she, though she had perfect confidence in the sense and virtue of her daughter, was immediately struck with apprehensions of evil, little less than his. They sat for some hours that night in earnest conversation, and before they separated, knelt together in prayer, that that Power would interpose, which alone could prevent the calamity they dreaded. Next day Southern's attention to Jane, while at work, attracted the notice of the other girls, and she had to listen to their bantering and ironical congratulations upon her good fortune. An evening or two after, Williams, who began to hope his fears had been groundless, ventured to ask her to accompany him in a walk. She did not at first appear inclined, but on hearing that it was to be up the Westwater, immediately complied. That very evening the same scene was repeated. Southern met them, and at once bidding him go about his business, walked away with her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

Williams's worst fears now appeared likely to meet with immediate confirmation. How much more, when, next evening, she returned home later than she had ever been before, refusing to him, and to her mother, any account of where or with whom she had been. The next, he determined at once to come to a conclusion. He watched her as she left the factory-gate, and dogged her up the footpath, where he saw her joined by Southern, and walk with him towards the place I have before alluded to.

His passion was now roused to madness. He attacked Southern in the most frantic manner; but in the hands of his handsome and muscular rival, found himself but as an infant. The latter, with a bitter sneer, mastering his hands, lifted him from the ground and plunged him up to the neck in the reservoir, holding him down till he was nearly suffocated, while she stood by, pale and much agitated, without uttering a word.

Williams scrambled out and slunk away, hearing, as he went, the loud contemptuous laugh of his hated and triumphant rival—what were his feelings I will not attempt to say. Next day Southern called at the school, to dismiss him from his situation, but found the door locked, and the children playing around it. He had been anticipated—poor Williams was gone; after his ignominious defeat, he could no longer look upon a known face, and had gone off, wet and dripping as he was, to hide his shame in the great solitude of London.

But now comes the bitter portion of my task. Dear reader, had I been sure of your sympathy, or of your forgiveness, I could have found it in my heart to have lingered longer upon the banks of the beautiful Westwater; to tediousness I could have dwelt upon the perfection of

the widow's lovely daughter. Yet a little could I have tarried, describing even the scaly splendour of the serpent Southern : but it can be protracted no longer.

Alas, alas for you, fair Jane Granton ! whither could have wandered the truant seraph that should surely have hovered watchful, round the brow of one so beautiful and young ?—why is your spirit changed ; why is the head that used to sit so proudly upon that graceful neck bowed down in blushful humility to the ground ? Woe worth the day !—you are in love, Cheeny ! and it is a love you are ashamed of. No soft, tender emotion is your love, poor lost girl ; it is a passion—a madness, an ever-glowing fire within you, consuming to ashes every other thought and feeling !

Williams's departure and its cause were soon the theme of all lips in Westwater, and every eye was fixed, though covertly, upon Jane, and him, the dreaded overseer, by all hated and by her loved—oh, how deeply !

Many days had not passed, when she appeared completely abandoned to her new passion. Every evening might she be seen, stealing away in the direction of that fatal footpath, to enjoy the pernicious bliss of an hour with him, whose every thought by day and night was the accomplishment of her ruin : and every evening was the chain of his fascination girded more strongly around the heart of the poor devoted girl !—she appeared to live only in his presence, to have no enjoyment but in his society. At all other times she was absent and thoughtful, avoiding the gaze of all she saw, appearing to be dreaming over in her mind the delights of her next meeting with him, when all the scoffs of her companions and all the upbraidings of her wild, fanatical mother, would be compensated by one kind look from his dark eye, by one gentle pressure to his manly bosom.

I remember observing them often, his arm around her waist, while she with her hand upon his shoulder, so fondly and confidently walked slowly along, gazing up into his face as he talked to her, with a look of mingled love and wonder, a kind of devotion, that gave her features an expression altogether new to them, and most beautiful to see. But after some days I remarked that this changed. Southern himself now appeared actually to feel a degree of the passion he had so powerfully excited in her, though it seemed to wear too much of the voluptuarian aspect to come within the category of genuine love.

I came upon them one evening at the grove ; it was now midsummer. They were sitting together, hand in hand, upon a turf bench, close to a small waterfall, a favourite resort of theirs, and as they sat they gazed at each other without speaking, she with her face flushed and glowing, and her eyes sparkling in a way I have never else observed. In that attitude they continued for several minutes without noticing me, so absorbed were they with each other. She appeared to feel a strange delirious rapture in his mere presence ; it was most singular—there was an enthusiasm in it—indeed, now at last the spark had been applied, and that constitutional fanaticism which her mother gave her, and which had lain so long dormant in her bosom, blazed forth in this new form more fiercely than it had ever flamed in her ! Was it indeed so, was that frenzied love but an approach to hereditary insanity ?

But while this fierce passion had been thus advancing, think not

that efforts were wanting to stay its progress. My own advice I ventured to give, but it was received in a way that led me not again to offer it; but the mother—the enthusiastically virtuous, the wildly religious mother—every thing a mother could, she did; she reasoned, entreated, wept, and prayed; anon, stormed and cursed her poor, distracted child. Nay, once she went through some strange superstitious ceremonies with a minister of her own sect from the neighbouring city, with the view—smile not, reader, at the weak woman's delusion—of casting out the devil, which she firmly believed had entered into her beautiful daughter. Sometimes she had recourse even to personal violence; but it was all in vain, tears and entreaties, upbraiding and anger, had but the same reply.

"Alas! mother, I know it is wrong to love him as I do, but I cannot help it—oh, can I help loving him, my noble Southern—him, who knows more than ever man knew—who speaks to me as never man spoke—who loves me with a love, for which I would willingly exchange the heaven you hope for, mother!"

"Yes, girl, love him: love that incarnate spirit of evil, that the Almighty has permitted to afflict us for a time for our transgressions. Love him, and prepare to meet the eternal wrath that will follow on the deep sin he tempts you to. Oh, my child, my child, my one only darling, let us flee from this place, from the circle of this fiend's enchantment; he does not love you, Cheeny, he hates you, feels contempt for you; he will ruin you, girl, and then spurn you out into the world, a wretched and degraded being!"

In the excited strain, of which the above is but a faint and meagre example, did the widow daily and nightly endeavour to turn her daughter from her mad affection. Nor were her efforts always unattended with at least the appearance of success. More than once she got her to confess, she believed he wanted to ruin her; and to promise to forget, to avoid him, even to leave the place, and seek an asylum for her virtue far away from Westwater.

Such confessions and promises she would make, weeping upon her fond parent's bosom; on one such occasion—

"Yes, mother," said she, "it is that dark eye of his that undoes me. He never bends it upon me, but I feel him drinking away from me my very soul. I cannot resist it. You are right, he is an evil spirit; he tells me the Bible is a *lie*, mother (the old woman shuddered), and persuades me there is no such thing as sin or evil!"

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed the mother, "let us give thanks to Him, who has at length opened your eyes, to the Tophet on whose brink you stood!"

And the two women knelt together, joining their voices in thanksgiving. But as the hour drew near when she was wont to meet her lover, another change came over her spirit, she became anxious and restless, sighed often, moved about from one part of the house to another, and at last springing up, threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her, then bursting from her, flew out of the house and away to the grove, where she found Southern, and falling upon his breast, gave way to a wild fit of hysterical laughter and weeping.

But he now began to think the charm nearly wound up, and resolved to remove her from Westwater to the large city; for even he had feeling

enough left to wish to keep the affair apart from the eyes of the workpeople.

One evening, when the summer was now wearing over, he broke the proposal to her, that she should leave her mother's house, and become altogether his.

As might be expected, the infatuated girl consented, and promised to meet him next night at a particular place, where he was to be in waiting with his gig, to convey her for ever from Westwater. All next day poor Cheeny tried hard to conceal from her mother her purpose; but towards night she could no longer accomplish it, and, clasping her to her bosom, bade her farewell for ever.

"What—my child!" screamed the widow; "where are you going?"

"To Southern."

"To be married to *him*? The atheist—the fiend!"

"No, mother—not married."

A scene ensued, which I feel myself altogether unable to describe. The widow became perfectly frantic; she prayed her daughter to remain: she commanded, implored, even struck her, but all in vain: the deluded girl would go, and struggled to be away. There was something fearful in it, and the neighbours trembled as they listened outside the door. At last, when she found she could no longer restrain her, she appeared to yield.

"I will let you go to him—I will; but first answer me this question. I adjure you by (here she used an expression too awful to be repeated here), tell me the truth. Are you still pure as you were before this devil possessed you? Have you sinned as yet in thought only, and not in deed?"

Jane, drooping her beautiful head, avowed herself guilty of no sin greater than loving him.

"Well then, go!"

She went: and as she stepped over the threshold, her mother knelt down upon it, and screamed after her a curse, of a most wild and awful sound and meaning—an imprecation such as none but a mother, and a mother in a state of maniacal frenzy could utter: it had in its strange fanatical blasphemy something at once terrible and sublime, and contained a prayer that the Almighty would smite her with some sudden and dreadful evil before she could accomplish her purpose.

Her daughter, as she heard it, drew herself together as if a stone had struck her, and hurried swiftly away.

As the widow lost her in the darkness, she turned into the house, and shutting it up, and putting out the lights, began moaning and wailing aloud, in a manner that drew tears from the wives and daughters of the neighbours, as they listened with fear and wonder around it.

Jane reached the place appointed, and found him waiting.

"Are you mine, love?" said he, in an exulting tone.

"I am, Southern—*body and soul*!"

He lifted her into the gig, and off they flew along the dark road with great swiftness. She wept much, and he was endeavouring to sooth her with his fondest blandishments when they rapidly approached an abrupt turn in the road, about a mile or more from Westwater. Just then, one of the large waggon's belonging to the company, was slowly toiling its way to the factory, loaded with an immense pile of

raw cotton. They were on it ere they were aware ; and in an instant, one of their wheels struck the forewheel, and they were discharged from their seats to the ground.

Southern sprang to his feet, unhurt ; but, ere he had done so, the heavy hind-wheel of the ponderous machine had gone crushing over the left knee of fair Jane Granton, and she lay mangled and senseless in the road.

The astonished waggoners lifted her from the ground, and, by his direction, put her along with the fragments of the gig upon their waggon, and urged their horses quickly towards Westwater ; while he, catching his own animal, and disencumbering it of its disordered furniture, mounted it, and dashed furiously away to the city, there to drown thought in a mad debauch.

But who could imagine or describe the mother, when the waggon stopped before her door, and its conductors bore into her dwelling the broken and bleeding body of her only child. At first, she stood struck with wild amazement ; then, when they told her what had happened, she grew pale as death, and remained silent for a few moments : anon, she broke out into cries of lamentation that were heartrending to listen to, mingled with strange prayers and curses, clothed in wild, scriptural language, and finally sunk exhausted to the ground as senseless as her daughter.

The waggoners, two elderly and humane men, immediately put in order one of the light spring vans in constant use about the factory, and fitting it with a bed, put into it poor Cheeny, and covering her with blankets, and drawing close the canvass covering of the vehicle, attached a fresh horse to it, and drove off to the city, to convey her to the hospital.

The widow recovered in about an hour, and hearing what had been done, took her bonnet and staff, and a small bundle, and shutting her little shop betook herself to the road, and travelled all night after them.

At this time I had been about a week resident at the hospital as a pupil. On the day following the events just narrated, I went at the hour of visit, which was in the afternoon, into the accident-ward of the establishment.

It was a long hall, with a range of low iron-bedsteads on each side, a large fireplace at the end, with doors to the right and left, leading to two or three small apartments, called the side-rooms, where any patients were kept, whose cases required particular attention, or removal from the noise of the ward.

Surrounding one of the bedsteads I saw a crowd of pupils, and among them the surgeon and his clerk ; and judge of my surprise to hear the latter read from the journal, a report as follows :

"Jane Granton, aged eighteen, about middle stature, fair-complexioned, and very good-looking ; factory-girl. Last evening, near Westwater cotton-factory, ——shire ; was thrown from a gig, &c."

I listened with amazement, and elbowing my way among the young gentlemen, saw the identical girl, lying along in the usual Hospital night-dress, her face covered with sweat, while a twinge of agony passed over its features, every now and then, when any thing touched the bed, and a bright hectic flush spotted her cheeks. At her head, sat her mother, holding mechanically in her hands a small tin pannikin, containing wine-and-water, and gazing around her, with a sort of

blank-amazed look, while her lips continued moving rapidly, though she uttered no sound.

As soon as the clerk had finished reading his report the surgeon examined the knee, and casting a look of extreme compassion at the suffering girl, directed that a consultation should be called that afternoon, and passed to the next patient.

When they had left the ward, I went close to the bed whereon lay my once familiar schoolmate. As soon as she saw me she burst into tears and turned her head away, and her mother rising, bent over her and kissed her cheek, and they wept together.

I was deeply moved; I could not dare to ask them how it had happened;—indeed, I had learned already all that from the waggoners, who were well known to me;—but I told them, that if from my residence at the hospital I could be of any assistance to them, they were heartily welcome to it. They both thanked me and I withdrew, indeed, the scene was such, that new as I was to hospital life, I was altogether unable to bear it.

That afternoon the consultation was held, and the decision was AMPUTATION!

When it was announced Jane turned deadly pale, while the cold sweat broke out anew upon her face, and a low moan was groaned out bitterly from her bosom. The widow clasped her hands and looked upward, trembling like the leaf of a tree.

The hospital at — was a large, dark, stone edifice, consisting of two parts joined together, like the limbs of the letter T. It was several stories high, and over the centre of its roof arose a great glass dome, which formed the operating theatre. This situation was chosen, as much with the view of obtaining the best possible light, as of preventing the cries of patients from reaching the ears of their fellow unfortunates in the wards, or of the public, in the streets. It was reached by a series of wide stone stairs, with long lobbies and passages leading to the different parts of the building. In the interior was a circular place, with an area in the centre of a similar shape, and tiers of seats rising all round, one above another, up to a considerable height. A circle of massive pillars supported the dome, which was very lofty, and round about the cornice, over these, were a number of medallions, bearing representations of figures dancing, playing on lyres, &c.—not very suitable ornaments, certainly, for a place of such a description. It also contained, on one side, a pulpit and clerk's desk, for it served likewise as a chapel for the patients on Sundays. In the centre of the area, which was laid with red painted canvass, stood the operation table, a most striking thing to look at. It appeared very heavy and strong, was covered with dark leather, and had dispersed about it a quantity of iron machinery, which gave rise to the most revolting ideas in the mind.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The place was already nearly filled by the medical gentlemen, their clerks, and pupils, and I, who felt very strongly, as it was the first important operation I had ever seen, took up my position close to one of the pillars that supported the roof. We waited for some time, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and we saw Jane borne in by the dressers and nurses. As soon as she saw the crowd of spectators,—many of them mere boys—the flush of pain forsook her cheeks, and she became pale as her dress; but

on the instant, as if a floodgate at her heart had been thrown open, a red blush gushed over her face and neck, completely suffusing them. She was placed on the table, whose machinery being slightly put in motion, immediately placed her in the most suitable and safe position. But who is it that stands beside her head, whispering endearment to her, and fondly caressing her fair brow, whereon the sweat now glistens in diamond-like drops?—it is her mother,—the mother who, in her phrensy, prayed Heaven that this might befall her. How changed, how dreadfully preyed upon, looks that poor woe-stricken parent now!

But the tourniquet has been applied, and the surgeon, after a short examination, to make sure of his course, motions with his head to a tall young man, who stands apart. What is that they pass under the table, glancing for a moment, clear, cold, and metallic? It is the *knife*! It was quickly handed, but she saw it, and her frame made a convulsive spring, that shook the iron-work of the hideous table, whilst an expression seized her face of mortal fear and horror. My eyes were now fixed immovably on the operator. Balancing the long sword-like instrument in his hand for a moment, he struck it into the milkwhite flesh of the noble limb, transfixing it completely, and cutting rapidly to the surface. Thereupon the red blood splashed upon the floor, and there shot up into the echoing concave of the lofty dome, a protracted shriek—the wild “Oh my God!” of agony unendurable by human spirit. It was followed by a succession of short, sudden, exhausted gasps, like efforts to catch at and retain a life about to take wings to itself, and flee away for ever. But are these the only sounds? No; what voice is that mingling its unearthly notes in the dreadful discord? It is the widow’s. Falling at once upon her knees, while her cap drops from her head, and her long gray hair streams abroad upon her shoulders, in the disorder of extreme excitement, she stretches wide her arms, and prays with the strange and vehement fervour of her sect that He would give her poor afflicted darling strength to drink to the dregs the cup of his wrath, or would, in his mercy, give the suffering spirit permission to escape away from its mangled tenement.

It was indeed a most appalling scene; so much so as even to shake the nerve of the surgeon, a most determined and experienced gentleman, whose habitually florid countenance grew pale as that of the fainting girl under his hands—but he went on with his work. I could not look at it; I felt sick and dizzy, and turned my eyes for relief to the bright blue sky, seen through the glass overhead, and was watching the sunny white clouds sailing along. Hark!—what hideous sound is that, heard so strangely distinct above the groans of the daughter and the prayers of the scarcely less agonized parent? It is the harsh grating of the SAW, as it rasps through the living bone and marrow,—oh, most horrible!

The dissevered member was hurriedly pushed under the table.

“She is gone!” said some one.

“I knew He would take her!” said the widow, rising to her feet, “*I never prayed to Him in vain!*”

“No, no,” cried the surgeon, “lower her head,—a little wine, Mr. —,” addressing the clerk.

She sighed deeply, and slowly returned to consciousness. In the meantime the vessels had been secured, and the dressing having been completed with much dexterity, she was removed to one of the quiet side-rooms of the accident ward.

The surgeon immediately came forward, and showing the assemblage the extensive and severe nature of the injury, informed them that the means they had seen used were the only ones that could be had recourse to, to save the patient's life. He adverted to the unusual and very trying nature of the scene altogether, and recommended them to be never unprepared for such occurring in their own future practice. He concluded by stating he had no doubt the case would do well.

Next morning we found she had passed a good night; indeed all promised a rapid recovery. The second night she slept well, and there continued to be no indication of an unfavourable result.

Immediately after the operation I wrote to Southern an account of it. The next day's post from Westwater brought me the following answer :

"My dear ——,

"I regret exceedingly my idea of carrying the girl Granton to the city. The adventure should have been consummated at Westwater;—but indeed, what with her own and her mother's madness, I always had doubts about whether the affair could be brought to a desirable wind up. I think she can be of little use to me now, after being pruned in the manner you describe, so that Williams may have her for me. I leave her a legacy to him—eh? By the way I should like to have the job hushed up as quietly as possible, as it may interfere with another small piece of business I am about to engage in. When will you be out to Westwater?—I have a number of things to show you,—one a new application of the eccentric motion in lappet-weaving, an idea I hope you will give me some credit for. I have found the book, too, that denies the paddle-wheel to be a modern invention;—but you will hear and see all when you come.

"Believe me, my dear ——,

"Yours very truly,

"EDWARD SOUTHERN."

This most heartless and depraved letter I actually read twice over before I could convince myself of its reality; and from that moment resolved never again to hold communication of any description with such an atrocious scoundrel.

Next day I went in to see how she was. I found her mother absent. She appeared overjoyed to see me alone.

"Well, Mr. ——," said she, with much animation, "has he come—is he here?"

"Do not think of him any more, Cheeny," said I, "you have been most dreadfully deceived by him. He is a most unprincipled villain."

She stared at me with a look as if she had not understood me.

"Did you write to him?" said she at length.

At this moment the thought forcibly seized me, "shall I not endeavour, even at the eleventh hour, to disabuse her of this delusion, and show her at once the character by whom she has been so wofully duped? I put the letter into her hands. She caught it quickly and rose up in bed to read it.

"Ah," said she, "how well I know that noble hand,—so beautiful, so manly, so like himself!" she pressed it to her lips and bosom. I

watched her as she read,—she grew very pale, while a look of bewilderment overspread her features. She read it through, without appearing quite to understand it; then looked at the signature, the date, and the address; then drawing in a deep breath, and passing her hand over her forehead, to hold aside the yellow curls that were wantoning across it, began again, and read it over once more. When she had done she seemed for a moment in a kind of stupor, then dropping the paper on the bed, fell back upon the pillow, and, covering her face with her hands, turned round toward the wall.

My heart smote me on the instant for what I had done. I could not stand beside her. I left the side-room, and going off to my own apartments sat down alone to curse my extreme folly.

Next day, at the hour of visit, the poor girl was reported delirious—the affection being what medical men call the low, muttering delirium, as distinguished by Dupuytren from the excited disorder, usually called by that name. Two days this lasted, during which she took nothing but the stimulants usually administered in such cases. On the third I went to see her. She gave a weak, languid smile when I entered, and when I took her wrist pressed my hand, while a single small tear stood in each sunken eye. Her face was now fearfully changed. No one could have believed her to be the fair factory-girl I have elsewhere so vainly attempted to describe. Her cheeks were hollow, her skin wan and clammy, her lips shrunken and livid, nothing of her bright beauty remained save the golden tresses, and the beaming blue eye. Her mother was beside her, and from the absence of the delirium entertained strong hopes of her recovery. She had one of the hospital bibles on her knee, from which she continued to read, but all the while I saw that her daughter's thoughts and attention were far—far away.

Next morning I went to see her again, and was made aware of one of the most singular and incredible phenomena that have ever come under my experience. When I entered she seemed much excited. She motioned me to her, for she was now so weak she could scarcely make herself heard.

“What men are these that came and took me away, Mr. ——?”

“Took you away, Cheeny—what do you mean?”

“Why, two dark indistinct men that came here last night, when my mother was asleep. They opened the door, and came in with a black board, laid me on it, and carried me away down a narrow, crooked staircase, along a long cold passage, that sounded strangely and drearily as they walked, till we came to a big black door, marked No. 14, for the moon shone through a little grated window, and I could see it quite plainly, though motionless with weakness, cold, and terror. The door opened, and they bore me into a large, cold and damp place, with a high window, with iron bars, and having a curious, earthy smell. They then laid me on a table, and left me, locking the door as they went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowned with dim figures. One of them, a tall, dark being, approached me; I fainted away, and on coming to myself found I had been conveyed back. Oh, Mr. ——, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection,—*did they take me for dead, and were they going to dissect me?*”

She told me this with an appearance of extreme terror. For my part I was thunderstruck, and utterly at a loss. She had described with the

most unerring exactness the private stair of the ward, a long underground passage which communicated with the cellars, &c. of the hospital, the *dead-house*, the fatal No. 14, on which she said the moon shone through the little window, and lastly, the clinical lecture-room. Now, both morally and physically, it was impossible she could have left the side-room, for the night-nurse sat up in the ward all the night, and had observed nothing; besides, in my own pocket was the key of the private-door of the ward, opening out upon the staircase, which I had locked with my own hands the evening before, this being part of my duty in the house, and which on examination I now found as I had left it. Of course sleepwalking was out of the question. But so exactly had she described it! And then, along with that fact, to think that she had never in her life before been in the hospital, in the city, indeed out of Westwater at all, and that when she was brought in she had entered by the large front door, and up the great stone staircase, I at first described, to the ward; that from thence to the operating theatre, and back again to the side-room, comprised the whole of her removals! It was indeed a most inexplicable dream, delusion, or whatever you may call it, and one of those facts that seem to sport with our ignorance of that most mysterious branch of science, the physiology of the nervous system. I mentioned it afterwards at a society meeting to a student, a friend of my own, and he referred me for an explanation to the study of Mesmerism.

Unable at the time to trust my own reason, she persisted so strongly in her statement, having procured the key of the door No. 14, I opened the private door of the ward and descended the staircase. On reaching the door I could not help pondering on the precision with which she had described every particular. On going into the *dead-house* (a large stone-paved place, with a high barred window, where the bodies of those who had died in the hospital were kept till removed by their friends) I found every thing as it should be, and no trace of any one having been there.

As I returned along the passage, musing upon the above, I was met by the sub-porter of the institution, who informed me that there was somebody outside the back-door (by which the friends of patients were admitted, though only at a particular hour). The person had been knocking furiously for a considerable time, he told me, but had latterly been a little more quiet. I bade him unfasten the door, which opened into a quiet lane, leading between the hospital and a large churchyard. He did so. A man was sitting upon the step. I touched him with my foot, when he sprang to his feet and showed me—Williams. I was much surprised. He looked exceedingly worn and haggard.

"Bless me, Williams!" said I, "I thought you were in London. How did you come here?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. ———. Is she living?"

"She is; but very, very ill, Williams."

"Oh, let me see her, good Mr. ———, as you hope yourself for mercy!"

"Well, so you shall, but come in and compose yourself a little. It is against rule; you should have had an order from the matron; but I will go and get you one."

While I was gone he had made his way to the room where she lay. I

found him sitting on the edge of her bed, pressing her hand between his.

"Forgive you, Jane!" he was saying, "May God forgive him who has wrought you this, as freely as I forgive you, my first and only love!"

She was now falling very weak indeed. It was plain to me she could not live over the evening. Of this her mother and Williams were likewise persuaded, and neither of them left her, but passed the time in the earnest performance of the peculiar religious forms and duties of their church. It felt like intrusion on my part to stay, so I left them, looking in every now and then. In the course of the afternoon, on entering the room I observed her gazing round her with a curious glance, as of amusement and delight mingled with surprise.

"Mr. ———," said she, "whose are all these pretty, smiling little children, round about the bed?"

I felt at a loss what to say; of course there was no child there; but it was not so with the rapt and fanatical widow.

"These," said she, "are the babes of two years old and under, that were slain by command of Herod throughout all the borders of Bethlehem. Even as one of these shall you shortly be, my own darling girl!"

"How bright and beautiful they look!" murmured her daughter.

There was a long pause.

"Mother, dear mother, I am going away from you,—give me your hand,—Williams,—Mr.—"

She was gone! Slowly the dim eclipse of death came over the orbs of her celestial eyes, and her lips fell asunder.

"The Lord gave and taketh away," said the widow, slowly and with difficulty getting out each syllable.

"Blessed be His holy name!" answered Williams, and falling forward upon the body he gave way to a paroxysm of hysteric grief like a weakly girl. Adding a fervent "Amen," I withdrew to the neighbouring side-room, which was empty, for I was ashamed to go through the ward in the state of emotion I was in.

Next day a clinical lecture was delivered on her case to the pupils of the establishment, and the next her mother and Williams came, with a few friends of their religious sect, and removed her body. But she does not sleep in the quiet little churchyard at Westwater. Before they went away they gave me a bright and abundant tress of her yellow hair, then each wringing my hand warmly, they went out from the city northward, and I saw them no more.

But what remains to tell? Southern's piece of business he mentioned in his letter to me proved his ruin. It was a scheme to elope with the wife of the principal partner of the Westwater company, who held through her his shares in the concern. He hoped that upon her being divorced he could marry her, and obtain with her the immense property she had brought her husband. He was, however, most lamentably foiled, and, with a broken character, deprived of his situation at Westwater. His name was immediately erased by advertisement from the books of several scientific societies of which he was a member, and he went to seek his bread in London, where I believe he draws a wretched subsistence from an obscure and filthy penny paper, of which he is editor and proprietor.

MEANS AND ENDS.

Atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
 Mancus, et exunctæ corpus non utile dextræ.

JUVENALIS.

Nor many years ago there arrived in London a young man of humble fortunes, but sufficiently accomplished in that school and university learning, which, by courtesy of England, passes current under the name of education. Whether the name so applied has been adopted by our ancestors in a Mephistophilic disposition to jest with things sacred, or that folks then really believed in the efficacy of the course, to make men either wiser or better, is difficult to decide; for though on the one hand, it should seem strange, that persons under no delusion on the subject should persist in training themselves and their offspring in a manner, which as Petronius Arbiter long ago declared of the education of Rome, only made its subjects the greater fools,* so on the other, is it difficult to conceive how the professors could have comprehended the truth, and contemplated the grossness of the trick they were practising on the simple, and yet have kept the gravity of their countenance, undisturbed by any inclination to laugh in the face of parents and of legislators.

Leaving that episode however by the wayside, we have only to remark that this young man having nothing to trust to but the exercise of his wits for keeping life and soul together, discovered, ere his acquaintance with London had been of a very long standing, that for all purposes of eating and of drinking, his education was yet to begin. What added materially to the difficulty of this rather unpleasant position, was, that the youth had, by the simple good principle of his parents (for we hesitate under the circumstances, in ascribing the fact to good sense) been brought up with a decided respect for the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and was moreover of that enthusiastic temper of mind, that plunges men into a wild-goose chase after the good and the beautiful (or, to use his own language, of the *το καλον* and the *το πρεπον*). Totally ignorant of that great aphorism of modern ethics, which teaches that there are men too poor to afford keeping a conscience of their own, and having no experience of how very insufficient a fence against the "winter's flaw" virtue makes, when adopted *vice* a good greatcoat, he still clung to the idea of wrapping himself in its folds "in the worst of times;" and when particularly excited, he would talk rather magnificently of the *vitam impendere vero*,—which at that time was freely translated in England, getting hanged for high treason. Fortunately for himself, this was a consummation which, however devoutly to be wished as a martyrdom or apotheosis, was not to be obtained *à point nommé*; and in the mean time, it was necessary for even the most idealized and refined of speculative philosophers to "live by bread."

Now every one knows that at all times the literary market of England is considerably overstocked, and that the supply of learning very much exceeds the ordinary demand: in that department too, as in all other means of advancement, the first step is the greatest

* Adolescentulos existimo in scholis stultissimos fieri.

difficulty: our student accordingly found that there was every prospect of the requisite knowledge of "the trade" and its ways becoming parcel of that *sera sapientia*, which arrives the day after the fair; and he felt that there was nothing absolutely incomprehensible in the proposition of the steed starving while the grass grew.

Had the poor fellow brought to the great metropolis a goodly stock of absolute ignorance, his chances would not have been so hostile; for not only are there many situations expressly fitted for those so circumstanced, but there are many more, in which learning of any sort is a positive impediment. To make, if not a respectable figure, at least a decent livelihood, as a shoeblack or a lamplighter, a man requires no learning; whether he can or cannot read and write, is a matter of mere indifference; but there are professions equally cleanly and equally well paid, in which book-learning is an absolute hindrance, and in which Homer and Virgil must be heaved overboard, before the vessel can be got afloat and fairly under way. This, it will be admitted, is a lesson hard to learn. It is not easy for the man of letters to admit to himself, that all he has passed so many of his best years in learning, is absolutely worthless; that cutting blocks with razors, and not even obtaining cold mutton for one's pains, is a possible contingency. Much more painful still it is, when arrived at this saving knowledge, to part for ever with the friendly muses, to contentedly resign all those pleasures which taste and genius can bestow, and to plunge headlong into the littlenesses and impertinencies forming that tide in human affairs, which Shakspere tells us, when "taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Many and many a time, in his table-talk with Duke Humphrey, did this young man ask that President of the greatest of temperance societies the question, which he had picked up in Juvenal—*Quid Romæ faciam?*—what the devil had brought him to London, where "*esse quam videri*" was totally inapplicable—where the *savoir* was at a discount, and the *savoir faire* your only road to the baker's shop. What Duke Humphrey was wont to say, by way of reply to such questioning, has never come to our knowledge; but whatever it may have been, it seems to have led his guest to the conclusion, that he had been somewhat of a fool in taking so unadvised a journey.

We will not distress our readers, by detailing the many applications for employment our learned Theban had made, and made in vain: neither will we harass them by recounting the privations he suffered—the quantity of *vache enragée* which he would have been contented to swallow, could he have got it, or enumerate the miserable rebuffs and insults which the unworthy heaped on his head, in his patient search after a morsel of bread. Suffice it that luck stood his friend, that he did not drop down dead in the street with absolute inanition, nor was he even taken on a stretcher to the workhouse door, to be remanded to the magistrate's office. He had, however, far advanced towards the dignity of a newspaper paragraph to that effect, when, by the friendly intervention of a French usher, whom chance threw in his way, he was taken into the service of one of those *umbratici doctores*, those suburban dealers in timber* and short commons, who profess to teach all things teachable,—with the aid of "assistants."

* "Timber and fruit;" Hibernicé for "birch brooms and potatoes."

In adopting this phraseology of "taken into the service," we do not mean to insinuate that he received a stipend equal to that of my lord's valet or his tiger, no, not even as much as is given to a groceress's tea-boy, or a curate's page; we were led to the expression by a simple reference to the services required, and the distance at which he was kept by his employer; in both which particulars, the maid of all-work, and the helper in the house, garden, and stable, had a better place of it. It is a pleasant position that of a school usher! Frowned on by the master, starved by the mistress, pelted by the boys, and hated by his brother menials of the kitchen. The head of the particular polite seminary for young blackguards, which adopted our hero, was a block-head and an ignoramus; and the inexperienced youth wanted the *vous* to conceal his knowledge of the fact; so he was detested and feared accordingly in the parlour, while in the schoolroom he was the victim of a thousand petty schemes of annoyance, because he would not screen delinquency and encourage idleness: still, however, he continued to hang on, in a patient expectation of better days; till the bankruptcy of his principal once more cast him loose, with the world all before him where to choose, and his quarter's salary at the discretion of the assignees.

In that latitude of choice which Milton has assigned to his deuteragonist on quitting Paradise,* there is this inconvenience, that it resembles the comprehensiveness of verbal abstractions—the wider its range, the less it contains; the more it embraces, the fewer are the grounds for preference. The world indeed *was* before him, according to Horne Tooke's famous aphorism concerning the door of the London tavern: but the places at nature's feast were all reserved for the capitalists; and even Lazarus's right to the receipt of its crumbs was a vested privilege, not to be invaded with impunity by the stranger. To judge from appearances, newspapers at this time were more than usually supplied with their army of reporters; the penny-a-liners were superabundant, and ransacked the town at half price; Sir Robert would have said that the novelists of fashion were overdoing the market; for they were reduced by a foolish competition, to pay their publishers for liberty to appear in print; and the quack doctors had become so highly educated that they were able to write their own puffs. Nay, the very promotion to Shakspeare's part of "Wall"—the walking about the streets between two boards, a living advertisement (that lowest department of useful knowledge)—was bespoken, and not to be had for asking.

If these intellectual paths to a crust were too crowded, much worse was it with that more mechanical branch of literature which is occupied by clerks, amanuenses, and lawyer's copyists. Worse it was in one sense, but better in another; for the pressure from without was there so great, that chance was wholly banished from the affair. Those who got employment stuck to it; those who failed left the field in despair, and there an end. Not so with the skilled labourers of literature: employment with them is at once precarious and varied. It is a perpetual lottery, in which every day may produce something. The unoccupied of to-day may be the

* We all know who was the protagonist of the "Paradise Lost."

employed of to-morrow ; and a man may thus go on living and starving alternately, through a succession of fasts and festivals as continuous as that of the Papal calendar, till he sinks at last and dies broken-hearted in the workhouse.

It is an established opinion among moralists, that rope-dancing and moral refinement are very nearly incompatibles ; and this intellectual rope-dancing especially,—this jumping and skipping, because one cannot walk,—is assuredly anything but favourable to a moral steadiness. It is not, therefore, to be presumed that during a long period, which the hero of our tale passed in struggling for existence, in such an arena, (now writing for booksellers, now doing a leader for a newspaper, now teaching a little Greek, a little mathematics, now putting the novel of some woman of fashion into marching order, or conferring grammar, spelling, and classical allusions on a tradesman's advertisement), he could have been always quite satisfied with the moral fitness of his employment, or that all his multifarious offices were in strict accordance with those of Tully. No matter how great, how good, or how wise a man may be, he must still pay his tribute to the weakness of the age and country in which his lot is cast, how much more those, *quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi*. Still on the whole, the domestic teaching and example he had received in boyhood, was not lost on him ; and his love and respect for truth and honesty remained, theoretically at least, sound and pure.

But our reflections, however profound or luminous, are beginning to overload our page, and we must proceed with our narrative. Not but that this discursive mode of treating human life is quite as available in the matter-of-fact department of fictitious narrative, as in that ideal branch of composition, which is called history ; nor do we see any good reason why the author may not help his reader to an idea, as freely in the one case, as in the other. For our own parts, we confess that our readers might have gone to their graves in ignorance of these mischances of the *Musæ Aplutæ*, for ought we care, had it not been for the little bits of recondite wisdom which strewed the path, and offered themselves to be picked up, polished, and set in the narrative, for the world's edification.

It happened, then (we do not exactly know the precise time), that amongst his other "literary avocations," our young friend stumbled one fine morning upon the correction of the press for a country clergyman, of a school edition of a Greek play, and the ability displayed in this humble, but laborious and somewhat critical office, procured for him the favourable notice of the publisher, and brought him into a steady employment, with a scale of remuneration superior to any he had hitherto encountered. His connexion likewise with the author was extended to other works, and led to a personal acquaintance, which ripened into esteem and friendship. He might now, by comparison, have been called well to do in the world ; but the effect of attaining to an elevated point of view, is only to extend the field of vision. Accordingly, we find our friend mounted on his new stage, telescope in hand, regarding with attention the learned professions, and snatching astronomical glimpses at the judgeships, deaneries, speakerships, primacies, seats on the treasury-bench, and we know not how many other asterisms or constellations, which glorify the heaven of heavens of professional suc-

cess. But every one knows that an academic education is the great and accredited vestibule, leading to the temples of professional initiation. The study of Plato is the fittest prelude to that of reports and cases;—mathematics are the *causa causans* of medical intuition;—and as for the church, what preliminary for understanding the inner senses of the gospels, like a competent acquaintance with “Apollo, Bacchus, Mars,” and the rest of the pagan mythology? It cannot then be said of our hero’s eyes, that they resembled those of the dead Banquo: speculation there was in them, and that bright, flashing, and long-sighted; and the result was, a determination forthwith to combine literary and professional pursuit, sandwich-fashion; and to gulp down a morsel of law, physic, or divinity, as the case might be, enveloped in two dry-crusts of paid articles (for immediate support) with an occasional dip into his old friends, the ancients, by way of salt and mustard. It is quite astonishing, with the assistance of these trifling occupations, how much time a man can kill, and how often he will trench upon the *sex horas somno*, which the great legist and disciplinarian assigned to the law student for his nightly flirtation with Morpheus.

In the mean time, with a cheerful heart and renewed hopes, our vigorous student replaced his name on the college-books, and determined to apply his first loose cash to that preliminary graduation, which the sudden death of his father, and the poverty of an orphan’s family, had compelled him at the proper time to forego. As to the precise road to fortune which he should pursue, the determination was not so easy. The memory of his reverend, and (as Mr. Canning might have said) revered father, and the distant (very distant) prospect of Lambeth or Fulham, inclined him to the church. Overwhelmed, too, as he was with incessant labour, there was something in the *dolce far niente* of a curacy among the clouds, that had its charm; but then he had become too knowing to suppose the fat livings and well-paid dignities of mother church would fall into his mouth, merely for taking the trouble to open it. He knew, indeed, but did not quite approve, of the shorter ways, by which plebeian talent and unendowed merit are said to gain the ear of the dispensers of good things; but he also had no decided taste for burying himself for life in the pleasantest village in England, for “the simple consideration” (as Doctor Pangloss has it), of seventy pounds per annum, and a weekly dinner at the great house.

Physic, on the other hand, appeared delightful in the pursuit, and heavenly in the benevolent application. With infinite pains and forbearance, it might be made moderately remunerative. But then it is not patience alone that suffices to produce patients; and truckling to nurses, apothecaries, and governors of hospitals, was not (he felt) exactly his *forte*: besides, the man in his vanity was ambitious; and though Esculapius might be a god, he could never, *quasi* Esculapius, become a peer of the realm; so he (mentally at least, and provisionally) threw physic to the dogs.

Talking of dogs it has been said that even they can syllogize; and the proof advanced is, that when one of the race in pursuit of his master, “not lost, but gone before,” arrives at a bifurcation in the road, he scents for the man on the one branch, and missing him on that, dashes off without further inquiry into the second; which being done into English, is as if he had argued, “my master could take but

one of two courses; he has not taken this, therefore he must have followed that, *q. z. d.*—Could Euclid have done better? But it is not to be supposed that a senior soph should have less logic than a dog; and it cannot be doubted, that our hero, having despatched the two cases of divinity and physic, must have felt himself exempted from a deliberate scrutiny into the *pros.* and *cons.* of law, as a means of advancement.

While, however, he was pondering these things in his mind, and waiting for the fulness of time to make his final election, he was abruptly interrupted in his day-dreams, by the offer of a travelling tutorship (Anglice a bear-leadership) to two young sprigs of quality. These ingenuous youths had passed four years in the study of hares and partridges, of dogs and horses, with his friend the editor of the Greek play, who was too busy about various readings of his own, to bestow much care upon those of others: they were, accordingly, ripe for travel and the study of the world. Here was a godsend indeed. Like our before-quoted friend Pangloss, its proposed emolument realized the visionary speculation of "three hundred pounds a year," besides travelling charges. His degree, and whatever fee-costing admissions to a license to practise might lay in his future course, were in imagination paid for by savings from the resources thus opened to him; and then there was the prospect of European sight-seeing, and all the Ulyssean experience of men and cities to be obtained on the highways of the grand tour.

On the receipt of his friend's epistle, our student was ready, as they say, to jump out of his skin for joy; and it would have done you good to see him dancing about his room, upsetting the inkstand, overthrowing the coalscuttle on the carpet, and frightening the ejected cat out of its propriety, by the forcible evasion of her habitaculum. Here, at last, he thought his acquired lore would come into play; and here would be formed one of those honourable connexions in which mutual benefits conferred, might ripen into friendship, or at any rate lead to patronage at once creditable and advantageous. But how think you, reader, was this speculation justified by the event? The cubs committed to his charge required no higher display of accomplishment from their "guide, philosopher and friend," than was involved in settling accounts with the courier, and corresponding with the governor at home. They had no esteem to bestow on any of a tutor's moral excellences, except perhaps, on his patient submission to their will, as to the places to be visited, the time devoted to each, and the objects to be examined in all.

As to the fine arts, they were more solicitous about originals than pictures; for antiquities, the one thing old that piqued their curiosity, was wine; of edifices, they studied exclusively the interior of opera-houses; and the only national institutes which engaged their attention, were the Salon and the Palais Royal; where, if they did not make notes, they certainly parted with a considerable number.

These things notwithstanding, the parties rubbed on together pretty well as far as Naples. The tutor might now and then have desired to linger at some favourite spot of curious or philosophic interest, when the pupils were eager to dash forward; or he might have wished to cut short a residence more advantageously situated for sporting than for

research,—more famed for dancers than for ciceroni; while they might have been well contented to remain for ever on the spot. But suffering is the badge of all the tribe; and he had nothing to do with the law, but to obey it.

At Naples, however, two subjects of irreconcilable dispute arose between the high contracting parties,—a false representation demanded to raise supplies from “the old ’un,” and a trifle of friendly intervention in a love intrigue: and so they came to an open rupture, and separated.

Hic omnis effusus labor, æconomics, patronage, every thing vanished into smoke. The tutor, thus disappointed, returned to England as rich as he left it; and so, not having been permitted to thoroughly examine any one object or place on his journey, nothing remained for him in return for his lost time but to publish his travels. What however he lost by the sons, he gained by the father, who being grateful for his spirited resistance to a dishonest temptation, and perhaps also for speculative advantages in the womb of futurity, took him as domestic secretary, to reside in his house, until he should be ripe for ordination, and for the reversion of a living held by an octogenarian incumbent, in whom nature’s copy, it was surmised, was not etern.

The new patron of our reverend *in posse* had been a diplomatist, and now held a high office connected with foreign affairs. His correspondence was, however, not on that account, conducted in the dead languages. We were not in the times of the protectorate; and the defence of the English people was no longer consigned to the pure style of a Latin secretary. It was fortunate for the novice diplomatist that he had availed himself of his temporary connexion with language-masters to obtain a passable acquaintance with French and German; for otherwise, notwithstanding that the jargon of protocols is “Greek” to the lookers on, with all Scapula at his fingers’ ends he would not have mastered their contents.

Neither, indeed, were his mathematics any guide to a solution of those impossible quantities, the Talleyrands and the Metternichs; whose least crabbed combinations of formulæ would throw Mr. Babbage’s machine into despair. Aristotle’s politics the secretary had thoroughly studied, and with his logic he was quite familiar; but what had they in common with the congress of Vienna, where humbug was the only current figure of rhetoric, and diamond snuffboxes the only intelligible arguments.

Time, in the meantime, jogged on; and our *novus homo* betook himself once more to the university for his degree. How he got over the thirty-nine articles we never learned. He was no longer a boy and excusable for signing in the dark. Perhaps he accepted them as articles of peace rather than of faith. However it was, his degree he obtained, together with a satisfactory testimonial, the necessary preliminary of ordination.

A more difficult point to carry in this career, is the qualifying curia; but even that was obtained by the assistance of the expectant’s protector. His ordination therefore, it may be thought, was of course, a matter of course. No such thing: by ill luck our hero stumbled upon one of those crotchety prelates, with whom the articles of the church are not sufficiently stringent; and he was presented at the palace with some fifty

additional propositions, as a *sine quâ non* to admission into the fold. In an evil hour the candidate entered into a controversy with his superior on the subject: and in a still more evil moment he committed his thoughts to the press. For this imprudence he not only was refused ordination and driven from his expected preferment, but was sent to the other learned professions ticketed with heterodoxy, and inferentially with disaffection to all things constituted,—from the altar and the throne, to the Bank-parlour and the board in Leadenhall-street.

In so saying, we do not accuse the world of any extraordinary injustice. It certainly is in the course of things that men too scrupulous in their investigations of dogmatic theology, should grow to put less than the necessary confidence in state conventionalities and plausibilities; and somehow or other there is a necessary connexion between sectarianism in religion and discontent in politics, which, for the sake of peace we leave every one to explain as pleases his own individual fancy.

Before proceeding any further with this very extraordinary case, we must express our astonishment that the ingenuous youth did not—that all ingenuous youths do not, without hesitation—go to law. By this we do not mean that they should enter upon a course of litigation, which nothing but being utterly in the wrong should induce a man of sense to attempt: neither do we intend that he should take the law in his own hand, and incur fine and imprisonment for his pains. We simply and honestly mean to recommend the profession of the law as the best high-road to rising in this world (never mind the next—*chacun à son tour*), which modern society offers.

In saying this, we do not principally reflect on the great prizes, heretofore alluded to, because like all other great prizes, they are rather of the rarest. Even as an ordinary means of gaining an ordinary livelihood, we are not satisfied that law is either more certain or less laborious than any other profession; but the great and undeniable advantage, the unspeakable blessing of law is, that in case of non-success—it fits a man for every other employment in life. A lawyer is essentially a commissionable man. His habits, we suppose, of cross-examination, entitle him to play the part of a general note of interrogation, and to pry into all matters, from a poor law to the state of the Hill Coolies; from church revenues to gaol dietaries. Then the lawyer is the very raw material of a land agent; he is *le bois dont on fait* the very best electioneering managers. Again, he is *ipso facto* a methodist preacher, with a difference; and an actor in a peculiar dress. In short, there is scarcely a situation within the lines of civilization that he may not assume; and if even these are all overstocked, what preparation in the world could turn out so efficient a highwayman?

The neglecting such considerations, in the first instance, was therefore an oversight in our friend: it is always good to have two strings to one's bow. The crestfallen candidate for holy orders, however, was now forced upon a more reasonable course. A very small and very unexpected legacy enabled him to take chambers, and to eat mutton at the Temple—still doing a little literature, to eke out his income. In due time he was ripe for the call, and having paid his fees, and equipped himself with a wig, gown, and blue bag, he entered on professional life with a reputation for equity and steadiness, enough to set up a whole bar

of Chancery pleaders. Ill luck, however, still pursued him ; first he put his name to a treatise on the Greek article, disqualification positive, and the attorneys frowned ; then he produced the most learned works of his age on the principles of jurisprudence ; disqualification comparative, the attorneys shied : and lastly, he wrote a Benthamite pamphlet on law reforms ; disqualification superlative. By this he lost the ear of the chancellor : and the attorneys swept the fond record of his person and abilities from their memories for ever. " Oh no, they never mentioned him " more.

His means and his reputation as a practical barrister being thus exhausted together, his next desperate venture, on the strength of an university education, was an attempt to revive the legitimate drama, by a tragedy upon the purest Gallo-Greek model. Racine was floored, and Euripides might have thought on the Frogs of Aristophanes and trembled. Well, the Oxford and Cambridge men hissed him to revenge the Bishop ; the lawyers hissed him on behalf of their violated abuses ; the *canaille de la littérature* hissed him, because he was among them and not of them ; the friends of the great tragedian of the other house hissed him, because the other tragedian of his house played the principal part : and lastly the town, one and all, hissed and utterly d—d him, because they voted legitimate tragedy a bore, and were impatient for a revival of Van Amburgh's lions. Being thus utterly ruined in his own affairs, he had nothing better to do than to take up those of the public ; and so he denounced the malpractices of one of the most dishonest functionaries that ever robbed an asinine public : a prosecution was the consequence, and having satisfactorily proved every word of his allegation he was sent to gaol, and fined as a matter of course, for a malignant libeller.

When at length turned out of prison by the virtues of time and an insolvent act, and without a farthing to buy bread, our victim of a false education began to discover that he had had quite enough of the *το καλον*, and the muses. Physic, however, still lay open to receive him, so he went to an obscure Scotch university, and lived by writing theses and " cramming " the candidates, till he could obtain his own M D. But here again his old bad fame pursued him. The high church would not employ him for his heterodoxy ; and as he did not belong to any particular sect, no particular sect would uphold liberty of conscience in his person, by taking his physic ; all joined to a man, in considering him a libertine in principle, and utterly ignorant of rhubarb. It was high time for him, therefore, to change his tactics.

On a severe scrutiny of the different phases of his past life, and an attentive examination of the pursuits and ways of his more successful rivals, he was not long in discovering the sources of his reiterated failure. He found that, like the Musæus of Ruggles, he was "*galliacrista, vocatus a coxcomb*," and could neither become a lawyer nor anything else, lucrative, for want of the requisite education. He began to coincide with Ignoramus, in thinking that *sunt magni idiotæ, et clerici intutorum isti universitantes*. He lamented that instead of his studies at Cambridge he had not, like others, his contemporaries, taken lessons there in knowledge of the world, and the art of getting into debt and not paying ; learned how to make up a book, instead of construing it : and turned his mathematics with Demoiivre to the account of the chances.

The fruit of these reflections was a fixed determination to adapt himself for the future to circumstances, and to take the world on its own terms. He began by putting himself at the head of a formidable body of sectarians, took the lead at charitable meetings, got up bazaars for missionary societies, and wrote a pamphlet termed "Sin the Short Road to Salvation," on the edifying death of a converted murderer. To these qualifications he added a large assortment of flattery for the men, and a sentimental *mélange* of piety and lovemaking for the women: and having thus paved his way to a fashionable notoriety, he gave lectures *gratis* to mechanics' institutions and literary associations. He next proceeded to take magnetism out of the hands of the Mesmerites, and constructed out of *clairvoyance* a tenth Bridgewater treatise; he revived St. John Long's escoriations, and brought them into the fold of regular science, by the new name of counter-irritation. For a long time he hesitated whether he should enter into a clandestine agreement with some druggist, and send his prescriptions to a particular house for a per centage, or whether he should canvass the whole tribe of compounders together, by a reputation for liberal prescription; but before he could make his mind on that point, Homœopathy came into vogue with the high aristocracy, and he determined at once for infinitesimal doses, and starving the apothecary. Having thus found for himself a party, he set up an hospital, and became both its treasurer and physician. A house in a fashionable square, with a queer-coloured chariot and piebald horses did the rest. If not at the head of the profession, he is now in a condition to buy the whole college of Physicians; and he will figure unquestionably among the largest contributors to Sir Robert's new income-tax. When raised to the baronetcy, as he certainly will be, the heralds may blazon his arms with fortune grinning through a horse-collar, and no better motto can be given him than *Si vulgus decepi vult decipiatur*.

μ.

THE HAND-WRITING.

Dark character! of good or ill
 As either may befall;
 What busy thoughts lie cold and still
 Beneath thine inky pall.

Again to wake to light and life
 As grows the gaze on thee,
 And voices speak, and forms are rife,
 That long have ceas'd to be.

Thou art a talisman whose spell
 Though read is yet unbroken;
 A silent tongue in which we tell
 More than the lips have spoken.

KOUNIIL.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES ;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. VII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

SATURDAY, the 20th of October, 18—, was a gloomy, rainy, puffy, miserable day. The streets of Oxford looked muddy, slushy, and deserted by all but the college servants, whose generally pure white cottons were obscured by splashes, and a few collegians who held their gown-tails under one arm to keep them from being soiled by the soil of *alma mater*. Not a tradesman was visible. Every one of them was deeply engaged within in making out his "little accounts;" for on that day term began, or more strictly speaking "the men were coming up"—for term had commenced on the 10th.

It was a busy day within the walls of the respective colleges. The *coqui* were busied in preparing materials for hall-dinners and bones to be broiled at supper. They had laid in a stock of soups, chops, and steaks to be ready for any hungry member who might come in exhausted by a long and tedious journey.

The *promi* were busy brushing up the college plate and polishing the tankards. The beer-barrels were already furnished with taps, and most of them had been tasted and approved of by the *tonsors* who having nothing very particular to do, spent the day in the buttery to watch for the *Imposed* as they came up, expecting a just and speedy reward for the *impositions* done for them the term before.

The *janitores* were occupied in flogging dogs out of college, and inspecting the luggage of the freshmen as they arrived, in order that they might form a judgment of their respectability from the appearance of their portmanteaus and carpet-bags.

The *Cam. Com. hummes* were preparing their apartments for their respective dons, and tasting the port wine to ascertain whether it had deteriorated during "the long," and marking the bin, to be set aside as A 1, for the ensuing term.

The bedmakers and under scouts were sweeping rooms, dusting furniture, scraping crockery-ware together, collecting glasses, lighting fires, and what they were pleased to call airing beds, which means throwing the mattress or feather bed on the middle of the floor, and leaving it to take its chance of getting a genial ray from a half-extinguished fire.

At the various inns all was bustle, hurry, and confusion, for the men in the days of which I am writing, came up inside, or on the roofs and boxes of the coaches which kept the streets alive by the rattle of their wheels, and the horns or bugles of their guards. Each inn too could boast of as many post-horses in its yard as are now kept in all

of them put together. Railroads, however, proclaim by their steaming, screaming, whistling, indorous locomotives, that

Tempora mutantur,

which means, that "The Times four-horse fast-coach, is changed into a pair-horse slow."

I might add,

Nos et mutamur in illis,

for instead of being satisfied, as was our wont, with reaching London in five hours and a half, we grumble if we are not at Paddington from Steven-ton, the same number of miles, in less than two hours, and call the steam-carriage a "very slow coach."

But to return to the days of that nearly exploded race—the *genus longum*—the drivers of long stages.

Tom—great Tom of Christ Church tolls four o'clock, Carfax church-clock respectfully waits five minutes, and then strikes the same hour, the various parish churches follow the example of their illustrious predecessors when it suits their convenience. The book-keepers at the various offices stand at their doors with the porters and extra cads waiting the arrival of the London coaches and pulling out their watches now and then to see how much they are "after time." Excuses are readily made, "the roads run woolly, and being first day of term of course they're full inside and out, with no end of luggage."

The porters are nearly tired of standing about, and counting in anticipation, the number of half-crowns they shall earn, and how they shall make their cads give a full, true, and particular account of their earnings, when too-too-too-ool! is heard on Headington Hill, answered by the same sound, as accurately repeated as if by echo, from Rose Hill; in a few minutes "The Blenheim" is seen dashing from the Wyckham road, and "The Alert" from the Henley road, meeting on Maudlen Bridge as at a common centre. On they rattle, Charles Holmes on the one, and Black Will on the other, each eager to reach the Angel first. Will, who carries the "young uns," flanks the leaders, and double thongs the wheelers; but Holmes, who is filled with duns, merely slacks his hand, and gives a peculiar encouraging note with his lips. On they go, neck-and-neck, and pull up together at the Angel gateway.

Crowds of gownsmen, who have arrived by the middle-day coaches or have clubbed for "yellows and pairs," stand on the pavement to greet their friends and see what old schoolfellows have come up for the first time. Greetings are exchanged amidst the searchings for boxes, hat-cases, carpet-bags, pointers, setters, terriers, and gun-cases.

Will and Holmes look out carefully for their tips, and having secured them, and deposited all who choose to alight, drive on up the High-street, and pull up again at the Mitre, where a second but less-imposing scene of the same farce is exhibited.

Leaving "The Blenheim" and "The Alert" to go on to the Roe-buck and Star, we will stop at the Mitre, and watch the proceedings of a plainly but respectably-dressed lady, and a young man whose pale cheeks and wan appearance proclaim the invalid or the over-worked student.

They have just alighted from the inside of "The Blenheim," and, being unattended by a servant, are endeavouring to point out to the house-porter their two portmanteaus and one bonnet-box, which are nearly obscured by a mass of superincumbent luggage, and surrounded as if by a bulwark, with coach-porters' barrows.

"Look after the lady, Jem," said the upper to the under-waiter, "she's going to stop in the house; I must look after Mr. Strong of St. James's—he owes me a tick for last term, and he'll be cleaned out to-morrow."

"I can't," replied Jem; "I see Mr. Brooks of St. Jude's, and he sees me, for he's a slipping off the other side, and he owes *me* a tick."

Thus deserted by the waiters, the lady looks for aid to the chamber-maid, but she is engaged in looking at all the young men. A slight gaze, however, satisfies her, and seeing her mistress watching her from the bar-room door, she makes a virtue of necessity, and approaching the lady asks her if "she stops all night, and would like to see her room."

"I wish to speak to the landlady," said the lady, "and beg to be shown into a parlour, where I and my son may take some refreshments."

The girl cheerfully obeys and shows her into a neat room, with a comfortable fire blazing in its grate, and having the look of one's own home.

In a very few minutes Mrs. P——e—I am sorry to be obliged to say the *late* Mrs. P——e—makes her appearance. For years she has been the landlady of the Mitre, and has won the good-will of her customers and the love of her neighbours and dependants by her obliging conduct and kind heart.

The lady responds to her courtesy, and gives into her hand a letter. Mrs. P——e opens it and finds it is from one of her old college visitors—*friends* I may truly say. It contains a request that she will obligingly procure lodgings in the house of some respectable family for the bearer, who intends to reside in Oxford as long as her son remains at college.

While Mrs. P——e is showing those attentions to her guests, which she never failed to show to all, but especially to those who came so well recommended to her, and whilst the porter is seeking a vacant lodging suited to the lady's wants, I will give the reader a brief insight into her history, and the cause of her appearance in Oxford.

Among the minor canons of —— cathedral, was one who bore the name of James Pauperly. He had passed through the University with great credit to himself as a bible-clerk and chaplain. Having no patron either lay or clerical, he was glad to accept of a minor canonry in —— cathedral, because it ensured him a small house in the close and a salary of 80*l.* per annum.

Being fond of music and a good musician, these qualifications, added to his gentlemanly manners and correct conduct, gained him admission into the dull but respectable society of the town in which the cathedral stands, and of which it is the chief—indeed the only—attraction.

Among the families with whom Pauperly spent his evenings, none was so attentive and consequently so agreeable to him as the house-

hold of one Mr. Markwell, who carried on an extensive and lucrative business as a brewer. He was wealthy and proud of his wealth. He had a large family, consisting of three sons and five daughters, to whom he had given a good education. They were all musical, and to gratify their taste and his own pride, Mr. Markwell gave a great many private concerts in the course of the year, whereat his own family, and the minor canons of the cathedral were the principal performers.

Pauperly soon became a great favourite with the brewer and with his sons and daughters. He was invited to "drop in whenever he pleased," and often availed himself of the invitation; for amongst the daughters, the second, Miss Lucinda, had found especial favour in his eyes. The feeling was mutual, but unacknowledged by either party, except by those little glances and sighs, which are often unwittingly bestowed and uttered by incipient lovers. He played with her—on the piano, I mean—he sang with her, but there was nothing particular in that, for he did the same with her brothers and sisters.

It somehow happened, however, that Mamma Markwell fancied that his tones were softer, and far more tender and melodious when he sang to Miss Lucinda, than they were when he accompanied any one else. She grew suspicious and watched them closely—for she had not the slightest wish that either of her daughters should unite her fate with, and bestow the riches she might possibly inherit, on a *minor* canon. The result of her vigilance was that she was confident, certain sure, that she saw Pauperly squeeze Lucinda's hand as they both essayed to turn over the same leaf of the same music-book at one and the same time. What might have been a mere suspicion was converted into a certainty by the young lady blushing very deeply and whispering "Don't;" and the gentleman turning away with a deep sigh.

She said nothing to her daughter upon the subject, but at the usual time

When wives do lecture and the night grows dark,

she informed her husband, who *professed* a great attachment for the church, and entertained a real affection for his money and his family—that "she had every reason to believe that *that* Pauperly was surreptitiously endeavouring to steal the affections of Lucinda Markwell."

"Pooh!—nonsense—stuff, my dear—Lucinda has too much proper pride, and Pauperly too little money to dream of such a thing. Why she *may* have thousands, and he has only 80*l.* per annum—stuff!"

"But I distinctly saw him squeeze her hand as they turned over the music together," said the lady.

"All chance, depend on it—all stuff!"

"Ah, but then," continued the lady, "she blushed and said—"

"Eh! *what* did she say?" asked Markwell.

"She said *don't*," answered mamma.

"And very proper too. Pooh!—nonsense—all stuff," replied the brewer, and he closed the debate for the night.

Now though Mr. Markwell thus discouraged his wife's suspicions he thought it not improbable that a handsome young man of good address, and great musical talent, might gain the affections of any young lady with whom he frequently conversed and sang: and he thought it still less improbable that a poor parson would not avail

himself of so easy a means of increasing his income, as by seeking the hand and fortune of a young lady with wealth in prospectu.

He therefore invited Pauperly to dine with him, which he had never done before, and as soon as the cloth was removed and the ladies had retired, he gave so marked a lecture, addressed to his sons, on the absurdity of parsons with small incomes thinking of marrying, and the folly of parents who could allow their daughters to become the wives of the aforesaid poor parsons, that Pauperly could not mistake the object of the invitation to dinner.

He attended the evening meetings as constantly as before, but was more guarded in his conduct to Lucinda, who having a shrewd notion of the cause, from hints thrown out by her mamma, was not at all displeased at his conduct.

One evening Miss Lucinda thought that Pauperly looked happier and sang more cheerfully than usual. His voice had been rather too flat for some time; on this occasion it seemed inclined to verge too much on the other extreme. The cause she could not divine, but it was speedily disclosed to her.

While a chorus occupied the rest of the party, and mamma was busied in domestic duties, Pauperly led Lucinda aside into the deep embrasure of a window and told her that as the chapter had that day given him a living close to the town, which would make his income 200*l.* per annum, he could not refrain asking her if she would share it with him.

As Lucinda really loved Pauperly, and knew nothing of the little conveniences which 200*l.* per annum does *not* insure, she unreservedly said "Yes, provided her parents would consent."

The usuals were perpetrated as well as the time and place would allow of their perpetration, and Pauperly—happy man!—sought Mr. Markwell, and told him of his accession of income—the love he bore for his daughter, and her provisional acceptance of his hand.

Mr. Markwell made a great many rude observations touching the poverty of parsons in general, and of minor canons in particular, and forbade Mr. Pauperly further access to his house and daughter; for which Mamma Markwell very much applauded him.

"Where there is a will there is a way" (*ubi voluntas, ibi potestas*), is a maxim the truth of which has been often proved. Miss Lucinda came of age, and having 50*l.* per annum of her own—the legacy of an aunt, she told her parents calmly but firmly, "she meant to bestow herself and her 50*l.* per annum on the only man she could ever love."

"Pooh! nonsense! stuff!" said the brewer.

"Low! degrading! abominable!" said the brewer's wife.

"I have made up my mind," said the young lady, "and have apprized Mr. Pauperly of my intentions."

"Then leave the house this instant, and never see our faces again," shouted *père et mère* together, looking vent-pegs at poor Lucinda.

Pauperly could not very well hesitate to fulfil the lady's wishes, but previously to doing so, he consulted the Dean, who was in residence. When he heard all the circumstances of the case, he made a few observations on the pride of wealthy parvenus, and offered to unite them himself the next day; an act for which old Markwell withdrew

his subscription from every charity in the town, and put his name down as a large contributor to the *British* school.

Well, time rolled on: Mrs. Markwell and her family were soon reconciled to Lucinda and her husband, when they saw how much they were respected by every one. Old Markwell would not be reconciled—he would not listen to the proposal—“his daughter had married a beggar, or little better, and had disgraced the family.” The subject threw him into so violent a passion, that it brought on an apoplectic seizure, and he died—died a beggar! for on examining his affairs, it was discovered that he had risked his all, and more than his all in a speculation in hops, which had turned out a failure. Everything was sold to pay the creditors, and Mrs. Markwell retired with her daughters to a small cottage, where they lived on their own little independencies, amounting together to 250*l.* per annum—the sons sought employment elsewhere.

Mrs. Pauperly had but one child—a son; upon him, of course, she doted. Pauperly, as soon as the boy was old enough, knowing the errors of the home-system of education, sent him to the Cathedral school, where he made such rapid progress in his learning, and showed such a decided superiority over those of his own age, that he resolved to send him to college, and for that purpose stinted himself and his wife, who readily submitted to the deprivation, of every luxury, and of many of the necessities of life.

In the midst of these, his plans for the future welfare of his son, he was suddenly cut off. A violent cold caught by doing duty in a damp country church, being neglected, terminated fatally. Mrs. Pauperly was left a widow with a son of seventeen years of age, and fifty pounds per annum. This sum was augmented by a pension of thirty pounds from the widow's fund, and a sum of sixty pounds which she purchased as an annuity with the amount of the insurance on her husband's life, and the sale of his furniture and effects.

With this 140*l.* per annum, she resolved to carry out the plans which her husband had laid down for his son. She consulted the Dean on the best means of doing so. He wrote to his friend the Principal of — Hall on the subject. He received an answer from that kind-hearted man, recommending the mother to come up and take lodgings for herself and son in Oxford, where they could live cheaply together, as James Pauperly could not have rooms in — Hall, while it was undergoing certain repairs.

Thus I have briefly accounted for the appearance of Mrs. Pauperly and her son at the Mitre Inn, and for the request made to the landlady to seek for a respectable lodging for them. A sitting-room and two bedrooms were provided in a small house in one of the back streets, of which possession was taken that very evening. On the Monday following, James Pauperly was matriculated and admitted a commoner of — Hall.

I have said that he looked pale and delicate. The fact is, that he was constitutionally strong and healthy, but he had been reading very hard—indeed unnecessarily so—to prepare himself for college. The noble sacrifice made by his mother for his advancement in life, made such an impression upon him, that he resolved to requite it by the most strenuous exertions. He was determined to succeed in gaining the highest honours in the university, if those honours were to be obtained

by perseverance. He rose early, and late took rest. The hours that ought to have been dedicated to exercise and recreation, were devoted to study. The consequence may easily be foreseen. The bloom left his cheeks, his eye lost its brilliancy, and his brow became contracted. His appetite failed. He was nervous and dyspeptic.

The Dean saw this, and though he appreciated his close application to his books, he warned him that the very method he had adopted to acquire fame as a scholar, would be the surest means of defeating his wishes. He told his mother also, and wrote to the Principal of — Hall to the same effect. Dr. —, therefore, before he allowed him to attend a single lecture, called in a medical man, and requested him to lay down a system of alternate study and exercise suited to his bodily health—or rather want of health.

This kindly effected, Pauperly was introduced to his tutor, Mr. Pensive, a quiet, gentlemanly man, and exactly suited for the management of a youth of his habits and temperature. Mr. Pensive was a laborious student, and had made himself a sound scholar more by rigid application than by natural ability. He still read, and read very hard. He took a certain measured quantity of exercise and food daily. He allowed himself but one indulgence—that was a newspaper. In this, however, his habit was peculiar, for he never read one until he had finished the preceding. As he sometimes had not time to look at a paper for a week together, he got behindhand in his reading; still he went plodding on, and filing them as regularly as if they were new ones, and certainly found quite as much entertainment from the perusal of them, though they were “in arrear.”

Pauperly was not aware of this peculiarity in his tutor's character, until one day while he was sitting with him, he looked up from his paper and very gravely observed,

“Bless me! what a shocking fire!”

“Indeed, sir, where?”

“Why, Drury-lane Theatre is burnt down,” said Mr. Pensive.

“What *again*, sir?” inquired Pauperly; “it was burnt down about two years ago.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Pensive, “that is just the date I've got to.”

Pauperly, upon inquiry, was fully informed of the system upon which his tutor read the newspapers, and ceased to wonder at the *old news* which sometimes formed the subject of his lighter conversation.

Dr. — and Mr. Pensive both offered to introduce Pauperly to some of the best men in the Hall, but he respectfully declined the offer, assuring them that he had neither the means, nor the time, nor the inclination to enter into society. His only companion was his mother—his kind, his devoted mother.

After reading up and attending his lectures, he walked with her for a certain time. They then returned to their humble meal. After dinner Pauperly pursued his studies, and for one hour, in the course of the evening, sought the assistance of Mr. Pensive in getting up his sciences. This assistance was willingly given, though not paid for—as the tutor knew that his pupil could not afford to pay for private lectures. The only recompence he would receive was from Mrs. Pauperly, who performed certain little offices with her needle for him, such as hemming handkerchiefs and marking linen, which are really valuable to a college tutor.

In his seventh term, Pauperly went up for his little-go, as the first examination is termed. As it consists principally of an inquiry into, or investigation of, the candidate's knowledge of grammar and logic, or mathematics, he found but little difficulty in securing his *testamur*, and the thanks of the examiners—the masters of the schools—for the efficient manner in which he had got up his books.

At this period a scholarship, or more correctly speaking, an exhibition, of thirty pounds per annum, to last for four years, was left by will to — Hall, by one of its former members. An advertisement appeared, calling upon all young men, under a certain standing in the university, who chose to do so, to come forward as candidates. A list of seventeen names was sent in to the Principal: among them appeared that of James Pauperly.

The nature of the examination intended to be adopted, was explained to him by Dr. — and Mr. Pensive; and as he knew his books tolerably well, he devoted the intervening time to practising prose Latin writing and versification.

The day arrived. Pauperly, with an agitated manner, left his mother, who spent the day in prayer for her son's success. She could do nothing else had she felt so inclined, for he was her all, her only hope, and on his success, in the event of anything befalling her, his future support depended. The clock struck four, the hour when the examinations were to terminate, and the name of the successful candidate to be announced. Mrs. Pauperly placed her chair near the window to watch for her son's coming, in order that she might learn his success or failure from his looks, ere he entered the house. A long, tedious, almost unendurable hour elapsed. The clock struck again, but still he came not. The shades of night had fallen on the deserted streets, and the mother left the window, despairing of her son's success, as she knew he would hasten to communicate the joyful tidings to *her* before any one else. The chimes from New College tower announced the hour of six. The feelings of the widowed parent were wrought to such a painful height, that her heart beat violently and audibly, her pulses throbbed, and her breathing was impeded. She poured out a glass of spring-water, and was raising it to her parched lips, when she heard a rapid, joyful step approaching. The glass fell from her hand. She knew it was the footstep of her son, and she *felt* that he was successful. Her tears burst forth, and relieved the oppression on her heart and lungs, and ere she had time to finish a thanksgiving to the great Protector of the widow and orphan, her son was embracing her. He could only say, "Dearest mother, I have triumphed," before he sank on the sofa exhausted with fatigue and joy.

When he was sufficiently recovered, and had partaken of some slight refreshment, which his mother insisted upon his doing, he explained the cause which had delayed his return. It appeared at the termination of the examination that the papers and *viva voce* of himself and one other candidate were judged to be so nearly upon an equality, that it was difficult to decide between them. It had been resolved by the examiners to put them on in one more book, and to give them one more paper each. The work was done and handed in. In half an hour—a most painful half-hour to both the men—Dr. — announced that Mr. Pauperly was the successful candidate for the exhibition; but that Mr. Ploddington, his opponent, had passed so excel-

lent an examination, that he could not allow him to leave the hall without thanking him publicly, and begging his acceptance of a few books.

What a happy joyful evening was that to the mother and her son—the widow and her orphan child! All the sacrifices made by the one were more than recompensed; all the painful applications—the nights and days of toil spent by the other, were forgotten—blotted out of his memory. They were too happy to talk, but sat holding each other's hand, and expressing by their looks alone the joy, the gratitude that filled their hearts. Just as their feelings began to border on the painful from their intensity, a knock was heard at the door, footsteps sounded on the staircase, and Mr. Pensive was ushered in by the maid, palpitating from the unusual speed at which he had hurried from the hall, to congratulate his pupil and his mother on the event of the day.

"And I am happy to add," said Mr. Pensive, "that the French have been beaten at Talavera."

"Why, that, sir, is more than two years and a half ago," said Mrs. Pauperly.

"Very likely, my dear madam, very likely; but I am only just come to it in the papers."

Mr. Pensive having thus accounted for his arrears of news, intimated a wish to be allowed to take his tea and spend the evening with his pupil and his mother.

"He felt," he said, "there could be no impropriety in it, though it was not usual for college tutors to visit widows, but then her son was present—there could *not* be anything wrong in it."

Mrs. Pauperly smiled, and assured him that there *could* not.

The evening was passed in laying down plans for the future. Pauperly had resolved to try—not only for a first-class in classics and mathematics—but for the prizes offered by the university for the best Latin and English essay, and for the best Latin and English verses. In this he was encouraged by his tutor, who knew that the gaining of these public honours advanced a young man's interest in life more, by a great deal, than any one thing again. His mother did not discourage him; though, when she heard the list of books necessary to be read and got up to ensure only one first-class, she feared that his health would be injured and his strength fail him.

When Pauperly commenced his course of study, his mother longed to be able to assist him. But how could she do it? she who knew nothing of Latin or Greek? She was resolved to try. She saw that much time was consumed in looking out words in dictionaries and lexicons, and by practice she soon acquired the ability to do so. She made herself acquainted with the Greek character, and to her son's great surprise, afforded him much assistance.

She could also aid him in another way. When he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek text and construction of his plays he read them off to her in English, translating them as freely as possible, while she compared his rendering of them with some able English version.

He was also greatly assisted in his labours, especially in the mathematics, by his rival for the ——— Hall exhibition, Mr. Ploddington.

This young man, though annoyed at being beaten by Pauperly, was so much pleased with his manners and conduct during the examination, that he made further inquiries respecting him. The answers to those inquiries were so satisfactory that he determined, albeit he was a Ch. Ch. man, and a younger scion of a good family, to make of him an acquaintance, and if possible a friend.

He called on him and invited him to his rooms. Pauperly declined, and modestly assigned his reasons for so doing—"he was too proud to accept invitations which he was too poor to be able to return." Ploddington endeavoured to reason away the objection in his case, but Pauperly was firm, and his mother applauded his firmness. At the same time she told him that she should be happy to see his new acquaintance at their lodgings whenever he was disposed to favour them with his company.

Ploddington, finding it was useless to argue the matter further, was glad to consent to this arrangement, and knowing that they could mutually benefit one another, he spent many of his evenings at Pauperly's. Several baskets of game, poultry, and fish, came directed to Mrs. Pauperly; and, strange to say, she could never find out by whom they were sent. Pauperly had his suspicions, but he thought it unnecessary to give vent to them, and so deprive his mother of such little luxuries as her income could not allow her to indulge in, and also deprive the sender, who he knew could afford the expense, of the gratification of seeing her enjoy them.

At his intimacy with Mr. Ploddington both Dr. ——— and Mr. Pensive were greatly pleased, as they trusted that at the end of his university career it might be the means of introducing him into good society. They both felt that his success, of which they doubted not, would justify him in seeking it.

During the long vacation, while Ploddington was absent from Oxford, and reading with a private tutor in the country, Pauperly again devoted so much time to reading that his health, unperceived by his mother, began to fail him. He felt that he was ill—really, seriously ill—not so much by his rapid pulse, failing appetite, and sleepless nights, as by the disrelish he began to feel for his books, and the different views he entertained of the value of academical success. He almost resolved to give up the pursuit of fame—to take a common-pass degree, and retire from Oxford, unknowing and unknown. The sight of his mother, however—the knowledge that she would be greatly and grievously disappointed at the failure of the hopes and expectations which she had formed of him, urged him on—on—on, until human nature could bear no more. His hands trembled, his eyes became dim, his voice lost its cheerful tones, and one day, as he sat reading to his mother, a giddiness attacked his brain, his eyes lost the power of vision, and he fell back fainting in his chair.

His mother in great alarm sent for the physician who had previously attended him by the advice of Dr. ———, who, with Mr. Pensive, was spending the recess at the sea-side. On his arrival he informed her of the cause of her son's relapse, and insisted on his taking daily rides in a gig at first, and afterwards on horseback, into the country, until he had recovered his health. Mrs. Pauperly promised that his orders should be strictly attended to; but while she was absent for a few minutes her

son told the physician that he could not consent to the plan, as his mother's income was too small to enable her to bear the expense.

"Nobly spoken," said the doctor; "and as I ride out daily, and shall be glad of a companion, you shall accompany me."

"But my mother? I must not leave her."

"Plenty of room in the carriage," said the doctor. "She shall ride too; it will do *her* good."

By the kind and judicious attention of the good-hearted physician—who refused to take a single fee from the widow and orphan—Pauperly was sufficiently restored to enable him to do what he had long determined on—to try for the English prize poem, known as "the Newdigate," and to write an English essay. The very change from reading philosophy and history in the dead languages to the less burdensome task of writing and composing in his native tongue was a great relief to him. He found the truth of

Mutatis studiis, levior fit labor.

When the long vacation was over, and Ploddington returned to college, his first act was to call on his friend. He was shocked to see the change which illness had effected in him. He left him, and having learnt from the widow the name of the physician who had attended him, he called on him and begged him to tell him truly the state of his friend's health, and the means best calculated to restore it.

The doctor told him that less study, a little port wine, with plenty of air and horse exercise, would speedily renovate his frame.

In a few days a hamper of port came down by the London waggon directed to Mrs. Pauperly, and by some extraordinary chance *two* horses were sent up to Oxford for Mr. Ploddington, and as he could only ride one at a time, he begged of Pauperly as a great favour to mount the other just to keep him in exercise.

Pauperly saw through the scheme, squeezed his friend's hand, and mounted.

The physician's words came true. The sick and weakly student was restored to health and strength. The Principal was delighted, and Mr. Pensive in the excess of his joy assured them that the allies had taken Badajoz by storm, which had surrendered some three years before, though he had "only just come to it in the newspapers."

Winter passed, and its frost melted before the sun of spring. Nature put on her new gown of green to greet him. Oxford began to fill with strangers—lions and lionesses, as the young men call them. Colleges and halls were visited, the broad walk promenaded, and carriages rolled along, conveying their fair burdens to see the beauties of Blenheim and Nuneham. The commemoration was at hand.

The morning of *the* day—a genial day of June—dawned bright and beautiful. Not a cloud showed itself to throw a gloom upon the important business which was to be transacted at the theatre. Soon after nine o'clock crowds of graduates and undergraduates were seen wending their way from all parts of Oxford to the common centre of attraction. Broad-street was filled with carriages, which creeping along one after the other, deposited their elegantly-dressed contents at the front gate of the theatre. These ladies were admitted at once, and took their seats in the lower circle. Shortly after these seats were filled other doors were opened to admit the masters and the male visitors to the area. In a few minutes more the remainder of the gates were

thrown open, and in rushed the undergraduates, pushing, squeezing, and thrusting each other up the staircases amidst shoutings, bellowings, the rending of gowns and cracking of caps, anxious to gain a good seat in the upper gallery. As half an hour had to be passed, of course it was better to let it pass merrily. Cheers were given for "the ladies," mingled hisses and groans for "the proctors." Approbation or disapprobation of the conduct of the respective "heads of houses" followed, and though last, not least, a very plain and marked opinion on the various political characters of the day.

Amidst all this din and uproar—at which the ladies always laugh—God bless them!—for it is the din and uproar of high-spirited young gentlemen—the great doors were thrown open, the organ gave vent to its solemn peal, and the Vice-chancellor, preceded by the beadles, bearing the insignia of their office, and followed by a long train of Doctors, the rear being brought up by the Proctors, passed through the alley made for him in the area, and took his seat in the chair appropriated to him. As he and the heads of houses and the Proctors filled their hitherto vacant places, the shouts of applause and the hisses of disapproval were renewed with such superior vigour and force as proved that the shouts antecedent to their appearance had been a mere rehearsal.

The honorary degrees were in the first place conferred, after the opening of the convocation in due form by the Vice-chancellor, upon those individuals whom the university deemed worthy of so distinguished a mark of her favour. As each newly-created D.C.L., *honoris causâ*, took his seat among the Doctors, he was greeted with the warmest cheers from all parts of the theatre.

When this was finished the Public Orator and the Professor of Poetry went through the parts assigned them, making long Latin speeches much to the edification of the undergraduates, who would not listen to them, and of the ladies, who did not understand one word that was uttered. Then came the Latin and English essays—next the Latin verses, recited by Ploddington, the winner of the prize. All these successful candidates for university honours were received both at the commencement and termination of their exercise, with the loudest and most heart-cheering applause.

When Ploddington had retired from the rostrum all eyes were turned to it in anxious expectation of seeing the successful candidate for the most popular of all the prizes, the Newdigate English verse. A delay, an unaccountable delay took place. Five minutes had nearly elapsed when Ploddington returned, and led into the place which he had just before quitted, a tall, pale young man, who seemed too weak and too ill to go through the duties which his success had imposed upon him. He bowed to the Vice-chancellor, and cast an imploring glance as if for succour, upon all around him. A burst of applause shook the building. Again and again it was renewed, and would have been prolonged to a painful length had not the Vice-chancellor risen and waved his hand for silence. The shouts subsided, and the assembly was as still as some deserted charnel-house.

Pauperly—for it was he—commenced the recitation of his poem in a voice melodious, but so subdued, that the first line or two were scarcely heard. As he warmed with his subject, however, the tones of his voice increased, and his confidence in himself was restored. He delivered

his fifty lines on a popular subject in a way at once so manly and impressive, that every heart was affected, every eye was moistened. When he concluded the plaudits were renewed, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to express their pleasure and delight—all but *one*—a lady dressed in a widow's mourning-suit—who fainted at the close of the recitation.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pensive, "it is Mrs. Pauperly—his mother. It puts me in mind of what I read in the paper to-day about Lady Pumpkin, who fainted at the opera, and was carried out by two dukes."

"Why that was three years and a half ago," said the M.A. to whom he had spoken.

"I should not wonder," replied Pensive, "but that is just where I am come to."

Joy seldom kills. Mrs. Pauperly soon recovered, and was conveyed by her son to the dining-room in ——— Hall, where Dr. ——— had invited a large party to take refreshments, and where, as a reward for his success and general good conduct, he, before the assembled company, presented Pauperly with 30*l.* worth of useful books.

Pauperly was thus instigated to study on, under the care and superintendence of his kind physician. Thrice more did he appear in the rostrum of the theatre as a prize-man, and once too with his friend Ploddington.

When he went up for his final examination he was successful. He was sitting with his mother and Mr. Pensive waiting for the class list to come out. Ploddington rushed into the room with it in his hand, and pointed to his own name and that of his friend, which appeared together in the first class, *in literis humanioribus* as well as *in mathematicis et physicis*. The curtain must fall upon the scene that ensued.

Years have passed, reader, since the events I have recorded took place. Where, you may ask, is Mr. Pauperly now? How did his painful but successful course of study profit him? were his toils rewarded?

If you can gain access some day during the sitting of parliament to the House of Lords, do so. Stand behind the bar, or in the gallery, and cast your eyes on the benches to the right of the throne. They are the seats appropriated to the Bishops as lords spiritual. You may observe a tall, pale prelate, with a benevolent countenance and an eye beaming with talent. That tall, pale man, in the becoming dress of his order, *was* James Pauperly, the poor exhibitor of ——— Hall, Oxford—now he is James, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of ———.

The noble lord who has just crossed the house and is shaking hands with him is now Baron ———, *he* was Ploddington of Ch. Ch.—he sits as a retired Judge.

And where is Mrs. Pauperly?

If you feel disposed to call at the parsonage in the parish of ———, in the county of Kent, you will see an aged but hale lady, sitting with solemn face and pretending to listen to the divine, her husband, who is reading with great gusto a newspaper five years old. Need I say what their names are Mr. and Mrs. Pensive, or that a mother's joy and gratitude conquered the regrets of a widow and induced her to become for the second time—a wife?

So successfully terminated "*The struggle for fame.*"

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE affections of the human heart are various; all equally genuine, when nature is untampèred with, but infinitely modified as to their intensity. The love of a parent for its offspring has been acknowledged on all hands to be one of the strongest, and least uncertain of these affections, partaking so largely of instinct, as fairly to class it among the immutable laws of nature, and though certainly shared by the beasts which perish, yet felt to be venerable from the divinity of the origin whence the common well-spring rises. There is a modification, however, of this parental love, which is wholly free from, and undegraded by any community either with the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, the reptiles which crawl upon the earth, or the birds which fly towards the heavens—there is a parental love, so purely spiritual, so wholly intellectual, as to place it in sublimity far above any other affection of the human heart.

“What may this be?” demand the uninitiated. Unhappy ones! Like a childless wife, and a husband without an heir, ye are unconscious of the fondest yearning that ever swelled a human breast! But is there an author who does not at once secretly acknowledge his sympathy in the feeling thus described? Oh no! not one.

Yet elevated as is the nature of this intellectual love, there be many who are shy to confess it. Many, strange to say, who affect a total indifference, nay, almost oblivion, concerning those offsprings of the brain, for whom by every law, human and divine, they ought to feel the tenderest partiality. “Let no such men be trusted”—it is doing them injustice to believe that they can be sincere.

Far otherwise is it with the progenitor of the Widow Barnaby. I scruple not to confess that with all her faults, and she has *some*, I love her dearly: I owe her many mirthful moments, and the deeper pleasure still of believing that she has brought mirthful moments to others also. Honestly avowing this to be the case, can any one wonder, can any one blame me, for feeling an affectionate longing at my heart to follow her upon the expedition upon which I sent her when last we parted? An expedition, too, that was to lead her to a land which all the world knows I cherish in my memory with peculiar delight? I will not believe it, but trusting to the long-established, and goodhumoured toleration of those who condescend to listen to my gossipings, I will forthwith proceed to tell them all that has happened to this dear excellent lady since General Hubert and Mr. Stephenson left her in her grand drawing-room in Curzon-street, surrounded by her family and friends.

CHAP. II.

"I *HAVE* enjoyed that, Patty, and I won't deny it," cried the *ci-devant* widow Barnaby, as the above-named gentlemen quitted her drawing-room. "Heaven knows I am not a spiteful person, and I can forgive and forget as soon as any body, but it was absolutely beyond nature not to enjoy letting those two puffed-up-top-sawyer fellows see that you had contrived to get married, my dear, while the whey-faced Miss Elizabeth was still a poor, pale, thin ghost of a spinster, as I may say—for so she is, dearest, compared to you."

"Oh, lor! don't talk of her, mamma! The very thought of her makes me sick—if it don't, I'll be hanged," replied Madame Espartero Christino Tornorino, giving a little shudder and creeping still closer to her loving husband, till her handsome face was half hid in his bosom. "Oh, my goodness! For how much, I wonder, would I change places with her?"

"Not for a trifle, I have a notion, my dear," said her mother, laughing heartily; "but I'd give just sixpence to see how my conceited niece Agnes looks, when she hears you are married. I'd make an even bet that she won't believe it. What will you lay me that she does not take it for a joke of that gay chap Frederic Stephenson?"

"No, no. . . . would if she could, I don't doubt that, mamma, in the least," replied the bride; "but it is not so easy to do as to wish. I suppose she will have some wedding-cake sent her, won't she?"

"I'll take care of that, my dear," said Miss Louisa Perkins, nodding her head with a look of great intelligence. "Your dear mamma has given me a little hint about that business already, and of course your own noble relation will come first."

"Oh, yes! my darling creature!" exclaimed Miss Matilda, with a stifled sigh, "we will all take care of that, depend upon it; and do—oh, do—my dearest, dearest Patty! let me have the tying up your name-cards together! It will be such a delight. If dear Mrs. O'Donagough will just give me a shilling or two for it, I'll go out and buy the silver twist for them this very moment. Oh!" with another sigh, "it will be such a sweet office!"

"By the by, that is well thought of, Matilda," observed the fond and provident mother. "Mercy on me, Patty, now one comes to think of it, what a whirl you have put us all in, with this frolic of yours—silver-twist is the least of it, Matilda! There must be favours, just as if we had been all regularly at church together, you know. I am not going to let the wedding of my only daughter with a first-rate Spanish nobleman pass over as if we were just common ordinary people, who had never been to court, or distinguished in any way."

"Of course you won't!" exclaimed both the Miss Perkinses in a breath, and Miss Matilda, confident in intimacy, added, "I am sure you would be a fool if you did."

"And then there is the sending it to the papers you know, mamma said Madame E. C. Tornorino, with energy, "I do beg that may not be forgotten."

"Mercy on me," cried her mother, "to think that I should keep sitting here with such an awful deal of business to do! It is all very

natural that you two should like to keep together there, billing and cooing like a pair of wood-pigeons, but it will never do for us. My dear Don Tornorino, will you just step down into your father-in-law's library, and look for a pen, and ink, and a sheet of paper, and then I will give you leave to whisper to Patty till dinner-time, if you like it."

The tall bridegroom rose from his place to obey her, and using a little gentle violence to disengage his coat-collar from the fond grasp of his affectionate bride, very respectfully pronounced the words, "Yes, ma'am," and left the room.

"Isn't he beautiful, mamma?" demanded the young wife, as soon as he had disappeared. "He is ten thousand million times handsomer than Jack ever was or ever will be, isn't he?"

"He is a very fine man, Patty, there is no doubt of it," replied Mrs. O'Donagough, "I always admired that style of man—the whiskers and hair, and all that, you know. I have always thought that it gave particularly the air of a gentleman—I might, indeed, say of a nobleman."

"Exactly that!" cried Miss Matilda Perkins. "Mrs. O'Donagough always expresses herself so happily. He is a *fine* man—a stylish man, Patty. That is exactly what he is—and many and many's the girl that will look upon you with envy, my dear, take my word for that."

"Well, I can't help it if they do, Matilda," replied the well-pleased Madame Tornorino. "But I wish you would not send him away, mamma! Why could not Matilda, or your own particular friend, Louisa, have gone for the pen and ink? I do think it is very hard to send one's husband away the very first day after one is married to him."

"But who could guess, Patty, that he would be staying so unaccountably long?" returned her mother.

"Lor bless my soul, I could have made the paper by this time, and I shall have altogether forgot what came into my head about what was to be sent to the newspaper—haven't you got a scrap of paper either of you, and a pencil?"

The ready hand of the faithful Louisa was in her pocket in an instant, and from its varied stores she drew forth the "Lady's Polite Remembrancer" for the year, which contained a little pencil, very neatly cut for writing.

"Will this do, dear Mrs. O'Donagough?" said she, presenting it.

"Do? Lor no! I shall break it in half a minute. But, however, that don't much signify, I may just write down a word or two, to keep what I was thinking of in my head, it was so exactly the right sort of thing. Give me some paper, Louisa?"

"Paper? Oh, dear me, where can I find any, I wonder? Do, my dear darling Miss Patty, tell me where I can find a bit of paper for your good mamma?"

On being thus addressed, the newly-married lady suddenly sprang from the sofa on which she had been seated, and rushing across the room with a movement more resembling the spring of a powerful young panther than any thing else, seized the gentle Louisa by the shoulders, and shook her heartily.

"I'll teach you to call me Miss Patty, you nasty old maid, you!"

How dare you do any such thing? Don't you know that if I *am* Miss Patty still, I am just no better than I ought to be, and a pretty thing that is for you to say of your own best friend's only daughter. Arn't you ashamed of yourself?—arn't you then?"

"I am, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Torni—oh, dear me! How shall I speak what I don't no more understand than if it was just so much Greek? You must please, indeed you must, just to write 'down for me your name, exactly as you wish to have it spoken, and you shall see that I will never do the same thing again—no, never as long as I live."

"Well then, don't bother any more about it now, but just get mamma some paper."

By dint of hunting in various drawers, a sheet of paper was at length found, upon which Mrs. O'Donagough, notwithstanding the fragility of her pencil, contrived to scrawl the following paragraph:

"By special license—Martha, the only daughter and sole heiress of John William O'Donagough, Esq., to Don Espartero Christinino Tornorino. We are happy to learn from the most unquestionable authority that, though a foreigner, this distinguished nobleman is in every respect worthy of the enviable preference which has been given him by the most admired beauty of the present season. The sensation produced by the appearance of this young lady at the last drawing-room, will probably cause her immediate marriage to be a source of disappointment to many."

Having, after a good many revisals, completed her composition, Mrs. O'Donagough read it aloud, with all the dignity it deserved, and then said,

"What do you think of that, ladies?"

"Why it is first-rate beautiful, mamma," replied Patty, rubbing her hands. "only, you know, it is a downright lie as ever was told, for me and my darling were married by bans; we took care about that. As to all the rest, it is true enough, for all I know to the contrary."

"Well dear, and what does that little scratch of the pen signify, whether it's true or not," demanded her mother; "nobody will know any thing about it, and it sounds better, doesn't it?"

"Well, there—let it stand, mamma. It is not worth disputing about, certainly. Married is married, all the world over. And what you say about *him*, is all right and correct. But where is he, darling beauty! I tell you what, Mrs. O'Donagough, it won't do for you to be sending my husband about right and left—mind that, if you please. And now you see papa's keeping him, whether he will or no. I won't bear it any longer, that's what I won't, so good-by to you all." And so saying, Madame Tornorino darted out of the room.

"Oh, heavens! How that charming creature's affection touches me!" exclaimed Miss Matilda Perkins. "How animated, how beautiful is her conjugal tenderness! Ah, who can witness it, and not look with envy upon happiness so pure and so exalted," she added, almost inaudibly.

Patty meanwhile made her way rapidly by a sort of sliding movement of her hand, down the banisters, rather than by the use of her feet, (a mode of descending the stairs to which she was greatly addicted

when in good spirits), to the door of the room dignified by the appellation of "the library," and throwing it open without ceremony, found herself, considerably to her surprise, in the presence of two persons who were, beyond all question, wrangling violently; and unhappily for her new-born felicity, poor little lady! these persons were her father and her husband.

"How dare you look so savagely cross at my darling Tornorino, papa?" she exclaimed, with great indignation, and at the same time throwing her arms round her husband, who, as well as her father, was standing. "How dare you, I say? Don't knit your brows at me, papa, for you know as well as I do, that I don't care the hundredth part of a farthing for your frowns—and that I didn't either before I was a married woman; so I leave you to guess how much I care for them now. But I won't have my dear darling plagued, that I won't—so mind what you are about, old gentleman."

"This is no time for playing the fool, Patty," replied her father, in a voice which, despite all the courage of her native spirit, strengthened as it now was by her matronly position, made her quail. "Did I serve you right, hussy, I should push you out of doors this instant, with the beggarly fellow you have thought proper to choose for a husband—"

"Why do you let him talk so, Don Tornorino?" exclaimed poor Patty, bursting into tears. "You know its all lies! Why do you let him go on so?"

"Hold your tongue, girl, and hear me!" resumed her father, in a tone that neither the bride nor bridegroom could listen to unmoved. "I have been asking this fine whiskered hero of yours a few questions, and from his agreeable answers, it appears perfectly evident that the coat upon his back constitutes by far the most valuable part of his possessions. This being the case, my young madam, I will beg you to inform me how and where you intend to live?"

"I don't believe a word of it, I don't," sobbed Patty, trembling both with rage and fear. "He is a Don, he told me so himself, I know he is a Don—ain't you a Don, my dear, ain't you?"

"Never mind. You no talk, Miss Patty, say any thing à propos de moi. Listen, dutiful, à votre bon papa," replied her husband, disengaging himself from her arms, and placing himself behind a chair, in order, as it should seem to keep out of her way.

"Do *you* call me Miss Patty, you traitor of a man?" screamed the unfortunate wife. "If my papa is the dear good papa he used to be, he'll teach you to call your own lawful wife by such a name as that—won't you, dear pa?—won't you make him treat me like a married woman?"

If the high-minded Mr. O'Donagough did love any thing in the world besides himself, it certainly was his daughter; and even at the present moment, though harassed by a pretty considerable variety of disagreeable thoughts, he could not see the showers of tears which fell from her bright eyes, without enough of pity and tenderness to moderate the angry feelings with which he had just addressed her, and to produce a tone of much greater gentleness as he said,

"I am sorry for you, my poor Patty, with all my heart and soul. But it will do no good to, mince the matter, you have married yourself

to a fellow without a sixpence, and there are some fathers who would make little difficulty of easing themselves at once of all trouble concerning you, by turning you both into the street together. But I have not the heart to do it, Patty—though, God knows, at this time the fewer burdens I have the better. However, your mother's income is settled upon her, and in case of the worst, may be worth keeping. And so, all things considered, I am determined to treat you better than you deserve, and take you along with me. I have explained myself pretty fully to your husband, and he has wit enough, whatever other qualities he may want, to understand how I shall expect he will behave himself. So no more sobbing and crying, Patty. We must one and all make the best of a very bad matter. Things might be worse—I don't mean as to your marriage, for I don't see exactly how that could be; but I *might* have been found considerably worse prepared for the accident that has happened to me."

"What *do* you mean, papa?" demanded the astonished Patty, her eyes opened greatly beyond their usual ample dimensions, her curls hastily pushed back, and her head extended forwards to the utmost extent of her handsome throat. "What, in Heaven's name, are you talking about? If my Tornorino is not really a Don, he is a monstrous liar, and that he knows as well as I. But I am ready to forget and forgive, because he is such a darling, and because it is as clear as light, that he only said it for the sake of being the more sure of getting me; and if you'll forgive and forget it too, papa, it will be very good-natured of you?][But what in the world has that to do with my 'going along with you.' Going along where, I should like to know? I don't mean to go along any where, and that's flat. I mean to stay here, and show off my wedding-ring and my wedding-clothes, and my handsome husband, to my aunt Herbert, my cousins, and that nasty brute of a beast, Jack that was, and every body else that I ever saw or knew in all my life before. So please not to say any more about 'going along;' for all the *along* I shall be going, will just be driving along the streets in mamma's beautiful carriage to buy wedding-clothes."

The spirit of Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough seldom failed him; and, to do him justice, it must be avowed that he rarely permitted any emotion to be visible on his countenance, which it was his wish to hide. But as he listened to this speech from the animated Patty, he looked a less great, a less philosophical man than usual. For a moment he turned away his head to avoid her gaze, and his complexion varied. But this lasted not long; a very short interval sufficed to restore him to his wonted happy hardihood; and then he composedly turned to his son-in-law, saying, with very perfect self-possession,

"Get upstairs, Tornorino; I want to speak to my daughter alone."

The Don, who did not appear to show in any large degree the firmness of nerve possessed by his distinguished father-in-law, delayed not for the hundredth part of a second to obey him, but instantly slipped out of the room, despite the extended hand of his wife, which seemed stretched out as if to "clutch him," and impede his departure.

"Sit down, Patty," said Mr. O'Donagough.

The puzzled Patty obeyed, her eyes still steadily fixed upon her mysterious parent.

"I am sorry to tell you, Patty, that your silly marriage is not the only, nor perhaps the worst misfortune that has fallen upon us within the last twenty-four hours," said he.

"I wish you would not go on talking of my marriage in that way, papa," said the bride, recovering her courage as her father's manner towards her softened. "I'm the best judge, I suppose, whether my husband is the man I love; and I tell you once for all, that he is. And if it turns out that he is not particularly rich, because of his leaving most of his money behind in his own country, what can that signify, I should like to know, when, as mamma says, I am your only sole heiress; and you, as rich as you are, with your fine house and carriage, and going to court, and the lord knows what besides?"

Mr. O'Donagough knit his brows, but presently relaxed the frown, and sighed deeply.

"That is just the point, my poor dear child, upon which I want to speak to you. I have a very singular history to disclose, Patty, which will explain, only too well, all that now appears mysterious to you," said he.

Having thus spoken, he paused for a moment, and fixed his eyes full upon her face with great solemnity; but just as he seemed about to resume his discourse, Patty stopped him by saying,

"Pray, papa, will every body go on calling me *Patty*, as you do? I can't say I like it at all; it's a monstrous disappointment to me; why shouldn't I be called by my husband's name, with *Mrs.* before it, like other married women? I do think it is very hard."

"I will call you Mrs. Tornorino, my dear, if you wish it," replied her father, with a smile which certainly, notwithstanding his constitutional strength of mind, gave him a good deal the air of 'a very foolish, fond old man;' "but you know, darling, that when parents have got a beautiful young married daughter, like you, they always continue to call them by their christian name—that is, as long as they continue young and beautiful."

"Do they? Oh! I did not know that. Well then, papa, you may go on so, if you please. But I hope nobody else will, for Tornorino is certainly the very prettiest name I ever heard in my life. Don't you think it is, papa?"

"My dear, dear, Patty! I dare say I shall think any name that belongs to you pretty. But I have a great deal of business, Patty, that must be done directly, and I do beg you will listen to what I am going to say. Do now, there's a good girl!"

"Now I am sure you say that only to torment me, papa, and for no other reason in the whole world!" exclaimed Patty, with great vehemence. "You will never make me believe that let a married woman be as young and beautiful as she will, she ought to be called *GIRL*! It is a downright insult; and if Tornorino has as much spirit as a rat, he won't bear it, that he won't!"

Mr. O'Donagough's fondness began to give way to anger, and it was decidedly more a ban than a blessing which burst from his lips, as he started out of his chair, and striding towards his daughter placed his hands upon her shoulder, shaking her with more energy than gentleness.

"By the heaven above us, Patty, I am afraid you are a greater fool

than I took you for! If you were six, instead of sixteen, you might listen to me when I tell you that I want to speak on matters of the greatest possible importance. But if you really are too silly to care for any thing but your own nonsense, I shall leave you to your fate, and that may very likely lead to the turning you and your fine moustache into the street before you are many hours older."

These words were uttered with very considerable vehemence, and before Patty could sufficiently recover her wits to answer them, her angry father had passed through the door, and banged it together after him.

CHAP. III.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dauntless style in which the spirited young bride had received her father's rebuke upon the penniless nature of the connexion she had formed, she was not altogether unconscious that it was deserved, or indifferent to the dangers which might arise to herself and her "darling," were pa to get downright cross with her. It was therefore with no lingering movement that she scrambled across the room after him, threw open the door again, and sprung upon the back of his neck just as his foot reached the first stair, much after the fashion of a favourite young Newfoundland-dog, who has attained his full size, but not his full gravity and discretion. Most assuredly Mr. O'Donagough was in no playful mood, and perhaps his very first impulse upon receiving this powerful caress, was to have rejected it with equal vigour by a backward movement of the leg just raised in act to mount. But he felt that it was the hand of Patty that was at his throat, and his "old virtue" mastering him, he turned round with something between a smile and a frown, saying,

"Don't be a fool, Patty. What d'ye want?"

"Want? my own dear pap' want *you*, to be sure. How could you run away from your own poor dear Patty so? and she just married too! and all for nothing in the world but because she wanted to have a bit of fun with you! Come along back with me pa, and see if I don't listen to all you have got to say, as grave as a judge. You see if I don't."

O'Donagough, wholly overcome by this pretty *nuveté*, very lovingly threw his arm round her waist, and returned into the room they had left; but still his step and manner were so very solemn that Madame Tonorino began to be frightened outright, and when he had placed her in one chair, and himself in another, exactly opposite to her, she looked as sober and sedate as he could possibly have desired.

"It will be necessary, my dear child," he began, "in order to make you fully understand my present very embarrassing situation, that I should relate to you some circumstances of my early life, with which you are, and indeed your excellent mother also, as yet unacquainted. While still a very young man, my dear Patty, and, to speak with the degree of frankness necessary to the full comprehension of my singular history, by no means ill-looking. In fact, I was exceedingly like yourself, Patty. At this period, my dear, I unfortunately happened to be quartered with my regiment at Windsor. The Regent, subsequently our beloved monarch George the Fourth, was

holding his splendid court there. The *precise* time of which I speak need not be mentioned. Indeed, for many painfully important reasons, it will be greatly best that I should avoid doing so. And I will, therefore beg of you, my dear, to ask me no questions. All that it is essential you should know I will freely communicate to you. And for the rest!—”

Here Mr. O'Donagough paused for a moment, and rested his forehead upon his extended hand, as if wishing to conceal some too powerful emotion with which his soul was struggling; but after one deep-drawn sigh he proceeded.

“Amidst the brightest ornaments of that splendid court, my dear child, was a young lady possessed of a degree of beauty, which even at this distance of time, I cannot recall without a violence of emotion that shakes every nerve, and teaches me that there are feelings that neither time nor circumstance can obliterate! But, alas! my Patty, the dignity of her birth and station equalled the beauty of her person. The proudest nobles of the land vied with each other for her favour. All the world loved *her*, but she, alas! alas! loved *me* alone! This too lovely, this too beloved lady, was in the habit of walking frequently upon the terrace of the castle. Her high rank insured her admittance at all times, and I, from my military command, found it only too easy to invent ostensible reasons for being there also. That terrace, that noble Windsor-terrace, Patty, is known to millions, and remembered fondly by all who have seen it, as one of the most enchanting spots on earth. But alas! where is the aching, throbbing, palpitating memory, which recollects like mine? Where is there another heart which bounds, yet sinks, which trembles, yet exults at the mere sound of its name, as mine does? My child! it was upon that terrace that the mutual love of that noble lady and your too happy, yet too wretched father was mutually confessed and mutually returned. She loved me, Patty! Loved me, did I say? She worshipped—she adored me! And I—can you blame me, my dear child if—” here Mr. O'Donagough was very strongly agitated, and notwithstanding his evident struggles to master his feelings, he found himself obliged to draw forth his pocket-handkerchief, and apply it to his eyes—“Can you, I say, blame me, my Patty, if I loved too?”

“Good gracious no, papa! Not the least bit in the world,” replied his daughter. “I am sure you would have been a most horrid monster of a man, if you had not. But do go on pa, and tell me what happened next? Did you run away with her, as my Don did with me?”

“Patty, I dare not tell you more of this eventful history.”

“Well I never,” exclaimed Patty, looking exceedingly disappointed, “no never in all my life heard any thing like that. Just as if telling could signify now, when it must have been such ages and ages ago. Don't be foolish, papa, there's a dear good man, but go on, and for goodness sake tell me all that happened between you and this grand lady. Well to be sure, it's no great wonder that you hold your head so high as you do sometimes, I must say that for you, pap. But pray does mamma know all about it? Whether she does or not, however don't signify a straw, for I am positively dying to hear the rest, and hear it I must. So go on, papa, when I bid you.”

"For the rest, my dear, there is but little more that can or ought to be said," replied Mr. O'Donagough, with an air of discretion befitting the circumstances. "All that I can further relate concerns myself only. The vigilant eyes of those who surrounded the noble lady, who, by the way, it is necessary I should tell you was a countess in her own right, were not slow in discovering how matters stood, and the consequence to me may be easily guessed. Though well born, and highly educated, and with a military reputation (for why should I deny it, Patty?) of the very highest class, I was still considered as immeasurably below the noble object of my love. Her proud and cruel friends would not for an instant endure the idea of a marriage between us, which would make her title descend to my offspring. I was ordered to go abroad immediately, and a multitude of injurious reports were industriously attached to my name, in the hope of estranging the heart of my beloved countess. I went, Patty, a broken hearted wanderer; I quitted my native shores, and looked my last upon my noble love. But guess my agonies when I tell you, that almost the first news I received from England brought me the account of her marriage with a nobleman of rank equal to her own! It is torture to remember it. But no more of this, Patty. I must not, I dare not dwell on all I have suffered. Years rolled on, and brought with them the healing balm that ever rests upon their wings. I saw your excellent mother. I saw, admired, wooed, and won her, Patty; and O for her sake, as well as for other most important reasons, I would not wish this history to be greatly talked of. That you should converse respecting it with your mother, is of course perfectly natural. But do not dwell upon the passion I have described to you—it may pain her. By your own feelings for Don Tornorino, my dear love, you may guess what her's are for me. The high nobility of my first passion will suffice to heal the mortification arising from knowing that she never could have been more than second in my heart. You will now, in your present situation, easily understand all this, and will have too much tenderness for her, I am sure, to wound her feelings unnecessarily. You understand me?"

"Yes, I suppose I understand you, papa," replied Patty, "but I can't help thinking that what you say is very nonsensical, because it is downright humbug, and nothing else, to talk of you and mamma being like Tornorino and me. However, I'll do just whatever you like about it. And though you are so old now, it is a beautiful love story as ever was wrote in a book, and I must and will tell my Don of it. You won't mind that, I suppose?"

"No, my dear Patty, not at all," replied her father affectionately. "On the contrary, my love, I wish him to be made acquainted with all the peculiarities of my situation. They *are* very peculiar, and now I must proceed to explain to you why it is, that now, for the first time, I consider it proper to open my heart to you on this painful subject. It is, believe me, a theme inexpressibly distressing to me, particularly at this moment, when I would willingly have devoted myself to making the early days of your married life, my poor child, pass gaily and joyously. But unhappily I am compelled to announce to you the very disagreeable fact that unless your husband has a home of his own to take you to, your honeymoon, my pretty Patty, must be passed on board ship."

"Good gracious, why? I shan't like that at all, I promise you. I

mean that mamma shall go out with me directly to buy some wedding clothes, and there will be no fun in being fine unless there is somebody to admire me. I do beg, papa, that wherever you are going, you won't set off till I have received all my visits, and returned them too. I am dying for my cousin Elizabeth to see my wedding-ring, and hear me call my tall, grand-looking husband, Tornorino. I am as certain as that I am here, that she will be just ready to die with envy."

"Nothing can be more natural than your feelings, my dear Patty, and it grieves me to the heart that I cannot indulge you in them. But you have not heard all my sad story yet, my dear. The persecution I have undergone has been terrible beyond belief. As long as the sweet angel lived I was obliged either to remain out of the country, or else to return under a feigned name, and live in the most complete retirement, to avoid the possibility of her knowing that I was near her. Alas! Patty, a jealous husband is the most terrible of all tyrants. God grant that this dreadful fate may never be yours!"

"Oh! there is no danger at all of that, papa, for I love my handsome husband a great deal too well to let any body else make love to me."

"That is a great blessing, my dear, a very great blessing! But to return to my sad story. One might have hoped, Patty, might one not? that when the lovely countess was no more, the tyrants might have ceased to persecute? The hope of this was, I assure you, the only thing which enabled me to retain my senses when I lost her. But no! even in this I have been deceived. For a short time indeed after my last return from abroad, on which return you and your excellent mother accompanied me, I was permitted to breathe the air of my native land unmolested; and it was dear to me because it was the air my Eleonora had breathed! But last night I received the astounding information that your appearance at court (where you were recognised as *my* daughter) had given rise to the most injurious suspicions. There are persons in certain circles, Patty, who have not scrupled to hint that the excellent woman, whom before heaven I declare to be your mother, is no more to you than your nurse, and that your real mother was no other than the lamented heiress I have named to you! This, as you will immediately perceive, throws a doubt upon the succession to her title and estates which, if it takes wind, may plunge the whole of her noble family into the horrible exposure of a trial and a lawsuit. I have accordingly received official hints that unless by at once withdrawing myself I relieve the family from this alarm, measures will be immediately resorted to for the purpose of removing me from England for ever. I leave you to guess what my feelings were on receiving this intimation."

"Why they don't mean to say that I ought to be the countess, do they, papa," demanded Patty with considerable vivacity.

"Not exactly that, my dear. No one, I believe, has hitherto ventured to assert as a fact, what, under the circumstances, it would be so exceedingly difficult to prove. Nobody, as yet, has gone that length. But be this as it may, of the necessity of our immediately leaving England there can be no question. Were I to delay a week, I have little doubt that I should find myself an object of the most tyrannical persecution—and that, probably, for life. I have, therefore, no time to lose, and I have taken this early opportunity of communicating these

facts to you, in order that you might make up your mind either to accompany your mother and myself to the United States of America, or to go immediately with your husband to such home as he can provide for you. How do you decide, Patty?"

"I will tell you in a minute papa, if you will only let me ask you one or two questions," she replied.

"Then make short work of your questions, Patty, for I have no time to lose," said Mr. O'Donagough, once again portentously knitting his brows.

"Don't look cross, papa, and I will have done in a minute. And please in the first place to tell me whether it is quite sure and certain that I never can be a countess in my own right?"

"I am sorry to say, my dear, that there is not the slightest chance of it," gravely replied Mr. O'Donagough.

"That's no go then," responded Patty, with a slight sigh.

"Now then," she resumed, "my next question is, whether, being so fond of me as you are, and I your only child, whether, I say, you could not give me, before you go, fortune enough for me and Don Tornorino to live on here a little, in good flashing style, just to plague the Hubert's, and that nasty beast, Jack, before we go out after you and mamma, to America?"

"Here again, my dear child," said Mr. O'Donagough, with a truly paternal smile, "I recognise the most natural feelings, and believe me I fully sympathise in them; but I lament to say that what you ask is altogether impossible. For the tyrants who pursue me with their jealous vengeance—"

"Do you mean the lady's husband, papa?" cried Patty, with a sudden burst of irrepressible curiosity.

"Pardon me, my dear, I cannot answer," replied her father with solemnity. "Nor is it in any way necessary that I should, in order to make you fully comprehend my position. Whoever they be who pursue me, their power over me is such that I cannot, without the most imminent risk to my liberty, and even to my life, attempt to realize any part of my property. Indeed, I have but too much reason to fear that by far the greater portion of the funds upon which I reckoned as the source from which your fortune should be drawn, and our own handsome manner of living supplied, will be rendered entirely unavailable by this last stroke of barbarous jealousy. All that can be done for our future comfort, depend upon it, my dear Patty, I will do; but if you and your husband, after properly taking into consideration the fact of my almost ruined fortunes, shall still decide upon accompanying us into exile, it must be with the understanding that you are uniting your fortunes to those of a poor man—compared to what I believed myself to be—a *very* poor man, and must conduct yourselves accordingly."

Patty looked exceedingly grave and remained silent considerably longer than was her wont on any occasion: but her father wished to hear what she had got to say in reply to his communication, and waited patiently till she spoke. At length, after heaving rather a deep sigh, she said, with an expression somewhat indicative of alarm upon her countenance,

"I don't know what my Don will say to it, papa, because I always told him, that you was so monstrous rich. Good gracious, what shall

I do, if he should grow cross about it and leave off loving me? I do think, upon my honour, that it would drive me mad."

"In that case, my dear love," replied her father composedly, "I should of course turn him out of doors immediately."

"What? my own dear, darling husband? And I left by myself without any husband at all? No, no, Mr. Pap, you'll do no such thing as that, I promise you. What you must do is this, dear papa, you must squeeze out every penny you can save from every other earthly thing, and give it all to my dear Don; and that, you know, will keep him in good humour, even if you don't happen to live out in America in such a grand house as this. That is what you really *will* do, my own dear darling pap, isn't it?"

And Patty sprung across the space which divided them, threw her arms round his neck, and began kissing him with more vehemence than she had ever done before, save once, when she had conceived an ardent affection for a pink satin-dress, which his fiat alone could enable her to obtain.

Upon that occasion she had succeeded; the pink satin-dress had been the reward of her kisses, and it was perhaps the remembrance of this fact which made her now shower them so liberally. But her father seemed not in the kissing vein; for he disengaged himself, though gently, from her clinging embraces, and quietly replied,

"The best thing you can do, Patty, is to tell your husband the whole of the melancholy story which I have just told you; he will then understand how things are, and if, as I suspect, his own circumstances are such as still to make his sticking close to us the best thing he can do, I dare say he will have common sense enough to keep his ground without being very troublesome. It is indeed, not impossible that I may find him useful, and in that case I have no doubt but we shall go on very comfortably."

Patty pretty well knew when there was any thing to be gained from "Pa," and when there was not. The present use of which experience was to make her quietly walk off, saying, "that she would soon make her dear Don understand all about it."

CHAP. IV.

To prepare his beautiful Patty for the change she was about to undergo, was perhaps not the least disagreeable of the various operations which Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough knew that he had to perform before he set out upon the expedition (which as doubtless all the world will remember) General Hubert had so strenuously recommended. It had taken the affectionate father some fifteen or twenty minutes to decide in what manner the news could be conveyed to the happy bride, his daughter, with the least annoyance to her sensitive feelings; but from the moment the matter presented itself to his imagination in the shape which has been shown forth in the last chapter, every unpleasant sensation vanished. Nay, the interview which he had previously dreaded, became, in a considerable degree, agreeable to him.

It is, I believe, a notorious fact in natural history, that whatever in-

stinct or faculty nature has bestowed upon an animal with predominating strength, causes in its exercise the most decided gratification; and it would be difficult to bring in evidence a stronger confirmation of this interesting phenomenon, than the state of feeling produced on the mind of Mr. O'Donagough by the act of lying. His spirits seemed to rise, his faculties to expand themselves; his features assumed a look of animation and intelligence, inconceivably beyond what they ever manifested at any other time; and if the observer's eye could have gone deeper and penetrated to his heart, it would have been found gaily bounding in his bosom in a sort of triumphant jubilee at the bold feats of his undaunted tongue.

On the whole, therefore, the half hour he had bestowed upon Patty had done him good, and it was with no faltering voice that he called to her as she quitted the room, bidding her to send her mother to him.

Mr. O'Donagough, was, as we have said, a man of very considerable firmness of nerve, and had never, at any period of his life, been found infirm of purpose. Within half an hour of leaving his "third drawing-room" on the preceding night, in the manner described in a former series of the records of this interesting family, he had pretty fully made up his mind as to what he should do with himself and his belongings. Though he felt that the earth was not wholly before him where to choose, he was aware that quite a sufficient quantity remained open for him to prevent any embarrassment on the score of elbow-room. Nor had he that very dispiriting misfortune to contend with, which arises from the want of those sinews, so well known to be necessary in every operation which man carries on, either with or against man. His lady's provident wisdom had taken care, at the time of their marriage, that all that was hers should remain her own, and her little income was therefore as long as they remained together a *pis aller* sort of fund, which would always prevent their being in actual want. This was well, snug, comfortable and soothing; but this was by no means the most agreeable financial feature in his case.

From the time that, to use his own phrase, he had sown those wild oats which had in some way or other occasioned his last excursion across the ocean, to the present period, when it was likely that a second voyage would be the best remedy for the little *contretens* which had occurred in his "third drawing-room," he had never ceased adding to that small stock of private pocket-money, which he had begun to collect at his sociable whist-parties at Sidney. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to lift the veil of reserve by which he had ever kept the amount of this concealed, even from the wife of his bosom; but as accident has made me acquainted with the amount thus collected, I am tempted to name it as a proof (useful may it prove to the unthrifty!) of what may be done by steady and persevering labour.

Mr. O'Donagough then, at this time stood possessed of a sum amounting to 12,899*l.*; of which his wife had no more knowledge than the man in the moon. And this, be it observed, was safely stowed and funded in the English stocks, so that it was exclusive of the contents of poor Mr. Ronaldson's purse and pocket-book, which, however, amounted to very nearly a thousand more, and which now made the pleasant-feeling lining of his own coat-pocket. Assuredly if ever man

deserved the honourable title of a *chevalier d'industrie*, it was Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough, for *never* did he lose an opportunity of putting his time to profit, let it occur at what period of the twenty-four hours it might. It may be thought, perhaps, that in this statement of Mr. O'Donagough's possessions, I have carelessly overlooked the very showy furniture of his handsome house in Curzon-street, but in point of fact I have been strictly accurate, inasmuch as no single article of that furniture had been paid for, and consequently, in a statement so precise as the present, it could not properly have been brought to account.

Mr. O'Donagough was in the act of mentally running over precisely the same figures as I have been now laying before the reader, when the door of his library opened, and his wife appeared. The interview which was about to take place, would have been considerably more agreeable to the gentleman's feelings, had he deemed it advisable in stating to his lady the sudden necessity for breaking up his London establishment, to have indulged in the same imaginative species of narrative as that in which he had conveyed the same information to his daughter. But after a moment's consideration, his admirable judgment decided him against attempting any thing of the kind. For he felt that, in the first place, it would rob him of the advantage he might hope to obtain from the very acute faculties of his admirable wife, and secondly, those very acute faculties, now fully ripened into strong practical sharpness, would be exceedingly likely to detect what was purely inventive, and thereby render his explanation of none effect.

Determined, therefore, to be as candid in his exposition of facts, as if he had been stating matters to his own conscience, he lost no time in circumlocution.

"Shut the door, wife," he said, rather gravely, as Mrs. O'Donagough came in, and then added, rather in a lower key, "and you may as well bolt it, my dear, and then we shall not be interrupted."

"Dear me, Mr. O'Donagough! how very foolish this is of you!" she replied, but obeyed his command, however, before she advanced into the room. "I know exactly, word for word what you are going to say, as well as if you had spoken it every syllable already."

"Do you, my dear?" said O'Donagough. "I doubt it!"

"Yes I do. You are going to make a preachment as long as my arm about Patty's marriage; and what good is it when the thing is done and over? I know very well that I would rather have had an English lord for her. But there's no use fretting about it, and I never will forgive you as long as I live, if you refuse to give me down a good handsome sum of money out of your last night's winnings, to buy the dear creature's wedding clothes. A good deal of it, I know, we may have on credit, but not all, nor any thing like all. And if you please, I want to set about it immediately."

"I have not the least objection in the world, my dear," replied Mr. O'Donagough; "and if you will be kind enough to hear what I was going to say—which has nothing whatever to do with Patty, you shall set out and buy the wedding clothes immediately after, if you like it."

Mrs. O'Donagough was too reasonable a woman to ask for a fairer

promise than this, and accordingly she placed herself in the chair that her daughter had just before occupied, and replied,

"Now, then, Donny!" with the most sweet-tempered smile in the world.

"It is rather an awkward thing, my dear, that I have got to mention to you, and if you were not the devilish clever woman that you are, I should never tell you of it at all. But if you will set your wit, side by side, together with mine, I am not the least bit afraid but what we shall get through the business perfectly well, and do better, for what I know, than if it had never happened."

"And what *has* happened?" replied his wife in an accent of considerable alarm.

"Why, first and foremost, that hideous old maid, Elizabeth Peters, hit off the truth last night as cleverly as if she had been the witch she looks like, and obligingly addressed me as Major Allen before Mrs. Stephenson, civilly requesting me to tell her why I had changed my name."

"Insolent wretch!—see if I won't be revenged of her impertinence," exclaimed the sympathizing wife.

"And what did you say to her, my dear?"

"Why, my love, I had not time to say much, because that very fascinating personage, Mrs. Stephenson, and this above-mentioned Miss Elizabeth Peters, had politely concealed themselves behind the curtains of the recess, in order to watch me play piquet with Mr. Ronaldson. Foxcroft was in the room with us, and, good-natured fellow, as you know he is, he gave me, half in fun, you know, of course, a hint or two of the cards Ronaldson held—all which these charming ladies saw, and at the very moment when I was in the act of making so good a thing of it as would have made it signify but little whether Patty's Don were rich or poor, they popped out of their hiding-place, and told Ronaldson not to sign the check, for that he had been *cheated*."

"Audacious wretches!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, her expressive countenance beaming with rage. "Oh, my dearest Donny! had I been there, they had dared not for their lives have done it! In your own house too!—when they were enjoying the protection of your roof, and revelling in the magnificence of your splendid hospitality! Surely it is unprecedented in the annals of visiting. They shall be exposed for it. They shall be known for what they are, or my name is not O'Donagough. Why, Donny, I shall never again be able to own my connexion with them. They have disgraced themselves for ever!"

"All very true, my dear," replied her husband, composedly. "But, nevertheless, Ronaldson did *not* sign the check—and I shall be obliged to leave the country with as little delay as possible."

"Leave the country? Leave Curzon-street? And just when I am going to show off my darling Patty every where, as the youngest and most beautiful married woman in London! Oh! it is impossible! You never can be such a brute!" cried the unhappy Mrs. O'Donagough, in the most piercing accents imaginable.

"You do not appear to see this affair with your usual clear-headed good sense, my dear," replied her husband, with exemplary gentleness of voice and manner. "Perhaps you are not aware that if I do not

take myself off, and *that* immediately, the Secretary of State for the Home Department will have all the trouble upon his own hands. But even in that case, you perceive, your bridal gaities would be equally defeated, for we should go, at least *I* should, and under the circumstances, I don't think you would find your residence here at all agreeable afterwards."

"What *do* you mean, Donny?" said the vexed lady, looking at his placid countenance with considerable indignation. "What have all the Secretaries of State in the world to do with our staying in this beautiful house or leaving it? If you are only joking, and making fun of me, as you do with that fop! Foxcroft, I never will forgive you as long as I live."

"That would be very terrible, my dear," he mildly replied. "But fortunately at this moment I run no risk of the kind; for I certainly do not consider the matter as partaking in the least degree of the nature of a joke. Nor do I see any thing like fun in being transported for life."

"Transported!" shrieked Mrs. O'Donagough. "You don't mean it?—you don't mean to say, husband, that you have really been such a fool as to do any thing to put you in the power of those horrid women? You don't mean to tell me *that*? Oh! Donny! Donny! I shall go mad!"

"God forbid, my dear," he replied, without varying a muscle of his truly philosophical physiognomy. "Anything of the kind would be exceedingly troublesome just now. But really, my dear, you agitate yourself much more than there is any occasion for; and to tell you the truth, I thought my Barnaby was too much a woman of the world to suffer such an occurrence as this to shake her courage so violently. If you will but see the thing in a proper light, and give me your assistance in getting every thing ready, and in giving the whole affair rather the appearance of a party of pleasure, than any thing else, I have no doubt that we shall do extremely well. There are many people of very high fashion in the United States, particularly at New Orleans, and in the other slave states, and if we contrive to manage our affairs *only* as well as we have done before, my dear, you may depend upon it we shall soon find ourselves in the very highest rank of society, and perhaps better off than we have ever been in our lives."

Mrs. O'Donagough was a woman of strong feelings, yet nevertheless she was always, or almost always, amenable to reason, and long before her husband had ceased speaking, her fine spirit had recovered its tone; she felt able, and perfectly willing too, to take the particular bull, which now appeared to face her, by the horns, and by the noble exercise of the faculties of which she felt proudly conscious, to do battle with whatever difficulties might assail her, nothing doubting, from the hints her judicious husband had thrown out, that her reward would now be, what it had so often been before, namely, the placing herself considerably in advance of all her fellow-creatures, the envied of many, and the admired of all. From this point the conversation proceeded in a tone of conjugal confidence and sympathy, that might have served as a model to all the wedded sons and daughters of Eve; and no greater proof can be given of the happiness of such a self-contented temperament as that of my heroine, than the fact, that the interview which

brought to her knowledge the proof of her husband's standing in the most imminent peril of being transported for life, left her in a state of spirits the most animated and the most happy that can be conceived.

Just as she was going to take her departure, in order to set about her own preparations, and leave her husband at liberty to make his, she suddenly stopped short and exclaimed, "But, my dear Donny, what in the world am I to say to those dear, good Perkinses? and to that handsome creature, Tornorino? Upon my word, that must be thought of."

"It has been thought of, my Barnaby," returned her husband with a playful smile that quite illuminated his countenance. "Patty will tell you; but no," he added, "it will be safest for me to give you a sketch of the thing myself, that you may make no blunders when you hear the dear child allude to it. Just listen to me, my dear, and I will make you understand *why* it is that I am obliged to leave the country."

Mr. O'Donagough then, with some humour and very considerable enjoyment, ran over the heads of the history he had been recounting to Patty concerning his early passion, and, for a few gay moments felonies, flittings, transport-ships, and Botany Bay, were all forgotten, and both the gentleman and lady laughed heartily.

"There certainly never was any thing like you," Donny!" said the lady, as soon as he had finished, "you have made my sides ache, I promise you."

"And there certainly never was any thing like you, my dear," he replied with a very gallant bow. "I have often told you that you were a wife made on purpose for me—and so you are!"

CHAP. V.

WHEN Mrs. O'Donagough re-entered the drawing-room, she found Patty and her husband seated upon one sofa, and the two Miss Perkinses on another. The two former were deeply engaged in a whispering conversation, the subject of which, as the well-satisfied mother rightly imagined, was those passages in the early history of the bride's father, with which she had that morning been made acquainted. The two latter did not appear to be conversing at all, and to say truth, looked very particularly forsaken and forlorn. It was to this group that Mrs. O'Donagough immediately addressed herself, for she, too, felt a pleasure in the exercise of the inventive faculty, which was almost equal to that of her husband.

"Oh, my dear girls!" she began, "what a history I have been listening to! Such a story has come out! Mercy on me! I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels!"

"Oh, dear me! What is it?" cried Miss Louisa, divided between fright and curiosity, for Mrs. O'Donagough by pressing her right hand strongly against her left side, sighing deeply, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, gave her great reason to fear that there was some mixture of the terrible in what she was about to hear.

"I dare say it is the same thing that my beloved Patty is communicating to her husband," said Miss Matilda, eagerly. "Do, dearest Mrs. O'Donagough, let me hear it directly. You must know how devotedly I am attached to you all, and whatever concerns any one of the

dear family, is just the same to my poor heart, as if it belonged to myself."

"You are a good soul, Matilda, as ever lived, and so is Louisa too. So sit you down, one on each side of me, and you shall hear it; though I declare to Heaven my hair actually stands on end upon my head at the very idea of repeating it."

Saying these words, Mrs. O'Donagough seated herself in the middle of her sofa, and taking in each of her own hands one of those belonging to Miss Louisa and to Miss Matilda Perkins, she began to repeat the history she had heard from her husband, embellishing it a little as she went on, by sundry feminine traits of impassioned tenderness on the part of the young countess, and concluding with a hint that the untimely demise of that noble personage was the consequence of her unconquerable passion for Mr. O'Donagough.

The only part of the history, as recounted by that gentleman to his daughter, which did not appear in the present version, was that which seemed to infer a possibility that Patty might be the offspring of the lady alluded to, and not of the fond mother who so gloried in calling her daughter. Mr. O'Donagough showed considerable knowledge of human nature in omitting this part of the joke when discoursing on the subject to his wife. He felt that there were things which might not safely be mentioned, even in jest, and that *this* was one of them. It would be difficult, nay, perhaps impossible, to find words capable of doing justice to the feelings of the Misses Perkins as they listened to this soul-stirring narrative. Disjointed expletives were all they could utter; but clasped hands, lifted eyes, and long-drawn breath, gave ample testimony to the powerful emotion which shook their respective frames. At length the predominating feeling of Miss Matilda found vent in words, having some show of meaning, for she uttered distinctly the following:

"And what, my adored Mrs. O'Donagough, is it your intention to do? Go, it is plain you must—but where?"

"Oh! in such a case as this," replied my heroine, "there is but one country in the world that a superior-minded man, like Mr. O'Donagough, would think of for a moment. Of course we shall go to the United States—that is, to the most fashionable part of the country. You may guess that I should not think of any other. And there I have no doubt we shall be exceedingly happy. O'Donagough is exactly the man to be popular in a free country. All his principles and ideas are upon the noblest and most extended scale; and I know that I and Patty, too, are particularly well fitted to live happily in a country where there are slaves; in fact it is the only sort of servant in whom one can find any real comfort, and I confess to you, my dear girls, that upon the whole, I expect we shall enjoy ourselves famously."

"I have not the least doubt in the world, my dearest friend!" exclaimed Miss Matilda. "I would to Heaven I was going with you!"

"Then so you shall, by jingo!" exclaimed the bride, who had overheard the speech of her favourite. "If I say the word, it's as good as done; and that you know, Matilda, nobody better. If I had my way when I was plain Patty O'Donagough, I leave you to guess if I am likely to be disappointed, and contradicted, and plagued, and disobeyed now that I am a married woman, and the wife of a Don."

"Dearest Patty!—ever, ever the same!" cried Miss Matilda, with vehement emotion. "What say you, my dearest Mrs. O'Donoghough? Do you think that we might be permitted to join your delightful party? I feel sure that both Louisa and myself would know no happiness like that of devoting ourselves to you."

"Upon my life, girls, I should like it of all things; for I am sure that I shall want somebody, particularly just at first, to talk to, and to help me settle things. Of course, my dears, you know that you would have to pay all your own expenses—that's a matter of course—and then, if Donny does not object, I won't. But what does Louisa say to it? I have not heard her voice yet?"

Upon being thus appealed to, Miss Louisa ventured to say, though her sister's eyes shot daggers at her the while, that she did not think either Matilda or herself young enough to venture upon going to a quite new country, of which they knew nothing, except that it was many a thousand of miles off, which would make it exceedingly difficult to come back again.

"Louisa Perkins! you are a fool, if ever there was one born!" exclaimed Madame Tornorino, "and you may say that I told you so."

Mrs. O'Donoghough laughed aloud, and said,

"Go where you will, Patty, gentle and simple must all agree that you have a tongue in your head. But never mind her, Louisa! You have a right to your say as well as another, and your opinion is, that America is a great way off. So it is, my dear. And you need not mind Patty's impudence the least bit in the world."

Miss Louisa Perkins seemed to be of the same opinion, and certainly looked as if her equanimity was in no danger of being shaken by that lively lady's sallies. But her feelings were differently constituted with respect to her sister; for when Miss Matilda, having seized upon her shawl, and wrapped it energetically round her, said, "Come along, sister!" she really looked as white as a sheet.

"Yes, Matilda, you had better go away now, child," observed Mrs. O'Donoghough, waving them off with her hand. "It is quite impossible that I can sit still to reason upon the subject, when I have such an immensity to do. You had better talk the matter over together. All I have to say is, that if you are ready to pay all your expenses, and like to go, I shall make no objection, if Donny makes none—and you know how excessively fond he is of you both."

"God bless you, dearest Mrs. O'Donoghough!" sighed Matilda, as she pressed the hand of her condescending friend. "Oh, how I should glory in waiting upon you like your humblest servant in any land in the world that you could take me to!"

"You are a very good girl, Matilda," replied Mrs. O'Donoghough, "and I dare say Louisa will think better of it."

But Louisa continued to maintain her ominous aspect, and with a silent, slow, and melancholy step, followed her sister into the street.

The maiden sisters walked along Curzon-street, turned so as to reach Park-lane, crossed into the Park, and still without exchanging a single word. Louisa was melancholy, Matilda moody. But having at length reached that semi-sylvan path which stretches across the green-sward towards Brompton, the full heart of the younger sister swelled too vehemently to be longer restrained, and she uttered the following words:

"If there is one misfortune in the world more hard to bear than all the rest, it is the being tied up to a person too old and too stupid for any thing."

The meek-spirited Louisa, who knew that a storm must come, had been actually quivering, inside and out, from head to foot, in the expectation of it; and though the breeze that now began to whistle in her ears, was not of the most balmy or gentle quality, she still felt in some sort relieved that it had begun, probably because the evils we anticipate are always more terrible in our imaginings than in the reality. It was therefore with a very perceptible attempt at a cheerful manner that she replied,

"Come, dear Matilda! don't fret yourself! You can't think how it spoils your good looks. And besides, my dear sister, you ought to remember that if two people *are* tied together, as you call it, the one young and the other old, the one clever and the other stupid, the clever and young one has so much the best of it, that she ought to thank God, day and night, that she is not the other one."

"It is much I have got to thank God for, isn't it?" bitterly replied the unfortunate *cadette*. "I, that never do, never can, and never shall, I suppose, have any one single thing that I wish for! Whatever you do or say, Louisa, I must beg that you will not be so disgustingly hypocritical as to pretend to tell me I am not unhappy. Oh! I am miserable!"

"I do believe you are, my poor dear Matilda," returned the elder, her eyes filling with tears, "and that it is which prevents my being so quite perfectly happy as the goodness of God ought to make me; for to tell you the truth, I don't a bit mind being old and stupid—because I have got used to it, I suppose. But I *do* mind seeing you fret, and pine, and take on so, and all because nobody just happens to come in the way for you to be married to."

"Don't speak of that, if you please. You had much better let that subject alone," interrupted Matilda, in accents as little soothing as it is easy to imagine. "Unless, indeed, you *wish* to torture me, which may very likely be the case; and if so, you cannot do better than go on."

"Oh! Matilda! Matilda! how can you speak so? I never in my whole life wished to do any thing in the world but please you. And God knows, I love you quite as dearly as I do myself, or I might say *better*, and that without telling any fib, for I would always a great deal rather have you pleased than be pleased myself; and, be as angry as you will with me, Matilda, you cannot say it is my fault that you are not married yet."

"Not say it is your fault?" screamed Matilda, suddenly standing still, and turning round so as to throw a broadside of indignant eye-beams under the bonnet of her suffering sister; "*not* your fault? That passes by far any thing that I could have thought it possible for a human being to utter! Not your fault that I am not married! And who was it then, if you please, who prevented my being at this very moment Mrs. Foxcroft? I can bear any thing better than falsehood, Miss Louisa Perkins. And therefore I will just beg you, as a favour, never to say that again."

"Glad and glad shall I be to leave off saying any thing that you

don't like to hear, Matilda; but sometimes I don't find out what it is till too late. We never will talk any more about Mr. Foxcroft then. It is the best resolution we can take, for we know he is a bad man, and not worth any body's talking about."

"And *that* I suppose you say to please me too—knowing as you do, cruel, hard-hearted creature, that I still doat upon him to distraction!" replied Matilda, in violent agitation. "Poor, poor Foxcroft!" she added, while the embroidered cotton pocket-handkerchief which she carried was raised to her eyes. "How different would now have been your fate had you fallen into other hands. His only fault under Heaven was the excess of his love for me! His fond heart shrunk from the idea of seeing me living upon an income that he thought unworthy of my taste and refinement, and for this, and this only, you lacerate my soul, by making me listen to your eternal abuse of him."

"Indeed I am very sorry to hear you are so much in love with him still," returned her sister; "and rather than that, I do think, my dear, that it is better to remind you of what you heard yourself, you know. I mean his wanting so very much to marry me for the sake of my little fortune."

"He never wanted to marry you!" replied the indignant Matilda. "You totally mistook his meaning—I am sure of it. All his object was to endeavour to soften your heart towards me, and persuade you, if it was possible, into fairly dividing your fortune between us. And this you have chosen to twist and turn into his offering to marry you. But this is only of a piece with all the rest. You were born to tyrannize over me, and destroy me—and nothing is left for me but to submit. Oh! how often," she added, with a deep groan, and casting her eyes upon the Serpentine River which they were at that moment passing, "how often do I long to plunge into that placid water, and bury my misery in it for ever!"

Miss Matilda Perkins had certainly, during her thirty-six years of existence, tried pretty nearly every species of device for the management and subjugation of her truly affectionate elder sister; but somehow or other, it had never before occurred to her that she might threaten suicide; and now it was probably only the opportune sight of the water which had suggested the idea. But whatever the cause, she speedily felt inclined to bless the effect; for never before had she, even in her most energetic moments of eloquence, uttered words productive of such powerful results. Miss Louisa turned as pale as ashes, and trembled visibly in every limb—she clutched the arm of her sister with convulsive strength, and hurried her onward, though literally without the power of speaking a single word.

The effect of her experiment was not lost on Miss Matilda; she attempted not to break the really awful silence which now reigned between them, but suffered her sister to drag her onward unresistingly till they had reached their own door. The knocker was made to do its office, but still they spoke not, and the door being opened, they mounted, Miss Matilda first, and Miss Louisa afterwards, to their drawing-room. There the really miserable elder sister seated herself, and burst into tears. The younger permitted them to flow for some minutes uninterruptedly, assuming meanwhile herself what she intended should be an aspect of dogged despair. At length the poor Louisa en-

deavoured to rally ; she drew off her gloves, and tidily rolled them up ; then removed her shawl from her shoulders, and began a similar notable process upon it, smoothing and folding it upon her knee, but certainly looking all the time as miserable as it was well possible to be. Matilda watched her closely ; and perceiving that, notwithstanding her melancholy, she was gradually recovering from the shock she had received, and returning too nearly to the usual sensations of daily existence, she took off her bonnet, which she threw down (notwithstanding it had a new feather in it), with an air highly theatrical, shook back her ringlets, stood up, approached her sister, placed herself immediately before her, and thus addressed her :

" Louisa !—The time is come when it is absolutely necessary that we should understand one another. The existence I have been leading under your care and control, has become much too painful to endure, and I have come at length to the firm determination of changing or of ending it. The choice, Louisa, as to whether I shall make some effort to lessen the misery I endure, or DESTROY MYSELF, I shall leave wholly to you. If you will immediately, readily, and cheerfully consent to accompany our friends, the O'Donagoughs, to America, I will consent to live, and will exert myself to the very utmost to render existence to both of us more happy in the new world, than it has ever been in the old. But if you refuse this, if you persist in keeping me chained to this sterile land, where the best and tenderest feelings of the human heart are checked and blighted by the constant fear of not having money enough to marry upon—if, I say, you do this, instead of permitting me to try my chance in a new world, I solemnly declare to you, that I will put an end to my life ; and when the awful deed is done, you may learn, too late, the danger of torturing the human soul beyond its powers of endurance ! Now then, Louisa, speak ! Decide ! I abide your decision, and you must abide its consequences !"

Inexpressibly terrified at these dreadful words, the unhappy Louisa was ready to grant all, and every thing that was demanded of her, and eagerly throwing her arms round the tall, thin figure of her sister as she stood before her, she exclaimed,

" Upon one condition, Matilda, I agree to every thing ! You shall go, we will both go whenever and wherever you will, if you will only make me one promise."

" Name it !" said Matilda, eagerly.

" Only promise me, my dearest sister, that if I consent to your wishes in this, you will never think of killing yourself. Not even if you should not happen to get any gentleman to marry you in America !"

" I promise !" responded Matilda, solemnly.

Louisa exclaimed, " Thank God !" but the next moment heaved a heavy sigh. Whether this were caused by the remembrance of her own promise, or breathed as a relief from the fulness of joy occasioned by that of her sister, may be doubtful. But be this as it may, the business was settled. Matilda, in a cheerful voice, reminded her sister that a gentleman who had the eye of all the state authorities fixed upon him, like Mr. O'Donagough, would not be permitted to linger long after receiving notice that he was to go. And having given this necessary hint, she instantly set to work herself upon drawers and boxes, and by the

vigorous earnestness of her labours, gave the strongest proof of the vivacity of the feelings which prompted them.

It is needless to follow the preparations of the party thus about to leave England together for the United States; suffice it to say, that every one of them, including Don Espartero Christinino Tornorino, was so active and expert in the several operations they were called upon to perform, that in less than a week their passage was taken in a fine ship lying in the river and bound for New Orleans, their goods packed and on board, their various affairs, agencies, and respective money concerns satisfactorily settled, and one and all of them perfectly ready to go on board.

The above-mentioned Don, indeed, though hitherto so slightly known to the reader, and rather to be considered as a stranger than an old acquaintance, will be found hereafter to possess many noble qualities, well deserving a share in the affectionate feelings, which I flatter myself his companions have already excited. The only circumstance preliminary to their sailing, which it is farther necessary to mention, is, that the principal personage, and he who was considered on all sides as the hero of the expedition, decided, after giving a good deal of consideration to the subject, that for many reasons, into which it is totally unnecessary to enter, it would be advisable that he should not appear in America under either of his former appellations; but, as a still farther compliment to his ever-admired wife, they should assume the style and title of Major and Mrs. ALLEN BARNABY.

THE LEE SHORE.

SLEPT! and Hail! and Thunder!

And ye Winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave.

Winds, that like a Demon,
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling Seaman,
In his tossing boat.

From his humble dwelling,
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling,
Keep such hollow roar.

From that weeping Woman,
Seeking with her cries,
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies.

From the Urchin pining
For his Father's knee—
From the lattice shining,
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dis sever
Him from yonder foam—
Oh, God! to think Man ever
Comes too near his Home!

T. H.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

CHAP. XXVII.

OUR HERO'S BEHAVIOUR IN *HIGH SOCIETY*: HIS PLEASANTRY AND CONVIVIALITY—"LITTLE PITCHERS, &c."—A MARRIAGE-TRAP IS SET FOR HIM—HIS CONDUCT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

QUIDDY took his seat next to Lady Cheshire at the head of the table, having Jane on his left. The other daughters and the sons occupied the places they were accustomed to upon ordinary occasions like the present—Eliza on the right of her mamma, next to her Master Harry, and on either side of the knight Clara and Tom.

In those days—that is to say, in the early part of the present century—Ude was unknown: in the Realms-Culinary, Mrs. Glasse reigned undisputed queen. The dinner was plain, but excellent of its kind; and consisted of a tureen of pea-soup, a fine cod-head-and-shoulders, a roast sirloin of beef, a stewed rump-steak, and an apple-pie. There were no impertinent and miserable attempts at foreign cookery, which, when it is not the best in the world, is the worst. Not a single dish appeared upon table under false pretences: no mess, indescribable and unwholesome, endeavoured, like some transmarine adventurer, to palm itself off as a something of importance, under cover of a French title. On the contrary, each boldly showed its plain, honest, English face; and the very pie itself was (not that unsatisfactory abridgment called a tart, but) in its requisite conditions of size, form, and contents, an unquestionable apple-pie. No: the Cheshires, though "titled people," retired from business, and dwelling in that aristocratic quarter of the east, yclept Finsbury-square, were content, like many even of *their* superiors, to employ a woman-cook, and eat good English dinners. As for the *actually* trading or shop-keeping community of that day, we will assert, without fear of disproof, that the ostentatious interchange of dinners *à-la-Française*, with their accompaniments of Sillery and Chateau-Margaux, was no more known amongst them than—than the Insolvent Court which did not then exist.

It is not our intention to ridicule the family of the Cheshires; nor, consistently with our character of truth-tellers, could we if we would, for (excepting the knight himself) there was nothing of the ridiculous either in their conduct or their manners. Sir Gog was a plain, good man, who had made his fortune as a cheesemonger chiefly by government contracts; and was afflicted with knight-hood,* for no fault of

* "So," said C—to J—not very long ago, "I see by the new-papers that [a rich nobody and nothing more] "has just been elevated to the baronetage."

"Rather say," replied J—, "the baronetage has been degraded to him."

his own, but simply through the accident of his being sheriff at the time when some great naval victory was achieved, upon which occasion he assisted in carrying an address of congratulation from the city to the king. His only weak point, or, we ought to say, the only one which was sufficiently prominent to be observable, was his pride of title, proud partly of his own, but chiefly of "her ladyship's;" and "her ladyship" he looked upon as little less in importance than the first duchess in the land. Lady Cheshire was a plain, sensible, motherly woman. Her daughters had been brought up unostentatiously, and in a manner to qualify them to become good wives; and the sons had received proper and sufficient education to fit them for the positions which they were intended to occupy, namely, the counting-house or the counter. Altogether, the family was one of those respectable, middle-class families of which there existed so many, both east and west, ere the mania was rife for aping the manners, habits, and mode of living of the superior classes; and as they affected nothing in any shape beyond what their position entitled them to, so did they present no points obnoxious to ridicule or for satire to chastise.

Our hero had now been for so long a time—for several months indeed—accustomed to high life, that he felt as much at his ease in the society of Sir Gog and my lady, as if they had been nothing more than plain *Mr.* and *Mrs.* Upon his first introduction by the knight to her ladyship, he naturally experienced a sensation of awe; nor was this much diminished even by the good-natured assurance which he received from Sir Gog (whom he had met upon three or four previous occasions), that he would "find her ladyship vastly condescending, and not at all proud." But

"Never fore stood he in such a presence,"

and the consequence alluded to was, in his case at least, inevitable. Now, as we have said, it was otherwise with him. He had adopted to its fullest extent one point of Polonius's instructions to his son, "Be thou familiar:" the qualifying clause, "but by no means vulgar," he found to be a piece of advice akin with a vast proportion of that which is most liberally bestowed by those who never give any thing else—advice much easier to give than to follow.

"Will you take soup or fish, Mr. Quiddy?" inquired her ladyship.

"Why, my lady," replied he, in an easy, offhand manner, "I'll take fish; though I don't care if I begin with a basin of your ladyship's soup. I'm uncommon partial to pea-soup, and your ladyship's soup is always so uncommon good. And, Sir G.,"
continued he, addressing the host (his greedy eyes roving from one dish to the other), "as I see you are helping the fish, I'll thank you just to put a mouthful of liver and sound aside against I'm ready for it. I don't think cod worth eating without a little of the liver and sound; do you, my lady? At least, I'm uncommon partial to it."

And be it observed, that whatever Mr. Quiddy was uncommon partial to, Mr. Quiddy took especial care that that gentleman should, upon no occasion, miss it, either from too little attention, or too much delicacy on his part: for it was clear to him that when he dined at home,

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at his own expense, he had a right to what he liked best; and when he dined out, that his entertainers were bound, both in politeness and hospitality, to supply him with it. As to deferring his own gratification to another's, the mere notion of such a thing he considered as too absurd to be entertained by any rational being.

"Q.," said Sir Gog; "Q., I dare say her ladyship will be happy to condescend to take a glass of wine with you; won't you, my lady?"

"Most happy," replied her ladyship.

"Uncommon proud of the honour," said Quiddy, "if her ladyship will just let me eat the mouthful or two of fish I've got on my plate; I've an uncommon dislike to wine in the middle of my fish."

Fish and soup were removed, and the remainder of the dinner was placed upon the table.

"Now, Mr. Quiddy," said Lady Cheshire, "you see your dinner. We don't treat you as a stranger. We give you just the plain family-dinner we had provided for ourselves, for—ha! ha! ha!—really, dear Mr. Quiddy, really we begin to consider you as *one of the family*."

As her ladyship uttered the emphasised words, she gently placed her hand on Quiddy's arm, which was lying spread out half-way across the table.

"Pray, no apology, my dear, good lady," said Quiddy, placing his hand on hers, and tapping it as he spoke; "pray, no apology, for there's plenty to eat. Uncommon *good* dinner—just the style of dinner I shall give you and my other friends if ever I set up housekeeping. As a bachelor, you know I—much as I wish it, I—I—not that I couldn't afford it, my lady; for by sheer industry, thank Heaven! I have scraped together a few thousands or so; but as a bachelor—"

"Bachelor, indeed! More shame for you," said she, laughing; "bachelor! I declare that—"

And with scarcely a pause she continued: "Why, Jane, my love, what is the matter with you? You are so out of spirits and so silent this afternoon, one would really think you are *in love*. Give Jane a little wine, Mr. Quiddy; talk to her, and see whether *you* can't enliven her."

"Come, miss," said our enlivening friend, with a wink to Lady Cheshire (at the same time rubbing his hands and slapping them together:) "come, miss, what say you to a drop of wine? There"—(and he filled the young lady's glass, like his own, to the very brim)—"Don't be frightened at my filling a bumper; you need not drink it all at once. But as you are *in love*"—(This he uttered in a pretended whisper, accompanied with a nudge of his elbow)—"as you're *in love*, I'll give you a toast. Here's—Sir G., I'll trouble you for a bit of that stewed rump-steak before it goes away—Here's the health of—No, not that cut: there—a bit out of the middle, and that bit of fat at the corner—Here's the health of the happy man, whoever he is, and may he have plenty of the mopuses. *In short*—while we're about it—eh, my lady? Ho! ho! ho! here's good rich husbands to all three of 'em."

This gallant aspiration of the agreeable Quiddy was by exactly two to one more than was pleasant to her ladyship; and a mother of in-

initely less shrewdness than herself, would instantly have been satisfied by it, that, whatever might have been his intentions as to marrying, love, or even a preference for either of the young ladies, was altogether out of the question. Her eyes at the same moment met Sir Gog's; and he, remembering the little conversation which had taken place between them just before Mr. Quiddy's arrival, translated in its true sense the negatory motion of his lady's head, by which her look was accompanied.

"I say, Mr. Quiddy," cried Harry, "I'll bet a shilling *you* are in love."

At this spurt of the young gentleman's, papa and mamma exchanged a rapid but significant glance. The unpremeditated trifle (as many an unpremeditated trifle had done before) *might* lead to an important issue. Jane and Eliza looked (or, perhaps, affected to look) confused; while Clara's "pretty pale face" turned paler than usual, and she trembled in every nerve with dread of the mere possibility that Quiddy's reply to her young brother's proposal might, in some way or other, affect her.

"I'll not bet, Master Harry," said Quiddy, "for I shouldn't be much the better for winning your shilling, and should be sorry to lose my own;" adding, with a loud laugh—"but, without betting—ho! ho! ho! tell me—ho! ho! ho! what makes you think I'm in love?"

"Why," replied the young logician, "they say that when a person is in love he is happy; and when one is happy, you know, one casts such a load! And so I'll bet you a shilling *you* are in love."

Lady Cheshire stooped her head till her nose nearly touched her plate; the two elder girls and ' were nearly suffocated by their efforts to restrain a laugh; Clara recovered her composure; Quiddy, filling his mouth, exclaimed, "Good, uncommon good!" leaving it doubtful whether his words were meant in praise of the sally or the steak; while Sir Gog muttered to the causer of this confusion,

"You are too bad, sir; in short, d—d too bad!"

"Why, what have I done, papa?" cried the unconscious offender;

"I didn't mean any harm: I'm sure I said it quite in earnest."

"Hold your tongue, sir," continued Sir Gog, in a half whisper; "hold your tongue, or you'll presently find yourself outside the door—in short, d—d outside. Q., a glass of wine with you; and *that*, let me tell you, is some of my very best Madeira."

"Uncommon good, indeed, Sir G.,” said Quiddy; adding (for the money-value of every thing was always uppermost in his mind)—“what may it have stood you in?”

"Wait till the cloth is removed, and I'll tell you a curious little anecdote about this wine," said Sir Gog.

The cloth being removed and a bottle of port placed upon the table, he thus began:—

"This Madeira, you must know, I imported myself—I imported the whole pipe; but all that remains of it is the little batch of which we are now drinking; *that* I paid a hundred shillings a dozen for, and got it by a lucky accident."

"Stop, Sir Gog," said Quiddy; "let me see: twelve in the hun-

dred will go eight and carry um—um—um—ay, eight-and-fourpence per bottle. Now reckoning fourteen of these glasses to the bottle, that's um—um—um—Why, Sir Gog, we are drinking this wine at the rate of sevenpence-farthing a glass, all but a fraction!"

"D—n the price, Mr. Quiddy," said Sir Gog, impatiently; "fill your glass and pass the bottle to Bill. There, Bill; take sevenpence-farthing-and-a-fraction's-worth of Madeira." And he thought within himself, "What a chandler's-shop mind the fellow has—in short, d—d chandler's-shop."

"But how came that batch to cost you more than the rest of the pipe?" inquired Quiddy; "I can't understand that."

"That's the point of my story," replied Sir Gog. "When my friend Sir Richard Grim was Lord Mayor—Stingy Dick as he was called—Grim, who gave such bad feeds to the aldermen and common-council, that there were fewer deaths from indigestion during his may-oralty than had ever been known since the days of Whittington—ah! Whittington's cat would have had a holiday at the Mansion-House in Grim's time, for the rats and mice all died of starvation. Well; His Majesty's ministers were to dine with Grim, so, for the honour of the city, I made him a present of six dozen of my very finest Madeira—this same wine. Well, I had the honour of being of the party. At the right of the Lord Mayor sat—"

"Never mind how the party was arranged, Cheshire," interposed her ladyship; "that is in no way material to your story."

"Right, my lady; her ladyship is right; it is in no way material—in short, d—d in no way. Well—there was lemonade Vidonia, brandy-and-water Sherry, crab-apple Hock—but not a drop of my very finest Madeira; gooseberry Champagne, black-currant Port, mul-berry Claret—but not a drop of my very finest Madeira. Couldn't imagine what had become of my very finest Madeira. Looked at ministers—never in all my life saw such a set of wry faces—wine ex-cruciating—corners of their mouths screwed up to their nostrils. As for Billy Pitt—lucky thing for us that it did not occur to him at that moment to double the Income-tax. Party broke up unusually early—in short, d—d unusually. Followed Pitt to his carriage—Lord Melville with him.

"Where, sir?" inquired the footman, as he closed the carriage-door.

"Home, as fast as you can drive, to take our wine," roared the premier, loud enough for every body about to hear him.

"Now, Q., what do you think had become of my very finest Madeira?"

"Can't possibly tell," replied Q.

"Then I'll tell you. Three days after this met Saurlush, the wine-merchant. Asked me would I like a few dozens of *surprisingly* fine Madeira. Replied, yes. Went down to his counting-house to taste sample. Delighted with it. Had but six dozens, short the sample-bottle. Wouldn't take a shilling less than five pounds the dozen. Bought it all and gave him a check for the money. Wine came home—looked at corks—and what do you think? There was my private seal upon 'em. My own wine! By all that's mean and shabby, my own very finest Madeira! Stingy Dick had exchanged

it with him for the nasty stuff he had half-poisoned His Majesty's ministers with, and pocketed two-pound-ten by the bargain. There, sir; what do you say to that?"

"Say!" exclaimed Quiddy, bursting into a loud laugh; "say? Ho! ho! ho! why *I* say it was an uncommon deep trick."

"Deep, Mr. Quiddy!" exclaimed Sir Gog, in a tone of indignation; "deep! *I* say it was an uncommon *dirty* trick—in short, *da-a-a-n'd* uncommon dirty."

After a short time—

"And now," said Sir Gog, "Q., what say you to a glass of Port? Port and Madeira—no claret, no champagne—no ceremony with you—eh, my boy? As her ladyship says, we consider you as one of the family—in short, d—d one of the family, eh, my lady?"

"Quite, quite," said her ladyship. "And *do* give Jane a little Port, Mr. Quiddy."

"I'd rather not take any, mamma," said Jane.

"What!" exclaimed mamma; "refuse Mr. Quiddy! I'm sure, Jane, dear, *you'll* not refuse Mr. Quiddy."

But the effect of these words (though they were pointedly uttered, and with a prolonged, singing sort of emphasis on the pretty name) was completely neutralized by Harry, who said, in precisely the same tone,

"And if he'll offer *me* a glass of wine, I'm sure *I* won't refuse, Mr. Quiddy."

"I request you will not give him any," said her ladyship, biting her nether lip.

"Oh, come, my lady," said Quiddy, "your ladyship will allow me to give him a little. Harry is a favourite of mine."

"Thankee, sir," said Harry. "And I say, Mr. Quiddy—I know which of the *girls* is your favourite?"

"Jane, love," adroitly interposed Lady Cheshire, and laughingly, "don't mind what that impudent boy says."

"I wasn't going to say any thing to Jane, ma'; you know it's Clara *he* has a preference for, but it's Jane who likes *him* best, you know."

"Leave the room, sir—I desire you will instantly leave the room," said her ladyship; and the command was repeated by the knight.

"Now, why ought I to be turned out of the room for that?" said the boy in a tone of remonstrance; "for just before Mr. Quiddy came, when I was outside the drawing-room, kneeling down to tie my shoe, I heard you say to papa—"

But ere the young gentleman could finish his speech, he found himself by the interposition of Sir Gog's strong arm, outside the dining-room.

Quiddy, with that protective instinct, which, in common with the rest of the brute creation, he possessed in an extraordinary degree—for in that category we include the intensely-selfish of the human species—Quiddy began to suspect that some plan, scheme, plot, or conspiracy was forming, whose object tended more to the interest of the Cheshires than his own.

To use the words in which the thought passed through his mind, he began "to smell a rat," and resolved to be vigilant accordingly. Good as

were Sir Gog's dinners, he was not to be "trapped" into a marriage with one of Sir Gog's daughters; and this he would let him plainly understand even at the risk of forfeiting his convenient acquaintance with the family, as it had lately happened to him with another of the same class (No. 2), who had endeavoured "to take him in," in a similar manner.

Lady Cheshire, somewhat disconcerted by what had just occurred, and not exactly knowing what better to do, desired Jane to sing a song, reminding her that her papa liked a song after dinner.

"Ay, Jane, a song," said Sir Gog; "I do like a song; it gives a relish to one's wine. What say you, Q.?"

"O—yes—no objection in life, if *you* like it, Sir G.," cautiously replied Quiddy; "but pray not on my account."

"What will you sing, dear?" said mamma. "Let me see—oh, sing the—you know what I mean; Mr. Quiddy's favourite, the—"

"Pray, my lady," eagerly cried Quiddy, "pray, my lady, never mind me. I've no particular *favourite*. Let Miss Jane sing what Sir G. likes: I assure your ladyship it is the same thing to me, my lady."

"But, mamma, you know I've a bad cold," said Jane.

"Never mind that, Jane love; Mr. Quiddy will make allowance for that."

"Oh, to be sure, my lady. Never mind your cold, Miss Jane; it's all one to me, I assure you," said the gallant.

And the young lady sang to the accompaniment of the cracking of nuts and the claunching of apples by our hero. The air was the well known one called the "Streamlet;" but whether the words she connected with it were English, Italian, Spanish, French, or High Dutch, she, in the most young-ladylike manner, left her hearers in doubt.

"Well done, Jenny, well done," said Sir Gog. "And now, my darling Clara—"

Clara hastily rose from her chair, threw her arms round her father's neck, and putting her lips close to his ear, whispered,

"Don't ask *me*, dear papa: I can't bear to do any thing when *he's* here."

"Then if you don't like to sing," said Sir Gog, patting her cheek, "you shan't my pet—in short, d—d shan't. Come, Q.; fill a bumper and give us *your* song."

With this invitation Phineas readily complied, for he took pride to himself for what he called "singing a good song." He was blessed with a loud, coarse voice; when singing he swung his head from one shoulder to the other alternately after each word; and in the delivery of the words, carefully "emphasized his blunders" (as Miss St. Egremont formerly expressed it), "in ostentatious display of his imagined accuracy."

"Which of my songs will you have?" inquired he. "You know I only sing two, Sir G. Shall it be

"By the gaily circlin' glasse
Ye can see 'ow minutes parse,
By the 'ollow cask ve're told—"

"I prefer the other," said the knight—

"Flow thou regal purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam."

And our convivialist proceeded to sing :

"Flow—thou—regal—purple—stream—
Tintured—by—the solar—beam—
In—my—goblet—sparklin'—rise—
Cheer—my 'art—and glad my—eyes, &c."

While this vocal display was proceeding Sir Gog manifested his approbation by nodding, and, with the tips of his fingers, tapping the table out of time. During the same period her ladyship had full employment in looking small daggers at the young ladies, who were evincing their delight by forcibly compressing their lips and making strange little noises in their throats. As for Bill, so enraptured was he that he had nearly choked himself by thrusting his pocket-handkerchief half-way down his throat.

"Capital song, Q.,," said Sir Gog, sending the decanter to him ; "capital song, and capitally sung. Deserves a glass of wine.—Go on, go on ; you and I can just buzz that bottle, and then I'll give you another sort. Here, Bill, is the key of the cellar. Get a bottle out of No. 7 binn—green corks. Bring it carefully—don't shake it—will decant it myself. Always decant my own wine—never trust that job to a bustling footman, or a busy house-maid. You never see my wine looking like a November atmosphere in Cheapside, but bright as a ruby. I'm lord of the wine-cellar ; her ladyship condescends to superintend every thing else in the house ; don't you, my lady ?"

"Why, to say the truth," replied her ladyship, "I take but little trouble in that way now : Jane has relieved me of that. In fact, Mr. Quiddy, *she* is housekeeper, and an excellent housekeeper she is. She superintends—regulates every thing ; looks to the weekly bills, and—and—ha ! ha ! ha ! I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but, really, Jane is a better economist even than I am."

"You don't say so, my lady !" said Quiddy, with a stupid look of feigned astonishment.

"Indeed I might almost say the same thing of Eliza," continued her ladyship, after a pause which Quiddy did not break by one single word of encouragement. And here was another pause.

"In fact, Mr. Quiddy," she resumed, "*in* fact, I have brought up *all* my girls to be good, careful mistresses of a family. They have no high, fine, nonsensical notions ; they are all good girls—excellent girls—though I say it to their faces. You needn't blush, Jane, love. [Pause.] Hem ! [Pause.] Their MARRIED sisters are proofs of what I say, dear Mr. Quiddy."

"O, bless your ladyship's soul, my lady, I don't doubt your ladyship in the least," said Quiddy ; adding, as he raised his half-emptied glass to his lips, "and as I said before, in my jocose way, please your ladyship—Ho ! ho ! ho !—here's wishing good rich husbands to all three of 'em."

"The force of *mother* could no further go." Lady Cheshire felt convinced that her attempts to fix "the great what-do-they-call-it" for either of her daughters was a hopeless task, and she looked—accordingly.

Sir Gog had paid little or no attention to what had just been passing, for, during its progress, he had been intently occupied in decanting the wine brought to him by Master Bill. Having performed the operation with great care, and with corresponding success, he held the decanter up to the light and, smacking his lips, he pushed the wine towards his amiable guest, saying—

“There Q., tell me what you think of *that*. That is a better glass of wine than the last.”

“No need of better, Sir G.,” said Quiddy; “the last was quite good enough for me.”

“Why, to say the truth,” said the knight, “it is good enough for any body. Flatter myself I haven’t a bad bottle in my cellar. I have different qualities to be sure: good, better, and best, and always go on by degrees from the first to the last. Not like our friends Flasher and Bragby. Flasher begins by giving you a good bottle, just to set you smacking your lips while your palate is fresh, and gradually lets you down to sloe-juice. But Bragby actually has but one sort of wine in his cellar—that he gives you all the way through, and hardly drinkable it is—in short, d—d hardly. To be sure he cracks about the second bottle being older than the first, and the third older than the second, and *that* he may do with a safe conscience, for older it certainly is; but I tell you what Q.—ha! ha! ha!—the third is, to a minute, as much older than the first, as his guests are than when they were drinking it. No, no: I’m of poor Slymore’s opinion: if you can’t afford to give your friends good wine, why, give ’em good punch, or good grog, or (what can’t hurt ’em at any rate) even good, wholesome, nothing-at-all; but that to poison ’em with bad anything is by no means the act of a friend—in short,—”

“Talking of poor Slymore,” said Quiddy, interrupting him, “I—”

“Begging your pardon, my dear Q.,” said Sir Gog, interrupting him in his turn; “begging your pardon, I was merely going to add—in short, d—d by no means the act of a friend!”

“I was just about to say, Sir G.,” said Quiddy (fixing his cunning eyes upon the knight), “I have been told he died rich—uncommon rich, eh?”

“I shouldn’t at all wonder if he did,” replied Sir Gog, “for he had a very fine business.”

“Ah,” said Quiddy, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. “But you *think* he did, eh Sir G.?”

“Why—a—yes, I should think so: I don’t positively know, but I have no reason in the world for thinking to the contrary.”

“To be sure—yes—ha—um—,” muttered Quiddy, thoughtfully stroking his chin. “As you say, Sir G., he *had* a very fine business. By the by, just before dinner I was going to tell you I went to the play last night, and there I had the pleasure of meeting his niece, Miss St. Egremont. An uncommon fine ’oman—*gal*, I mean. Eh, Sir Gog?—Eh, my lady?”

“Mr. Quiddy!” exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone not easy to describe; at the same time drawing herself up, and giving him a look which, with the rapidity of lightning, glanced round the table, *over*, rather than at her daughters, and again settled upon him.

Sir Gog merely ahem’d, and gulped his wine.

"Why, my lady," continued our obtuse friend (no more understanding the meaning of Lady Cheshire's hint than if it had been a diplomatic dispatch in cipher), "why, my lady, beauty is all a matter of taste, to be sure, but to my fancy, Miss St. Eg—"

Simultaneously, Sir Gog cried, "Q.—Q.—Q.—drink your wine, drink your wine," and Lady Cheshire repeated her exclamation (but with the emphasis differently placed) "*Mis-ter Quiddy!*"

Her ladyship rose, and her example was followed by the young ladies.

"Come with me and your sisters to the drawing-room, William," said she in a solemn tone. As she passed Sir Gog, significant looks were exchanged between them.

"When you and your *friend* desire coffee, Sir Gog," said her ladyship drily, "you had better order it to be served *here*. Good afternoon to you, Mr. Quiddy."

These words, from the tone and manner in which they were delivered, fell upon the ear of the guest like the knell of departed dinner-invitations. And the lady (followed by her daughters and son) walked, or, rather, strutted out of the room.

The gentlemen left to themselves, an awkward silence of some minutes ensued. Quiddy, though conscious that he had given offence, was not certain by *which* of the only two causes he could conceive to have been offensive.

"If," (thought he) "it was because I let her ladyship see that I was not such a young mouse as to be caught in the marriage-trap with three holes which she was laying for me, why, I'm not sorry for it. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; and the trap that catches P. Q. must be baited with something more tempting than a paltry fifteen hundred. If she was jealous at my saying that Miss St. Egremont is an uncommon fine woman, why, I can only say, her ladyship was an uncommon old fool for being so."

That he could have offended by alluding at all, in the presence of so dignified a personage as Lady Gog Cheshire, to a young gentlewoman standing in a somewhat equivocal position, such a notion never entered his mind.

But was the last-suggested the *real* cause of the lady's displeasure? We think not; and we think, moreover, that had our hero manifested the slightest intention of converting either of the three Misses Cheshire into Mrs. Phineas Quiddy, he would have received no more severe a rebuke for his indiscretion than a playful "Fie, fie, you naughty man! be quiet, do."

And here some inquisitive person may desire to know how Lady Cheshire had become aware that there existed any Miss Honoria St. Egremont in all the world. This curiosity it is easy to gratify. Sir Gog had visited Slymore at the cottage in Lisson-grove, where *he* had seen Slymore's niece. Now we will ask, in the words of Shylock, "Are you satisfied?" If not, we must remind you that never yet was there a husband that withheld a secret from his wife; in return for which unlimited confidence (we need not remind you) never yet was wife who had any concealments from her husband!

The awful silence which we have noticed was at length thus broken by Sir Gog:—

"Well, Q., you have *done* it,—in short, d—d done it."

"Done?" stammered Quiddy; "really, I—a—I don't know, but—a—I—"

"Why, Mr. Q.,"—[the Mr. was ominous].—"Why, Mr. Q., to talk in the presence of a personage of her ladyship's rank and title about—and before my daughters too—But that might have been a slip, so we'll say no more about it. But, to come to the point: you come here very often; you are seen a good deal with my daughters—Ahem! my *un-married* daughters—and the world begins to inquire—"

Oh, this poor world of ours! Unless it is shamefully belied, it is the most pestilent busy-body of a planet of any in the whole system! the very T—m H—ll of the universe!

—"to be plain, Mr. Q., the world *does* inquire, which of my girls do you mean? So now it's out—in short, d—d out."

"Which!—mean!" exclaimed Quiddy, with a marvellously innocent look. "Really, Sir Gog, I—I don't in the least understand you."

"Why, then, Mr. Quiddy, I suppose you have a preference for one of them—indeed her ladyship supposes so too; and as her ladyship and I were saying this morning, that, as they have plenty of offers—plenty—plenty—and—as by shilly-shallying you are standing in the way of others—in one word, Mr. Quiddy, what are your *intentions*, as her ladyship calls that sort of thing?"

"Why, Sir G.," replied Quiddy, with some confusion—"why, I don't mean to say that fifteen hundred pounds (which I am told is your mark) would not have been worth my consideration, *once upon a time*;—but you know—indeed you *must* know, Sir G., that *now*—why—you—I—"

"Ha! then I suppose we understand one another, sir," said Sir Gog.

"Why—a—ye—yes, I suppose we do, Sir Gog."

"Why, then, Mr. Phineas Quiddy, I must take the liberty to tell you that your conduct has been—"

But Mr. Phineas Quiddy prevented the liberty, whatever it was intended to be, by suddenly drawing out his watch and exclaiming—"Bless my soul! no notion it was so late! Quarter past ten, I declare! Must wish you good night, Sir Gog. Wish you a very good night." And he hastily shuffled out of the room.

"Well, my dear?" eagerly inquired Lady Cheshire, as Sir Gog entered the drawing-room.

"Moonshine, my lady, all moonshine," was the reply. "As I suspected, he never had any intention of marrying at all."

"Well! upon my word!" exclaimed the disappointed mamma; "well! and that we should have wasted our civilities upon such a—Cheshire—my dear Cheshire—I hope you will never invite the disagreeable fellow to this house again."

"Never invite him? In short, *da—a—an'd* never, my lady."

CHAP. XXVIII.

A GRAVE ESSAY CONSIDERATELY SUPPRESSED—AN APPEAL TO THE KIND WORLD IN BEHALF OF MISS ST. EGREMONT—OUR HERO CONSOLES HIMSELF FOR HIS RUPTURE WITH THE CHESHIREs, AND TAKES A DETERMINED STEP IN RELATION TO MISS ST. EGREMONT—SERIOUS REFLICTIONS IN SURREY-STREET, AND A SURPRISE.

THERE was a period in the history of our literature, ere more books were written than there were people to read them : ere books possessed as they now do (greatly to the relief of the labours of authorship) the sublime faculty of writing themselves—in other words, ere books apparently written by Nobody are only *edited* by Somebody; and that was the period when the reading public was satisfied from Tuesday till Saturday, and again from Saturday till Tuesday, with a short, detached essay “On the propriety of being virtuous,” or “On the wickedness of Vice,” or on some subject of a like didactic character. We must not be misunderstood as intending an unbecoming sneer at the exquisite essayists, the unrivalled, the inimitable, of the period to which we allude. We make the allusion for the mere purpose of drawing attention to the habits, and wants, and expectations of the readers of the present day, so different from those of their predecessors; because this consideration it is which has induced us, unwisely perhaps, to suppress a grave essay we had composed, and intended solely for the edification of the fair sex “On the irregularity of being any one’s niece but your uncle’s.”

And here observe the delicacy of the epithet we had employed—*Irregularity* ! Indeed the essay throughout was written in a style of Addisonian urbanity. It contained not a line of coarse invective or of harsh rebuke. It was altogether calculated rather to lead than to drive; for we are certain that the amiable portion of the creation to whom our essay was addressed, would rarely require to be driven if those who undertake to be their guides were expert in the gentler art of leading them.

“Sir, we will not be contradicted; nor do we hold your boasted experience in the slightest esteem!”

Our warmth is pardonable, for here is one who presumes to whisper to us that once in the course of a long and travelled life, he did meet with a lady who was willing to be led *nor* driven!

From this poem it may be surmised that Miss Honoria St. Egremont is not far distant from our thoughts. Such is indeed the fact.

Now, mark ! We are not about to offer a single word in defence of the young lady’s “irregularity;” no, not even by casting, as we might do, a large share of the blame upon her questionable uncle—far from it, far from it : on the other hand, we are not going to preach. We have not smuggled her into notice under false pretences : we have descended to no mystifying, no pernicious dallyings with morality; and, as we have not attempted to present her for better than she is, we may claim from those to whom we have introduced her that they will not set her down for worse. Beyond the one avowed, we are not aware that her whole

past life stands chargeable with an offence. And who shall say that she will not render a purer account of the remainder of it, if you, O, World! properly moral, but *sometimes* persecuting, unrelenting World, do not rudely slam the door of exclusion in the face of her repentance!

Three days had elapsed since Quiddy's visit to Surrey-street. In this interval nothing of importance had there occurred. Honoria's mind was much occupied in considering how she might best place her little fortune so as to enable her to live upon it with decent comfort; and in the hope of meeting with some aid to her reflections, she every morning carefully read through the advertisements in the *Times*. This was, *then*, the employment of but a short quarter of an hour, for the same journal of that time bore in size no proportion to its present gigantic dimensions. Could any of its readers of that day see it at this, they would declare it (like a thriving child) to have "grown out of all knowledge." But, as this phrase is somewhat equivocal, we had better "rise to explain that we mean it merely in the nursery-sense." Hitherto, however, she had met with nothing to enlighten her, except the amiable announcement, that, if any lady or gentleman happened to have from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds at their immediate disposal, some other lady or gentleman would be very happy to borrow it of them. Offers of accommodation of this kind were, indeed, numerous; but there was not one of them which exactly suited her.

As for Mrs. Fleecer, she had frequently, in the course of the same time, expressed her "wonder" that Mr. Quiddy had not repeated his visit, especially considering the polite invitation she had given him; which wonderments were met by Honoria either with a "Psha!" of indifference, or a more pointed, "So much the better."

And what was Quiddy about all this time? On the night of his rupture with the Cheshires (for such it clearly was), he slept as soundly as ever, for on his way home he had made up his account on that matter. On the losing side, there stood only the loss of his acquaintance with that worthy family, which as it could not, in the nature of things, have been of much longer duration, he estimated at no great value; while on the side of profits there appeared, firstly, a considerable amount in dinners had and received; and secondly, his escape from a snare in which he might have been unwarily taken had the acquaintance continued. All things considered, the balance was so much in his favour, that he looked upon himself as having by far the best of the bargain.

During those three days Quiddy's mind was much occupied with his love-[of money] affair with Miss St. Egremont. Touching her fortune he was satisfied. Mrs. Fleecer's alarm upon the morning of his visit to her, at being reminded of her indiscretion in having revealed to him its amount, would of itself have been sufficient to assure him upon that subject; but Sir Gog Cheshire's declaration of his belief that Slymore had died rich, seemed to confirm the point. He resolved, therefore, to delay no longer the commencement of operations: the only difficulty was how to open the siege. He thought much upon the subject, nor did he consider the time bestowed upon it as altogether wasted, for the reason that it was at the least as much a matter of business as of love. He at length resolved (not unwisely perhaps) to

fire his first shot at the young lady's friend and confidant, Mrs. Fleecer.

Accordingly, he addressed to the latter a note; but as letters are held to be the property of the receiver, we will not deprive Mrs. Fleecer of any portion of her right in it by prematurely revealing its contents. Let us trust, however, that our abstinence will be rewarded by hearing them in due time from the lady herself.

We here stop for a moment to observe, that we stated in its proper place the probability that we might not again have occasion to return to our hero in his money-manufactory; nor has any such occasion occurred. But it will be gratifying to his friends and admirers to be assured that that concern proceeded, in the same manner and (since with increased means) more prosperously than ever.

On the fourth evening our two ladies were sitting together, and having finished their tea, Miss St. Egremont took up a book (for she delighted in reading, and "poor Tom" had left her the whole of his small, but well-selected library), and Mrs. Fleecer took her needlework. For some time both were silently occupied. At length the latter having occasion to thread her needle (a manœuvre which, from the astonishing manner in which we have seen it executed by ladies, who doubtless adopt the true process—that is to say, by miraculously passing the needle over the thread; not poking and poking till they have driven the thread through the needle—ought, we think, to be termed needling the thread), she took that opportunity to put into speech the thought that had possessed her mind:—

"But now, my dear Norey, what *do* you mean to do?"

"What, indeed!" exclaimed Honoria; "for days past I have been thinking of nothing else. To live respectably in London upon my small means, smaller even than I had calculated upon—to live respectably is impossible, and live otherwise I will not."

"Why, surely, you have no thoughts of going to bury yourself alive in the country!" said Fleecer. "As you said yourself the other day, you would mope to death in a month."

"It will not be what I should prefer," said Honoria; "but if I cannot do what I would, I must needs do what I can. And—and circumstanced as I am—"

She paused, and a tear stole down her cheek. This, however, was not perceived by Fleecer, who had resumed her work.

"No," continued Honoria, with energy, "I *will not* remain in London: that point, at any rate, I am decided upon."

Fleecer took off her spectacles, laid her work down upon the table, and, placing her hand gently upon Honoria's, said, in a tone of kindness—

"Norey, my dear, you are a good girl, and, as I have often told you, I love you as if you were my own daughter. That is the best thing you can do, and I advise it"—(adding the prudent qualification)—"unless anything better should turn up."

"And do you expect the sky to fall, or something quite as extraordinary to happen, just for my accommodation? What is to turn up, Fleecer?"

"Why—ha! ha! ha!—as I have said before, a good, rich husband, Norey—that's it."

"I see," said Honoria, laughing; "you are thinking of your eternal Mr. Quiddy. Ah! Fleecer, Fleecer; when once a foolish notion takes possession of your silly noddle, there is no driving it out again. But shake your mind easy upon that score, for I declare that nothing on earth—"

"Well—well," said Fleecer, interrupting her. "But where do you think of settling?"

"That, of course, must depend upon circumstances. But here—here is an advertisement which I copied out of the newspaper this morning."

And she read from a clip of paper, this:—

"A widow lady, without children, living in a small house, pleasantly situated in a cheap country, at about sixty miles from London, would have no objection to receive, as lodger and boarder, a lady similarly circumstanced, if in other respects suitable. Terms moderate. A good reference as to respectability will be required. For further particulars, address (post-paid) to," &c. &c.

"Now," said Honoria, "I like the appearance of that;" adding, with some hesitation, "but, the difficulty—the reference—"

"Difficulty!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer: "refer at once to ME. Mrs. Fleecer?—Surrey-street?—STRAND? What *can* be more respectable, Norey?"

"Why, that was not exactly the——But, no matter. I'll go again into the city to-morrow and consult Scott upon the matter."

"Do," said Mrs. Fleecer. "But there's no need to be in a hurry about going away, child. To be sure, I can't afford to let you have these drawing-rooms at the price you pay, in case they should be wanted by any body else: that's human nature, you know, dear. But there's the spare-bed in my room which you can have for nothing, and you *shall*, too, because that will be no expense to me; and a more comfortable bed I'll defy any body in all Surrey-street to show. As to the use of my little sitting-room, that, of course, I couldn't charge for; and a better, or a snugger, or a nicer-furnish'der little—"

But the lady's eulogy of her sitting-room was interrupted by the servant-maid, who brought to her a letter which had just been delivered by the postman.

"What a beautiful hand-writing! Only see, what beautiful flourishes!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer, in admiration of the superscription. "Now I wonder who it can be from!"

"From the long, narrow shape of it, it looks like a tradesman's bill," said Miss St. Egremont. "Do you know the seal?"

"I can't exactly say I do," replied Fleecer, "for it's only fastened with a wafer. Now I *do* wonder—"

"You may easily put an end to your wonder, then, by just opening the letter, Fleecer."

This hint was immediately taken.

"Why, Norey!" exclaimed the astonished lady—"why!—what do you think?—Well, if it isn't from Mr. Quiddy himself, I declare! Only listen."

And this was the gentleman's billet:—

“ Mark-Lane, Fen^h. St.

“ Mr. Quiddy present comps to Mrs. Fleaser, will be happy to have the pleas^e of coming up to-morrow afternoon to drink a dish of tea if not better engaged.

“ P. S.—P, Q, presents most respect^l comps to the *fare moaner*.”

“ Well,” said Honoria, laughing, “ I don’t think it altogether civil to say that he’ll come to you if he should not be better engaged.”

“ Oh, nonsense,” said Fleecer; “ he means if *I’m* not better engaged.”

“ Whatever he may mean, he certainly says it,” said Honoria.

But Mr. Quiddy, as a writer, was not singular in the delusion that, because he understood his own meaning, it must necessarily be equally intelligible to the reader.

“ What a style! what a manner! what a form! The very man himself in every point,” continued Honoria, laughing heartily as she spoke. “ And what do you intend about this?”

“ See him, of course,” replied Fleecer; “ only I do wish he wouldn’t spell my name in such an ungenteeled manner. It is the only *fault* in the letter, for the writing is like copperplate.”

“ Well, do as you please; but, remember—the fair mourner, as he so elegantly *intends* to call me, will not be of the party.”

Fleecer made no reply to this, thinking it possible the lady might change her mind when the visitor should arrive; and having taken writing-materials, she replied to the note thus :—

“ Surrey-street.

“ Mrs. Fleecer”—[the two letters which, in Quiddy’s note, had been displaced by “ungenteeled” interlopers, being pointedly underlined]—“ will be most happy to have the pleasure to drink tea with Mr. Quiddy at her house at 6 a clock punctual to-morrow.”

She was about to fold the note, when, muttering to herself—“ Come; I may as well do the thing genteel,” she added, as a postscript in the corner—“ N.B. Muffins.”

Fleecer folded and re-opened the note, and folded and re-opened it again. At last she said—

“ Norey, my dear—mayn’t I—mayn’t I just say, ‘ Miss St. Egremont sends her—’ any thing you like, you know.”

“ At your peril,” replied Miss St. Egremont.

The note being duly folded, sealed, and directed, the little maid was despatched with it to the post-office.

P.*

COURTS AND COURT JOURNALS.

BY LADY MORGAN.

LET misanthropy say what it will, the world we live in is a very easy-going world, (particularly when one has any thing to live on). Only let the world alone, and (as schoolboys say in their unequal scuffles) it will let you alone. Don't elbow it out of its beaten track—don't disturb it by an inquiry, nor rouse it roughly by a doubt, nor shock it by an unwonted appearance, nor fidget about the easy chair of its ancient habitude and customary creeds (like a bustling wife round the *dormeuse* of a sedentary ruminating husband): for the world, like the Irish post-horse, vaunted by its driver for steadiness, would "rather die than run, plaze ye honor." Sooner than make a move in advance of its age, or inquire into a time-honoured institute, look a revered axiom in the face, or question the "right divine" of a ceremony, or the co-eternal durability of a form, it will submit to roast at the stake, to writhen on the wheel, to descend into the *vade-in-pace*, or the *carcer-duro* of spiritual or political despotism in *secula seculorum*.

This desire that nothing *should* be changed, and the belief that nothing *can* be changed, of which it is the father, are probably at the bottom of a corresponding inapprehensiveness as to the origin of things existing, an uninquiring supposition that society and its institutions have continued pretty much as they now are, from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Thus, of Courts and Court Journals, there is a history of much curious interest, connected with the greater history of mankind, into which the dear *pocourante* world has never inquired, and never wishes to inquire. For it is not particular in its relative ideas of time or space, it is not a member of the Geological Society, seeks no evidences beneath the surface, and is rather too apt to suspect those who do, of heresy and schism. If you were to tell it, that there was a time when kings had no courts, and courts had no "journals" (the mother wits of primeval courtiers, not having been assisted by the vulgar machinery of reading and writing), why the world would not trust the evidence either of your senses or its own; and before venturing on so hazardous a thing as an opinion, would turn its astonished eyes towards Oxford, and ask what "*the fathers*" said on the subject.

Although myself endowed with a tolerably well-developed instinct of inquiry, and desiring, with our general mother Eve, to be as are the gods, knowing good from evil, yet did the origin of this word "court" never present itself to me in a "questionable shape;" nor did the possible date of its modern acceptance even suggest a doubt. But there is a time for all things, and an accident determined the epoch of my curiosity as to the origin of Courts and "Court Journals." It was after a mortal half-hour of intense *ennui*, engendered by that worst of the "*tre cose da far morir*" of the Italian proverb, the waiting for some one who does not come, that I was thrown upon the perusal of a square, flat volume (I mean no perpetration of a pun), which, silken bound, was labelled in golden letters, "Court Journal, 1840-2,"—ap-

parently in the Breviarium of the *petite maîtresse*, whose elegant boudoir was my *œil de bœuf* for the time being.

As I waited *patience per force*, while one of Madame Laure's attendant-graces banished all previous ideas from the head on which she was trying on *un bonnet délirante*, I found that I could not do better than take up the volume that reposed on the Sèvre table before me, and lay in curious juxtaposition with the "Holy Breathings" of a noble and pious authoress.

L'un portant l'autre, I thought the journal the most to be depended on of the two, and I plunged accordingly into its innocent and communicative pages with the most implicit faith in its records.

Sickness had so confined me to the solitude of my own domestic den, that for two years I had lost sight of the London world, as one who, though *in* it, was not *of* it; and Prince Le Boo, the Lion of the London of fifty years back, did not come upon its brilliant circles more unprepared for their mazes and mysteries, than I did upon these chronicles of high life, which is sometimes so *low*.

What entries and what exits might be inferred!—what chances and what changes in two short years—

Nay, not so much,

effected in the transitory worlds of fame, fortune, fashion, and even of faith! What poets out of date!—what prosers making epochs!—what queens of *ton* sinking into mediocrized powers!—what primeval dowdies shaping into fashion!—what names unknown to the *Morning Post* of former times, entered on the muster-rolls of exclusiveness, or forced forward from the rear-guard of their respectable mediocrity, into "the first ranks" of fashion's forces, by some *manœuvre* of one of the great female commandants of the day! As I read, I could just perceive through delicate innuendo phrases, and calculated that the sun of Almack's was setting to rise no more!—that the opera had lost its *fleur de pois*, and that the legitimate drama was reviving by the illegitimate means of singing and scenery,—that *roués* had become family men—that sinners had turned saints—that costumes had changed with conduct—that the knowing black cravat was converted into the puritanical white stock—and that even the gemmed cane, which had given identity to dandies, was deposed in favour of a business-like umbrella. In place of the *chemise brodée* of ancient coxcombs, it appeared the *celice*, or hair shirt of ascetic penitents, was introduced into parliament, and worn by the young lay monks of political and Puseyite celebrity, who probably "took their seats" with something of the solemnity of the mitred abbot in those great times, when the Church was the state, and the House of Lords resembled the council of Trent, or a conclave of cardinals! Alas! for the *rococo*, revelry of Sheridan's wit, or the *perruque* of Cauning's heathenish classicality!

It seemed, too, as I read, that doctrines had changed hands, and sects, sides; that protestantism had turned papist! and that orthodox Oxford, after cramming the articles of the Church of England down the throats of the Catholics for the last three centuries, was now admiring the authorities of the Church of Rome in *portions à l'indiscrétion*.

Wealth, too, had changed coffers; loan-lenders who had saved the

state from sinking, could not now raise a shilling to escape insolvency; *millionaires* were threatened with beggary, and beggars were legacied into bankers. It was clear that the whole *repertoire* of frippery and fashion of the two last seasons had been swept under the counters it had decorated, in the magazines of Devy and Carson, to be carted off by the chiffonniers; and the modes of 1839, without which in that remote era, *point de salut*, had now it seems by the extracts quoted from "Le Petit Courier" of 1842, "left not a wreck behind." The toilette Louis Quatorze had received notice to quit; the *coiffure à la Sévigné*, was replaced by *la coiffure à la Pompadour*; the public was threatened by patches and hoops; and a compromise had been with difficulty protocolled between the *guipure* of the nineteenth century, and the *point d'Alençon* of the seventeenth, in favour of the immortalizing pencil of Vandyke.

It appeared, too, that literature "had undergone a thorough repair," and that the fossil remains of the writers of the two Augustan ages (most of them plebeian in their birth or origin), were banished to the shelves of collectors of antiquities. The Muses, poor old trots, had removed from their garrets in *Paternoster*, where they had so long lived upon *soup-kitchen* tickets, and parish allowances, and they were now actually lodged and lessees in May-Fair, and the squares—"Nothing under nobility now approaches these Mrs. Kittys" of Parnassus; and the publishing advertisements of the "Court Journal"—literary, musical, and pictorial—seemed only a page borrowed from the "royal and noble authors" of the delightful volumes of Horace Walpole, which bore that name.

I was charmed to see that creatures, some few years back too lovely to learn, were now professing to teach; that amateur pencils which once were ambitious to trace a flower, or pattern a frill, were now working for the walls of national galleries; and that charming *virtuose di camera*, whose science lately went no further than to flutter a waltz on the piano, or sweep an *arpeggio* on the harp, had now become successors to the Crescentinis and Boieldieus of past times, if not actually entering the lists with Mozart and Rossini.

To judge by the "Court Journal," genius seemed to have fallen with divine grace upon the whole female aristocracy of England, or come upon its beautiful members unawares, "like a thief in the night." It was evident, then, that claims to talent were now tested by the authority of Lodge; that works brought price according to the ball of the writer's coronet, that a countess was a great desideratum in the literary market, and the price of a duchess was "beyond rubies!" Before a MS. could have the advantage of being handed over by a fashionable publisher to his reader, or an "original cavatina" find a place in the shop-window of a fashionable music-seller, it was evident the Herald's-office should be required to prove the sixteen quarterings of the authors, like the probational qualification of an Austrian marriage.

How I rejoiced as I read the advertising columns of the "Court Journal" of the last two years, that I had sent forth from my Irish bog my ignoble effusions "unanointed" as they were by the chrysm of rank, "unanealed" before the tribunal of a "reader," from whom there was no appeal, before I was called on to prove my descent from

"Brian Borru," or "Con of the Hundred Fights:"—in short, "it was a great day for Ireland," when the poor bog-trotting talent of the soil was turned loose without "let, hindrance, or molestation" (as the old Irish passport has it), to find its way to the great Runnimead of mind, where its rights were acknowledged, and its Magna Charta sealed and signed by public opinion, independent of all nobility, save that which held its patent from God and nature!

Going back from the profitable columns of the advertisements, to the columns "unprofitably gay" of fashionable intelligence, a mass of useful knowledge burst upon my ignorance. Not an incident in the social or domestic life of the higher classes remained unrevealed; "*tôt ou tard*," says Madame de Maintenon, "*tout est su*"—an epigraph well suited for a great portion of the periodical press of London. Not a dinner given—not a *soirée* promised—not a party projected—not a *thé* perpetrated—not a move made from Kew to Piccadilly, from Fulham to St. James's, nor a visit paid, returned—or *intended*, from street to street, from square to square, from mansion to mansion, or from villa to lodge, for two whole years, but was here recorded in pages doubtless destined for posterity,—pages which might have been better named "The Lives and Times of the People of Fashion of England in the Nineteenth Century."

This periodical, however, like all such emanations of the press, is but a *census* of the tastes, wants, and social state of the market it is called on to supply; and it is no further accountable for its matter (provided by one-half of its readers for the edification of the other), than that nothing shall be found in it, "*contre les bonnes mœurs, Dieu, et le Roi*."

On the etymology of the word "court," doctors have differed. It is a word of so many significations! The most learned of the tribe sends it back at once to *regio*, a *district*, or *court* of a house. Others assert that *court*, with reference to a kingly residence, comes from *cohors*, as if we should say the royal cohort. Others that it is derived from *curia*, a yard where geese and other tame fowl are kept;*—in short, the *basse cour*, or poultry-yard of modern domesticity.

If one had a mind to Madame-Dacier it a little (with the help of a learned friend at one's elbow), a line might be borrowed from Ovid, which would authenticate this ignoble origin of a place, now consecrated to all that is noblest in all European and civilized states. Other learned muftis, however, insist that the term *court* is derived from the Celtic word *cir*, or circle; that most perfect and beautiful form in which the Celts (a very artistic race by the by) delighted, all their enclosed places being circular. But the word *court*, as we moderns use it, is evidently from the old Norman French, like all terms connected with forms, ceremonies, or social and legal restrictions and institutes, in that most mixed, copious, and noble of all living tongues—the English. The French who first used and applied the phrase to a royal residence, borrowed it from the east. The *gate* or *porte* was the oriental court, an open space appropriated to the discussion of public business or private interests, and adjoining public edifices or domestic residences. Southern climates enforced the airy and enjoyable arrange-

* English Etymology, by the Rev. G. W. Lemon.
2 N 2

ment; and the smallness of private houses, even in Europe during the antique times, and in the early lower ages, rendered external congregations and open places to receive them, equally indispensable.

The private *rueles* and *salons* of Greece and Rome, as well as their public places of discussion, were all in the open air; they were the "courts" of the houses into which the several rooms or cells opened. Of their public places, there still remain the *campo vaccino* of Rome, the forum or court of the Ciceros, the Cesars, and the Scyllas; and of the domestic courts, the vine-circled cloisters of Quinctilian's villa at Pompeii, is a charming fragment. From the open courts or ports of Caliphs, Sophis, and eastern kings, the more modern despots of Turkey gave to their palaces or harems the pompous epithet of the Sublime Porte; and the monks of the lower ages applied the classic term *aula* either to "the green-wood tree," under which the early European chiefs gave audience, and distributed justice, or to the court which formed the centre of their military farms or fortresses. Many a ferocious council may have thus been soothed down, or softened by the enervating influence of a balmy breeze; and many a saturnine and savage mind have brightened into temporary exhilaration, by an unintercepted sunbeam.

Under the Saxon kings of the Heptarchy, and the Merovingians in France, the term "cour" or "court" had no signification connecting it with the prominent or principal residence of royalty; nor were there any officers of their household or family circle, male or female, to form an ever-ready and domestic society, to which such a term could be applied. The kings of early Europe were chiefs of marauding bands, who, when not in camp or field, resided for short intervals on their military farms, in preference to cities or walled towns.

The pictures left of the *gestes des Franks* of the first Merovingian kings, by Gregory de Tours (the most graphic of all historical records), gave a singular character to the archæology of the lower ages, painting in living traits, and with all the pictorial and uncertain phraseology of the fifth century, a state of things very different from that given in the flat, cold, and conventional compilations of modern historians (or compilers) written *à l'usage* of children of all ages. After the first shock of the barbarian invasion and conquests of the savage and unknown tribes of the north had passed, which overthrew the Roman empire, to the furthest confines of its powers, the Franks, a tribe of the great German family, began to assume a rude form of supremacy, to which the terms throne, court, and even monarchy were for centuries as little applicable, as the high and super-human titles "highness," "eminence," and "majesty," then exclusively reserved for God or for the Virgin.

These "terrible Franks," (one of whose chiefs, Clovis or Clodewig, the son of Childeric, becoming conqueror, and master of the richest provinces, from the Scheld to the Somme, founded in 481 the dynasty of the *Merovingians*, which was considered the first race of French kings),—these "terrible Franks!" when they first invaded civilized Gaul appear to have been very little superior to the terrible red men of North America. They were, says one of the most popular of French writers, "*parés de la dépouille des ours, des vaux marins, des Urochs et des sangliers*;" their camps were formed by their leather boats;

their war-chariots were drawn by oxen, and their army (marching in triangles, exhibited the spectacle of a forest of spears, and of the skins of wild beasts :—such were the progenitors of the *gentilhommes de France*, who formed the future courts of St. Germain and Versailles.

It is curious to inquire into the domestic society and habits of the kingly sons of Clovis, sixty or seventy years after the foundation of his dynasty, and to examine the rude elements of the future courts of Europe. What and where was the court of Clotaire, or Clotfber, the last surviving son of Clovis, after the death of his three brothers gave him the whole sovereignty of Gaul; and after his faithful Franks, placing their rude hands in his, had saluted him by acclamations in their own Frankish dialect, with the crowning title of *konig*, chief, or king?

A few leagues from Soissons, on the banks of a little river, stood in the sixth century, the village of Braine. It was one of those immense farms, in which the Frankish kings kept their "court," and which they preferred to the fairest cities of Gaul. The royal habitation had nothing of the military aspect of the feudal castles, or royal and domestic fortresses of the middle age. It was a vast building, surrounded by porticoes of Roman architecture, in some instances, constructed of wood, carefully polished and adorned with sculptures, not devoid of elegance.* Around the main edifice were distributed, in order, the apartments of the officers of this rude rural palace, barbarian or Roman; and also those of the band of followers, who, according to the German custom, had placed themselves and their warriors under an engagement of vassalage and fidelity. Other outhouses, of smaller consequence, were occupied by a great number of families, employed (the females as well as men) in all sorts of trades, from the goldsmith and the armourer, to the weaver and tanner; from the embroiderer on silk and gold, to the maker of the coarsest woollens and linens.

The major part of these persons were Gaulish. They were either born upon that part of the soil which at the conquest the king had appropriated to himself, or were violently transported from some neighbouring city, to colonize the royal domain. If, however, a judgment may be formed from their proper names, there were also among them some Germans, and other barbarians, whose fathers had settled in Gaul, as workmen or servants of the conquering armies. Whatever might have been their origin, or their mode of employment, these families formed one rank, and had a common appellation (in German *lites*, and in Latin *fiscalini*). Farming-offices, studs, stables, sheepfolds, and granaries, with the cabins of cultivators and serfs, completed the population of the royal village, which resembled on a larger scale the villages of the parent country. Even in the sites themselves of these farms, there was something that recalled the scenery beyond the Rhine; being usually placed on the borders, or even in the bosom of these extensive forests, which, though since partly surrendered to civilization, are still viewed in their remains with admiration.

Braine, the Versailles of the sixth century, was the favourite resi-

* *Quadrataque porticus ambit,
Et sculpturata lucet in arte faber."*

• *VENANII Fortunati Carmina.*

dence of Clôther, above all his other royal domains. It was there that, in a concealed apartment, he kept, in large coffers with triple locks, his immense possessions, in coin, vases, and jewellery;—the treasury, of which he was himself the “first lord,” and sole disburser, by a fiscal arrangement, which rendered the labours of any Frankish Macgregor unavailing, and which needed no tariff to regulate its distribution. For the strong box of the *koning* was literally the treasury-office of the state, whether supplied by plunder or filled by extortion.

The same room that contained the wealth of the king, was the seat and site of all deliberative councils. There, he executed very many of his acts of royal authority; there, he convoked synods of the Gaulish bishops, received ambassadors, and presided over the great national assemblies, which were followed by festivities of traditional usage. Boars and deer were served at these feasts, whole to table on their spits; and unheaded barrels of beer and metheglin were placed in the four corners of the hall.

When not otherwise occupied in war, Clôther employed his time (like Louis XIV. and XV.) in wandering from one to the other of his royal residences, from Braine to Attigny, from Attigny to Compiègne, and from Compiègne to Verberie, consuming, in their turn, the provisions collected in each of these residences. Accompanied in such wanderings by troops of his savage warriors, by his Frankish leaders, and his Gaulish serfs, he passed his time in fishing, hunting, bathing, or in recruiting his seraglio with mistresses, from among the daughters of his *fiscalini*; of whom many were, with singular facility, raised to the rank of wives and of queens. For polygamy was permitted by these early types of the kings of France, many of whom like our Henry VIII., consecrated his vices, by first marrying his mistresses, and then murdering them, on the plea of moral compunction, though they adopted not those forms of church and state which were borrowed by the hypocrisy of the husband of Catharine and Anna Boleyn.

These “Court” journalists of Braine in the sixth century have furnished forth whole volumes of amusing matter on the petty intrigues, scandals, and *coteries* of the royal residences; and some credit may be given to “a journal” of those times, which had for its chronicler and editor a bishop and a saint!—Gregory of Tours! Take an anecdote from one of his vivacious pages, on the “History of the Franks.” It cannot be better given than in the translation of the greatest French historian of the present or of any times.

“Clôther, dont il n’est pas facile de compter et de classer les mariages, épousa de cette manière une jeune fille de la plus basse naissance, appelée Ingonde, sans rénoncer, d’ailleurs, à ses habitudes déréglées, qu’elle tolérait, comme femme et comme esclave, avec une extrême soumission. Il l’aimoit beaucoup, et vivoit avec elle en parfaite intelligence. Un jour elle lui-dit ‘le roi, mon seigneur, a fait de sa servante ce que lui a plu, et m’a appelée à son lit; il mettrait le comble à ses bonnes grâces, en accueillant la requête de sa servante. J’ai une sœur nommée Aregonde, et attachée à votre service. Daignez lui procurer, je vous prie, un mari qui soit vaillant, et qui ait du bien, à fin que je n’éprouve pas d’humiliation, à cause d’elle.’ Cette demande, en piquant la curiosité du roi, éveilla son humeur libertine. Il partit le jour même pour le domaine sur lequel habitait Aregonde, et où elle

exerçait quelques uns des métiers alors dévolus aux femmes, comme le tissage, et la teinture des étoffes. Clothier, voyant qu'elle était pour le moins aussi belle que sa sœur, la prit avec lui, l'installa dans la chambre royale, et lui donna le titre d'épouse. Au bout de quelques jours il revient auprès d'Ingonde, et lui dit, avec ce ton de bonhomme sournois, que était l'un des traits de son caractère, et du caractère Germanique ; ' La grace que ta douceur desirait de moi, j'ai songé à te l'accorder. J'ai cherché pour ta sœur un homme riche et sage, et n'ai rien trouvé de mieux que moi-même. Apprends donc, que j'ai fait d'elle mon épouse, ce que, je pense, ne te déplaira pas.' ' Que mon seigneur,' répondit l'Ingolde, sans paroître émue, et sans départer aucunement de son esprit de patience, et d'abnegation conjugale, ' que mon seigneur fasse ce que lui semble à-propos, pourvu seulement que sa servante ne perde rien de ses bonnes grâces.' ”*

But though the word court was not yet applied to royal residences, or to the circle of state officers and attendants of both sexes, which "doth hedge in a king," it was employed both in France and England from the earliest period of modern society, to designate the solemn meetings for the administration of justice: a court of justice being defined "the place where the judges do assemble," both before and after the Norman conquest. The study and dispensation of the law was confined to ecclesiastics, who engrossed all the *lay* as well as *spiritual* learning of the times. In the reign of Stephen, the ecclesiastical courts, as the law assemblies were termed, were disturbed by the innovations of the foreign or Norman clergy, who introduced the civil law of Rome into England, but were resisted by the king and barons.

Early in the reign of Henry III., 1254, clerks and priests were forbidden to practise in common law courts (*in foro seculari*). In 1380, King John of France erected a *cours d'aides*. The *cour-féodal* or court-baron, was the lord's court, "whereto his vassals and tenants owed their suit and service."

The *cour-foncière* was a court of base jurisdiction. La cour de Parlement followed in France close upon the Saxon witenagemot, and with the *cour des pairs*, gave a rude type of the lords and commons of modern constitutional legislation. The *cour personelle* was a court in which the suitor pleaded in person. La cour souveraine was one from which there was no appeal, *desquel n'y a point d'appel*; and which promulgated its decisions *de par la cour*; and a king who had *cour plénière*, exercised only a baronial privilege.

The *cour pied poudré*, or the "court of the dusts," notwithstanding its apparent Norman origin, must have been of Celtic, that is, *Irish* derivation, and long known as a "pie powder court," to the puzzle of posterity. It took its origin, says the learned Lemon, from the dust raised by the feet of rioters at a fair. This "court" was first created to prevent men from *kicking up a dust* at fairs during such riots or squabbles. It became a *cour souveraine* at Donybrooke in modern times, under the more vulgar denomination of a watch-house. In the thirteenth century, a court whose sovereignty was alone of "right divine," *la cour d'amour*, was opened. It was the first court founded by a woman, *desquel n'y*

* Thiers *Récits des tems Mérovingiens*.

a point d'appel. Before this court chivalry lowered its banner—feudality deposed its privileges—and royalty its sceptre! It is the court which has survived all others in its original spirit, if not in its forms; and though its laws were, at the period of its ceremonial written in better rhyme than reason, they were still accepted by the universal suffrage of mankind, and never required to be reformed or repealed.

Yet among all these "courts" there was no court-royal, according to the modern meaning; nor was there any attempt made for any permanent residence, or even an occasional visitation, of the nobility, round the person of their liege, whom they considered but as the chief of their caste, one of themselves, (as Henry IV. pronounced himself to be but "*le premier gentilhomme de son royaume*.") The high feeling and proud conviction, the sources of so many factious and cruel wars continued in full force to the minority of Louis XIV., even after all that Louis XI. and Cardinal Richelieu had done to break the political power and feudal privileges of the nobility of France. It came forth during the Fronde with the most dramatic effect; and it lay silent but not dead, in the hearts of the degraded and corrupt courtiers, whose low ambition enrolled them in the domestic servitude at Versailles and the Palais Royal, until the Revolution hurried the caste and its claims into one common ruin.

The first attempt at any forms for observance in the royal residences was made, in the ninth century, by the great but barbarian legislator and mighty reviver of a short-lived empire of the West—Charlemagne. Germany, the favourite haunt of ceremony, where every mouldering baronial schloss still preserves some tattered fragment of the pompous ritual of the imperial court, was the principal residence (whenever he resided any where for a continuance) of Charlemagne. Born in the rude fortress of Salzburg, in Upper Bavaria, this greatest specimen of barbarian genius on record had little time for the indulgence of vainglory, or for the repose of a courtly life! Vast in his designs, prompt in their execution, simple to savageness in his habits, Charlemagne was in constant movement, passing rapidly from the Pyrenees to Germany, from Germany to Italy, now cutting off the heads of 4500 Saxons at one fell swoop, now making laws (not yet repealed) convocating councils, regulating church music,* providing grammar or fencing schools, prescribing weights and measures, and presiding at conferences of the learned, the literary, and scientific (the model or origin of modern academics). This splendid genius, monarch, and man, but still a barbarian, was suddenly called on in the midst of his great works to get up a court and regal representation (after the oriental fashion), and to change his woollen tunic, his sheepskin cloak, and chaussure of many coloured bands of cloth, crossed like the plaid hose of a Highlander, for the robe of Augustus and the diadem of the eastern empire, whose ornaments and eagles had been already decerned to him, by Pope Leo III.

This sudden transition was made in reference to an embassy from the Emperor of the East, Nicephorus, who sought Charlemagne's friendship and alliance; while Charlemagne was suspected of having formed

* France owed the Gregorian chant to Charlemagne.

the project of another alliance with one, whose image (to give the detail some touch of humanity) probably influenced him in the splendour he was about to exhibit to his imperial rival.

Charlemagne, captivated by the fame, the genius, and the beauty of Irene, had sued to become the husband of the empress of the east, almost at the moment that Nicephorus had dethroned and banished her to Lesbos. The emperor had also to complain of the insolence of the orientals, who affected to consider the people of the west as barbarians, and their emperor as the chief of a savage people, living without a court, or such courtiers as those who degraded the human race in the palace of Constantinople.

The ambassadors, says one of Charlemagne's many French historians, found him in his palace at Seltz, and he determined to introduce them to an audience, in a manner which should cost them as much surprise as embarrassment. He caused them to pass through four great apartments, magnificently decorated, where the officers of the imperial residence, all richly clothed, were distributed, standing with a respectful countenance before the chief who respectively commanded them. In the first chamber was his Constable seated on his throne; and when the ambassadors were about to prostrate themselves before him, they were prevented, and told that this was but a simple officer of the emperor. The same farce took place in the second apartment, where they found the Count of the palace, brilliantly attended. In the third was the master of the royal table, and in the fourth the grand chamberlain; each in succession more magnificent than the last,—the better to promote the deception, and increase the difficulty of the mystified missionaries. At length the great personages stepped forward, and conducted them into the presence of the emperor. Charlemagne, resplendent with gold and jewels, stood among the kings, his sons, and the princesses, his daughters, and was surrounded by several dukes and bishops, with whom he was familiarly conversing. He leaned his hand on the shoulder of Bishop Hetton, for whom he affected the higher consideration, because that divine had been treated with the most contempt during his embassy to Constantinople. The ambassadors, filled with apprehension at this scene, fell at the imperial feet. The emperor perceived their alarm, raised them with much graciousness, assuring them that Hetton had pardoned them, and that he himself at the prelate's own entreaty was contented to forget the past.

In this pantomimic exhibition of treasure and of grandeur, this *getting-up* of a clap-trap representation of state and power, with all its "barbaric pomp and gold," vested in the height of chairs and the clustering of gems—rude and absurd as it may appear—lurked the rudiments of the improved and royal courts of Europe of after ages. Louis XIV. receiving the mock embassy from the east (got up by his mistresses to amuse his *ennui*), and the modern Charlemagne permitting the royal dynasties of legitimacy to "*faire antichambre*" while the kings and queens of his own recent creation were rehearsing their reception of the *vero olichinello*, were but parodies of this type left by the great but barbarian emperor of the west of the ninth century to the royal representatives of his power in the seventeenth, and to the rival of his genius in the nineteenth. The world is a slow coach, and the going by steam, in *morale* as in *physique*, is a very recent and a very suspected process.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

BY THE LATE HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," "THE TYROL," "RAMBLES IN THE
FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE," &c. &c.

THE reader will also recollect that I had an uncle, whose gifts and advice had contributed in my early years to encourage the avaricious disposition which I inherited from my father. Being his only relation, and his heir-at-law, I had naturally presumed that at his death I should receive a large accession to my riches; and about the period of which I have lately been speaking he fell ill, and from his age and infirmities, there was reason to suppose that he could not long survive. Knowing what I had to expect from my uncle, I had never neglected to pay him the deference and attention which I thought might be pleasing to him, and when his latter end approached, I felt perfectly secure respecting the destination of his property. He died, and I was of course present at the opening of his will. It began by stating that he had at one time intended to have left all he possessed to his nephew; but as by the renunciation of his father's religion, that nephew had insulted his memory, and had, besides secured to himself sufficient riches, the whole property in question was bequeathed to certain charities, which were named.

It is impossible for me to describe the disappointment and rage that took possession of me when this disclosure was made. There was no living person upon whom I could vent my rage, and I wreaked it upon the dead. I went to the chamber of the deceased, and in blind fury vomited abuse upon the insensible corpse that already lay inclosed in the coffin,—so stinging was my disappointment,—so fierce my anger at the deceased, that I even spat in the face of the dead, and might have carried the rage and vexation that filled me to still greater lengths, had not the appearance of those who perform the last offices to the dead forced me to quit the apartment. But the disappointment produced an important influence upon my mind on a certain subject, giving an impetus to the current of thought that had for some time flowed silently in another channel. My apostacy had thus deprived me of a large inheritance; and what had I gained in lieu of it? The sum I had lost was larger than the dowry I received with my wife, and as for the prospective advantages of my apostacy and alliance, they might never arrive, while in the meantime that apostacy had deprived me of my natural inheritance. This reflection greatly strengthened the evil thoughts that had been gradually growing more familiar to me, and now more frequently than ever the question was asked, and remained unresolved, whether the period at which I should inherit the riches of my father-in-law could not be anticipated?

But an event was now about to take place which rendered the further repetition of this question unnecessary. On the second day of September, in the year 1666, the plague broke out in London, precisely one month after my wife had borne me a daughter, an event which had

assuredly given great joy to her, but which was regarded by me almost without emotion of any kind. It is well known with what fearful rapidity the disease spread over the city, and how frequent were its victims; and it may therefore be easily believed that the hopes and fears respecting the chances of future inheritance, which ever since my alliance with the family of Solomons had continued to agitate me, were now awakened with tenfold intensity. Should Esther fall a victim to the plague, a million would be lost to me,—such, at least, was my mode of calculation. If I should be its victim, farewell for ever to my well devised plans—to my present riches and future prospects; but should Solomons become its prey then would my utmost hopes be realized; and it seemed to me that then indeed I could have nothing left to desire. Meanwhile the disease every day spread its ravages wider and wider; death and life became equally familiar things; and while I yet meditated in what manner I could the most effectually screen my wife from the contagion—whether by shutting my doors against it, or by sending her from the scene of its triumphs, I observed in her the never failing symptom of incipient disease.

No language can represent the horror I felt upon making this discovery. Here then was the realization of my fears; she must die,—and one half of her father's treasures would be alienated from me for ever. I felt like a drowning man, who looks around for something to grasp at that he might be saved from sinking; I too, looked around for some escape from the misfortune that was ready to fall upon me; I asked myself a thousand times “is there no remedy?” but none appeared. No act of mine, no sacrifice, no device, no crime, could save the life upon which depended *million*. If the disease took its ordinary course, twenty-four hours would annihilate my prospects. Never, at this moment, did one pang of sorrow—one movement of pity for her who had been deceived by me, enter into my breast; avarice, I say, had filled up my heart, and it was not my dying wife, but my perishing gold that I would have saved. It was now nearly noon; the disease was hourly exhibiting fresh symptoms of a fatal termination, and I knew that ere the morrow, unless a change almost miraculous should take place, it would be too late to ask myself whether any remedy could be found.

I sought my upper chamber, where my wealth and its tokens were deposited, fancying that I might there find some alleviation of the agony that tormented me. There I gazed upon my gold, but the effect was only to increase, almost beyond endurance, the agitation I experienced, for it brought more vividly before me the treasures I had once seen, and had ever fancied my own. Avarice ruled triumphant over me; “they shall not escape me” I said, and having determined this, I set myself calmly to consider how I could best accomplish that which I had resolved should be accomplished. I endeavoured, and successfully endeavoured, to persuade myself that in coming to this determination I was not committing any very heinous sin; avarice had long since thrown up a partition wall between his dominion and the voice of conscience, and my arguments were therefore but feebly met. I said to myself, he is an old man, and cannot have many years to live, and may be not—nay! is it not probable—ay very probable, that he may fall a victim to the plague ere many days! and if so—and if I should lose a million through a mere scruple!—in short, I hesitated no longer

in my resolution, and was only unresolved how, in the short space of time that was left to me, I could carry it into effect.

There was, in the lower part of my house, a cellar, which had lately been purposely excavated, as a place where, in case of any emergency, I might conceal my gold. This cellar had nearly filled with water, which I did not draw off, thinking that it would be less suspected as a place of concealment, and would indeed more effectually conceal a chest of gold, with seven feet depth of water, than if it were dry. The entrance to my house was in a narrow alley, and from the entrance-door ran a dark, narrow passage, at the extremity of which was the cellar in question, and on the right, close to the cellar, a winding staircase led to the apartments above; but before this cellar was excavated, the passage terminated, not in the cellar, but in the staircase, which had in consequence of the alteration been turned to the right. This cellar I resolved to make subservient to my design.

I knew that no time could be so favourable for the unsuspected commission of a deed of darkness as now, when the plague was raging in all its fury: death was so common, that it occasioned no sensation, and provoked no inquiry; the wonder was rather how men should live, than how they died; and so wholly was the public mind engrossed by the calamity against which no individual was for an instant secure, that men had neither leisure nor inclination for much beside. I knew, also, that many had taken advantage of the season to commit crime—that robbery, and even murder, were of daily occurrence, and that public justice was unable to bring to light the hidden deeds that were committed, finding sufficient occupation in checking the crimes that were attempted to be perpetrated in the streets. Considerations, and by the great facilities which were daily disposal of the dead, I was fortified against the dread of the plan which I had matured in my own mind for the execution of the project was such, as entirely dispensed with any exertion or courage on my part, an endowment in which I felt my deficiency dared not put to the test.

I wrapped myself up, and descended into the street, almost entirely deserted, excepting where here and there some of profligate men and women were assembled around great tables, rousing in greater security than within infected walls. I hastened to the house of Solomons, whom I found preparing to retire to rest. I told him in a hurried and agitated voice, that his daughter was dying, and that she desired to see him without a moment's delay,—it was even possible I said, affecting to shed tears, that he might be too late to receive her last sigh. I need scarcely say that the old man, who, whatever might be the other defects of his character, really loved his daughter, received the intelligence with visible emotion, and instantly prepared to obey the summons of his dying child. He hurried on his outer garments: we left his house together, and went at a quick pace towards mine. As we passed along the street, rapidly approaching the spot where my murderous design was to be consummated, I occasionally felt some slight shrinkings from the steadfastness of my purpose; less the result of anticipated remorse, than of misgivings as to the possibility of my design failing; and as the watch-fires at times glared upon our path, I turned my face aside, fearful that its expression might reflect my inward pur-

pose, casting at the same time a hurried glance at my companion that I might assure myself no suspicion lurked in his mind.

Solomons had never been in my house since the alteration I have spoken of; and he therefore supposed the access to the apartment above, to be as heretofore. The night was one of pitchy darkness, and saving in the chamber of my wife, where one lamp burned, there was no light in the house, and no faintest gleam could find its way into the passage below, nor to the stair which led from it. I entered first, and softly shutting the door, and walking noiselessly forward, seemingly through consideration for the afflicted, but in reality that Solomons might not catch the direction of my steps when I reached the termination of the passage, I desired him to follow, saying in an under tone, "The passage is dark, but you know the staircase."

I now went swiftly forward, that I might leave my companion at a little distance; but whether from eagerness to see his daughter, or from some lurking suspicion of me, I heard his step close behind when I gained the end of the passage and turned aside upon the first step of the staircase. At the same instant he passed me, and the next moment a cry, and the noise of an effort to save himself, proved the success of my stratagem; but no words can express my feelings when at the same instant that I heard the feet of my victim plunge into the water I found myself grasped by the outstretched hand that had instinctively sought means of elevation. My feet slipped from their uncertain footing, and in another moment I was dragged into the dark, watery tomb I had destined for another. It was a fearful plunge as we both sunk into the abyss. I had no hope of deliverance—my intended victim clung fiercely to me, and as we both rose to the surface and struggled together,

"Murderer," said he, "thou damned Christian, thou shalt die with me."

But at this moment, as we seemed to be sinking for ever, my foot accidentally rested upon the wooden plug by which the water is partly drained off,—it yielded, and I heard the water begin to rush away; a sudden effort freed me from my drowning companion, and I heard the gurgling water rush down his throat, as he sunk to the bottom. The fast escaping water, and the dead body upon which I was, fortunately enabled to raise myself allowed me by an occasional effort to overtop the surface, and now and then to breathe, aided too by the wall, without which I must have sunk from exhaustion. But in a few seconds the depth had so much decreased as to enable me to stand securely upon the bottom, and the immediate dread of death being thus removed I had leisure to reflect upon what had passed, and the condition in which I was situated.

My first feeling was joy in having escaped death—my next, almost equal joy that my design had been effected. Standing in this dark cellar, but just delivered from the prospect of immediate death, and with the body of my victim at my feet, no feeling of compunction, no resolution of amendment dawned upon my mind. Even while thus waiting the subsiding of the water, I already congratulated myself upon the convenient concealment the place would afford for the gold which the accomplishment of my design had secured to me.

It was now necessary to act still further in the prosecution of my hitherto successful plans. With considerable difficulty I succeeded in

clambering out of the cellar, and I found that all was still within the house. Having taken care to efface every appearance of what had taken place, I proceeded to the chamber of my wife. The crisis had arrived; and the nurse—the only other person within the house, excepting one servant, who had the same evening been attacked by the disease, assured me that the malady had unexpectedly put on a more favourable appearance, and that it was not impossible my wife should recover. This intelligence was at first startling; for in case of her death I should now have had the unrestricted possession of the entire treasures of her father, partly in my own right, and partly as guardian to my child, but when on the other hand I considered, that if my wife had died at this time, there might have been some difficulty in showing that Solomons had died before his daughter; her recovery seemed upon the whole to be best suited to the perfect and certain development of my design.

The remainder of this night, until a very early hour next morning, I passed in my upper chamber, considering well whether any improvement could be made in the plan which I had previously settled in my own mind for disposing of the body of Solomons, and for entirely securing myself against the possibility of detection. If, at any moment, it flashed across my mind, that I had that night committed a deed, the darkest in the catalogue of crime, I found a ready consolation in the reflection, that if indeed I was an accountable being, and Christianity true, my perjuries to God had already sealed my fate, and that if ever it should happen in that old age—which now seemed to me at an immeasurable distance—I should be oppressed with fears of the future, repentance might atone for murder, as well as for apostacy; but this strain of thought, which occupies some space in recording, passed through the mind and vanished, with the rapidity of lightning; I had also, both previous to the event of this evening, and at every subsequent time when it was the subject of momentary reflection, entertained some vague belief that the deed by which the Jew was hurried out of the world, could scarcely come under the denomination of murder.

I looked upon it as a stratagem, contrived indeed by me, but in which I was not directly implicated; but however sophistical this distinction may appear, it was nevertheless this belief which determined me to precede my victim, and allow him to fall into the snare I had prepared, rather than adopt the more certain method of following, and of aiding with my own hand, the death that awaited him. But during the night that followed the perpetration of this deed, such thoughts, although they might pass transiently across my mind, made no abode there.

I was wholly occupied in anticipating the consequences that must ensue, and in gloating in fancy over the enormous wealth of which I might now consider myself the possessor; nor would this be any longer a true confession, were I to admit that either compunction for the deed I had done, and dread of its consequences here or hereafter—but more especially hereafter, disturbed in any degree the joy I felt in knowing, that ere many hours should elapse, I should lift up the ponderous lids I so well remembered, and handle as my own the gold that had been, so constant a subject of my hopes, and so unfailing a companion of my night visions.

It still wanted some time of daybreak, when having first ascertained that the malady was rapidly leaving my wife, I hastened to the house of Solomons to apprise those within—who consisted of domestics only—that the master of the house was seized with the malady; and when I communicated this in the briefest way, and without entering his dwelling, and desired in his name the keys of his private apartments, I found, as I expected, no desire for any further communication with the infected, and a ready acquiescence in my request.

So far all had succeeded well; and in what remained to be done, there seemed to be no cause for alarm. I returned to my own house while it was yet but daybreak, and immediately proceeded in the farther execution of my design; I descended into the cellar, in which there was now scarcely more water than sufficed to cover the body of the Jew, and with many efforts, I at length succeeded in lifting the drowned man out of his tomb, and carrying him into the nearest chamber: where, after drying his own garments, I wrapped him in them, and locked the door—patiently awaiting the arrival of the dead cart, which I knew would shortly pass along the street.

No questions were asked; the body of Solomons, and of the domestic who had died the same morning, were thrown among the heap, and the cart rattled away over the stony street.

CHAP. III.

THERE was now nothing to hinder me from taking possession of my inheritance; an inventory of the Jew's property was found in his repositories; and as I had no wish at this time to dispute the right of my wife to one half of her father's treasures, though I designed eventually to make that half as entirely my own as the other half to which I had a legal right, I permitted the property of the deceased to be ascertained and divided; one half of which was in the meantime parcelled out and placed in different securities, while the other half—that which belonged to me—was conveyed to my own dwelling.

Rapid as the plague is in hurrying its victims to the tomb, it but slowly departs from those whom it spares. All dangerous symptoms had left my wife, but left her enfeebled and attenuated, and not well calculated to bear the intelligence that her father—the only individual upon earth on whose affection she could repose—had been already carried to his grave.

The life of Esther was now of no pecuniary value to me; indeed, her death, if she died without a will (and that this should be the case I had already determined), would put into my possession her whole fortune, as the natural guardian of her daughter to whom it would legally belong; and the intelligence that she was fatherless, was communicated to her without any of those precautions which I might under different circumstances have adopted. Death, she knew to be at this time the occurrence of every moment, and that a father might fall a victim to the malady, from which the child had, as if by a miracle, escaped, was a thing almost to be looked for; but the blow fell heavily upon her, and she never recovered from it.

Meanwhile the event that had taken place—or rather, which I had

brought about—had wrought an important change in my character. No sooner was the gold I had so long coveted in my own keeping, than riches began to acquire a new kind of value in my eyes. With the same love of adding to my wealth as before, I no longer felt disposed to lose sight for a moment of any part of that which I possessed : my great riches might have enabled me to command the most favourable opportunities of investing or improving them ; but I had not courage to part with a coin, even although I felt the most perfect assurance that it would return to me a hundredfold. The character of a merely avaricious man was lost in that of a miser ; covetous I indeed continued to be ; avaricious, in so far as avarice could hope to be gratified by the acquisitions to which my present riches were not asked to contribute.

At first when this feeling began to grow upon me, I attempted to resist it. I argued with myself upon the folly of keeping my gold unemployed, and never failed to arrive at the conclusion that my wisdom would lie in laying it out at usury : on one or two occasions I even went so far as to accept securities which were offered to me for large loans upon highly advantageous terms ; but when I applied to my hoard for the means of fulfilling the bargain, I found my previous determination useless ; it was impossible to effect a voluntary separation between me and my gold. I counted out the sum required, and placed it apart indeed, but I never left the spot without returning it again to the depository whence I had taken it.

Shortly after I had acquired my new inheritance, this feeling prompted me to turn all my securities into money ; and among these there were several which I have since had reason to believe Solomons never intended to avail himself of ; but whenever the law was with me, I executed it to the full letter.

I have already said, that the half of Solomons' wealth, which was the property of his daughter, I looked upon as my own, as in the event of my wife dying without a will, it would descend to my infant child,—had it not been for this expectation, I should have derived scarcely any gratification from the late accession to my riches ; and even with the confident hope of possessing, at no distant period, the remaining half of Solomons' inheritance, I was all but miserable because I did not possess it now. It was in vain that when I sat contemplating the treasures which lay around me, I reflected, that equal riches were vested in undoubted securities, and laid out at usury, and that the day could not be far distant when the whole might be converted into gold, and would be my own. I sighed to possess it now, and when I saw that Esther every day grew weaker, and that every day brought me rapidly nearer the object of my wishes, I secretly congratulated myself upon the constant success that seemed to attend my designs.

One day, as I was approaching my own house, I met a certain individual, a lawyer, who had usually transacted the legal affairs in which Solomons had found it necessary to employ a person of his profession ; I had no certainty that this man had come from my house ; but the confused manner in which he returned my salutation, more than the place where I encountered him, gave rise to the suspicion that darted across my mind.

"Is it possible," said I to myself internally, "that this man can

have had any communication with my wife to contrive with her some means of eluding my designs upon the money that is at present hers?"

The thing seemed possible. I knew that Solomons had placed the greatest confidence in this man; and I cursed my folly in not having had the wisdom to circumvent any plan of this kind, since by employing him in my own affairs I might have prevented him from plotting against me. I was sensible also that my conduct towards my wife, especially of late, had been such as might more effectually have opened her eyes to my true character, and perhaps even to my hopes and projects; and although I was but moderately skilled in the tender emotions of the human mind, I knew that the love of a mother for her child might give a direction to the thoughts, and a resolution to the character, hitherto at variance with the current of the one, or the tone of the other.

The suspicion was blasting, but I entertained it, and conned over it, till at length scarcely a doubt remained that it was just; and with a feeling bordering upon hatred of both wife and child I sought my wife's chamber, for the purpose of scrutinising her thoughts, and fathoming her designs, if she had any; knowing well that she was too little practised in mystery and concealment to resist my scrutiny effectually. My visits to the chamber of my wife had lately been unfrequent, and at this hour especially she had every reason to believe herself secure against intrusion.

I entered abruptly; she held a paper in her hand, which upon my entrance she folded up. I instantly demanded a sight of the paper she had been reading.

"You are welcome to peruse it," she replied, and put it into my hand.

I read "copy of a will," and found the writing to realize my worst suspicions: it assigned over the whole of what she possessed to certain individuals as trustees for her child, and in the event of the infant's death, the property was ordered to be disposed of in erecting a synagogue and in certain charities.

"This was well meant," said I, as I crumpled the paper in my hand, "well planned too, but you will find it a somewhat difficult task to overreach me."

"Thank God!" she replied, "your discovery has come too late."

"Too late! How—what mean you?"

"My purpose," said she, "is already accomplished. God has permitted me to secure my child against the designs of its unnatural father—the original of this will is signed and delivered."

It were useless for me to attempt a description of my feelings when I heard my wife utter these words. At first the greatness of the blow deprived me of utterance; I stood gazing upon my wife, and crushing closer in my hand the copy of the document that robbed me of a million.

"It is impossible," I cried, "it is impossible—you deceive me—the paper is not signed and delivered—say that this will is not signed and delivered."

She replied with the most placid earnestness.

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"The God of Abraham is my witness that I speak the truth—I do not lie—thou knowest that I never deceived thee."

And now my rage and disappointment knew no bounds. I was duped;—a million had passed irrecoverably away. For the first time passion got the better of prudence.

"And is this then the fruit of my misdeeds? Have I become an accursed Jew, and pawned my soul, and *murdered your father*, to be after all outwitted by a woman?"

But ere I had spoken these words, the countenance of Esther changed; an unearthly and terrific expression came over it; her dark eyes fixed upon me a look of mingled terror and fury, and there was a moment's pause. She rose from her chair, her figure swelling into more than usual loftiness, and her face seeming like the countenance of a beautiful but malignant spirit; and at the moment when it seemed as if she would have sprung towards me, her face changed—it became human again; her eyes slowly closed, and with one long, and deep, and dolorous sigh, she sunk to the ground.

Esther was dead. There at my feet lay another victim; there at my feet lay the daughter of Solomons, the beautiful Jewess whom I had betrayed, deceived, and finally murdered. May I not confess that a momentary feeling—I cannot call it compunction or remorse, but of pain—passed through my mind. But while I yet stood motionless and unable to withdraw my eyes from the spectacle before me, the faint cry of my infant, from the bed upon which it lay, stopped the current of my thoughts, and recalled me to a recollection of the purpose with which I had sought the interview—the discovery I had made—the damning proof that lay upon the floor, and the million that was for ever lost to me; and rage and vexation again resumed the place in my mind from which the spectacle of death and innocence had for a moment excluded them.

Was it impossible by any means to remedy the misfortune? the deed was indeed done; the will was signed and delivered; and she, upon whom threats or entreaties might possibly have prevailed, was beyond the reach of both; the catastrophe seemed at first sight irremediable; but it was not consistent with my character, calmly to sit down under a misfortune of this kind, without even revolving in my mind the possibility of a cure; nor had I long revolved, before I had determined to attempt a remedy.

I knew that the communications between my wife and the man who had assisted her to dupe me, must have been made by some confidential person, and this person could be none other than my only female domestic. I left my wife's apartment, taking care to lock the door, and without saying a word to this woman as to the event which had just happened, I told her that my wife, struck with compunction for having attempted to deceive me, had confessed the interview that had taken place with the lawyer; that although it was highly criminal for a servant to assist in deceiving her master, I was willing to pardon her, as my wife had interceded for her; that she must instantly go to the house of the lawyer, and deliver her message in the usual way from my wife, that she desired to see him with all possible despatch, and that he must bring with him the paper he had taken away.

"And now," said I, "take this," putting five pieces of gold into her hand, "and see that you do not mention my name."

This was a dreadful sacrifice, but it was unavoidable. Whether the messenger believed the story I told, knowing that I could not have received the information I communicated to her unless from my wife; or whether having gained all that could be gained from deceiving me, she was now willing to turn her services into another channel, I could not tell; but from the manner in which the bribe was received, I saw that she might be depended upon. The moment the messenger returned, I agreed with her for a certain small consideration, instantly to leave my service, fearful that otherwise, the death of my wife might be prematurely discovered.

In less than an hour the lawyer arrived; and it may be easily conjectured with what surprise he saw me enter the apartment into which he had been ushered.

"This interview," said I, "is doubtless unexpected by you; but there is no reason why you should feel any embarrassment; it is your business to make wills for those who employ you; and this reminds me that I may shortly have occasion for your services: but with respect to the present message from my wife. She was seized with a sudden illness shortly after you left her this morning, and seeing that something weighed heavily upon her mind, I pressed her to unburden herself, when she at length said, that God had seemingly sent a judgment upon her for having deceived her husband, and plotted to deprive him of the guardianship of his own child; she then told me all—showed me the copy of the will which had been signed and delivered, and desired that as death might soon overtake her, a messenger should be forthwith despatched, requesting you to come hither, with all expedition, and to bring the will, that it might be given up to me or destroyed. My wife is at this moment at death's door; and if it should please God to take her away, I shall then instantly require your assistance in calling up and collecting the large sums over which I shall, in that event, have the sole control, as the guardian of my child—you have no doubt obeyed the most important part of the message, and brought the will."

"'Tis no longer in my possession," replied the lawyer.

"How! what! not in your possession—did you not receive it this morning?"

"I did. 'Tis unfortunate I was not summoned sooner—for not an hour before your messenger arrived, I had deposited it in the hands of one of the individuals named in it."

For this new difficulty I was not prepared; but I had sufficient command over myself to conceal the dreadful agitation I felt, and avarice suggested a possible remedy.

"Is the will irrevocable?" I demanded.

"There is a clause of revocation," replied my companion.

"And it is revocable then even upon a deathbed?"

"Yes; the property being all personal, it is revocable *in articulo mortis*."

"Sit down," said I, "and instantly write a revocation of it, my wife may yet live long enough to sign it; but make despatch."

While the revocation was preparing I went to the chamber of my

wife, ostensibly to prepare her for what was to take place, but in reality to make dispositions for the accomplishment of my design.

In a few minutes the writing was ready.

"Now," said I, taking up a light, "follow me. My wife is speechless and dying; but you shall witness that she consents."

We entered the dead chamber. In a low voice I desired my companion to seat himself at a little distance from the bed, and placing the lamp so that the light fell very partially upon it, I approached; and muttering in an under tone, a few words which I intended the only listener to understand as an explanation to the sick person, of what was necessary to be done.

I took the hand of the dead, and putting a pen into it, while at the same time I myself held the pen, I traced at the foot of the paper, a resemblance to the handwriting of my wife, and then drawing the curtain returned to the lawyer, and placed the revocation in his hand.

"It is enough," said he; and he signed his name as witness to it: and while I again received the writing into my hand I repeated the necessity, I should to all appearance shortly have, for his assistance, and showed him out of the house.

My mind was now relieved from a dreadful burden; the will was cancelled, and there was no longer any legal obstacle to the possession of the sum of those treasures which were the *ultimatum* of my hopes, and which had so often been upon the point of escaping me.

This same night I gave out that my wife was dead; and after a short interval she was interred. The revocation of the will was produced and admitted to be valid; and the whole inheritance of Solomons was now in my possession.

I had attained the summit of my hopes; all that I had ever dreamt might eventually be my own, was now actually mine. My hopes had stretched into far years: but two only had elapsed, ere they were all fulfilled; there were now no misgivings, no possible contingencies—no difficulties. Nothing could pluck my gold out of my hand.

It may be asked, if when I congratulated myself upon the assured possession of my treasures, my joy was not moderated by a recollection of the price at which they had been obtained? the question is reasonable, and I will endeavour to reply to it with sincerity.

The voice of conscience, scarcely, if at all, disturbed my enjoyment; my dominant passion had within its reach the constant means of gratification, and if at any time, the events that had conspired to bring me to the goal of my desires, thronged into my memory, they led me to look upon myself rather as a fortunate man than as a wicked man; and to applaud myself also upon the great dexterity with which I had contrived to overcome the many obstacles that had lain in my path.

I was now a thorough miser; in mind, though not yet entirely in habits. The whole inheritance of Solomons was converted into gold; and the whole of my treasures were deposited in one apartment of my own dwelling. There I spent the greatest part of my time and there also I slept; and shortly after I had collected my riches together, I began the task of ascertaining precisely their amount.

The weeks which I thus employed were the most rapturous of my

life : daybreak found me prepared to begin my enticing employment, and midnight scarcely separated me from it.

I remember that when engaged thus an incident occurred which gave me the most sensible pain : one piece from one of the heaps of gold rolled off the table upon the floor, and notwithstanding the most diligent search, I was unable to find it. This interrupted my labour for the whole day ; my search was earnest and unceasing, and not only did this misfortune render me miserable for that day, but during all my life it never recurred to my memory without bringing along with it the most acute pain : and many years afterwards I have frequently renewed my unavailing search, and even at times, when I have awoke during the night, I have found myself groping in search of this lost coin.

Nearly a year had now passed away since the death of my wife. No one resided with me ; my child I had placed in the country, and I had no domestic ; my gold was my only companion, and none other could have been so agreeable to me. One thing there was, that still in some degree marred the perfect enjoyment of my riches. It was little, indeed, that I expended, yet that little I had to take from my hoard ; this necessity when it occurred rendered me miserable for the day. The idea that my riches were diminishing, however inconsiderable the diminution might be, was intolerable, and I resolved to remove this source of uneasiness.

I threw up a slight partition, so as to divide my house into two ; one part I let, and the money so gained, I appropriated for the expenses of myself and my child ; but after a very short time the sweets of this easy gain were so sensibly felt, that I carried it also to my hoard, and fell upon another method of subsistence. I sold one by one such articles as I possessed to serve my occasional wants, and upon calculating the value of the articles in my house, I made the pleasing discovery, that the sale of these would enable me to keep my hoard untouched during my life, even if life should extend to a hundred years.

But a calamity was now at hand, as dreadful as it was unforeseen—a calamity that not only fell like a thunderbolt upon me at the time, but the recollection of which in all my future years, brought heaviness upon my spirit.

I was sitting in my chamber on the evening of the second day of September, in the year 1666, an old book was in my hand, entitled “*Drayton upon the exceeding Excellence of Riches*,” which I had from time to time looked into, hesitating whether or not this should be the next sacrifice to my necessities. It was beginning to grow dusk when my meditations were suddenly interrupted by an unusual hum and commotion that seemed to rise from the street ; while at the same time a strange, fitful light occasionally glared into my chamber. Passing occurrences were in general little heeded by me, and I might possibly have remained in my apartment, notwithstanding what I saw and heard, had it not been that I had occasion to go out in order to dispose of some article to supply the absolute wants of nature.

(To be continued.)

THE EARTH-QUAKERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Now's the time and now's the hour!
 To be worried, toss'd, and shaken.
 Down—down—down, derry down—
 Let us take to the road!
 Amanda, let us quit the town—
 Together let us range the fields—
 Over the hills and far away,
 Life let us cherish.

OLD BALLADS.

THE Earth-quakers are by no means a new Sect. They have appeared at various times in England, and particularly in 1750, when they were so numerous that, according to Horace Walpole, "within three days, seven hundred and thirty coaches were counted passing Hyde-park-corner with whole parties removing into the country!" The same pleasant writer has preserved several anecdotes of the persuasion, and especially records that the female members, to guard against even a shock to their constitutions, made "earthquake gowns" of a warm stuff, to sit up in at night, in the open air! Nor was the alarm altogether unfounded, for the earth, he says, actually shook twice at regular intervals, so that fearing the terrestrial ague fit would become periodical, the noble wit proposed to treat it by a course of bark. However, there were some slight vibrations of the soil, and supposing them only to have thrown down a platter from the shelf to the floor, the Earth-quakers of 1750 have an infinite advantage over those of 1842, when nothing has fallen to the ground but a fiddle-de-Dee prediction.

Still, if the metropolis has not exhibited any extraordinary physical convulsion, its inhabitants have presented an astounding Moral Phenomenon. Messrs. Howell and James best know whether they have vended or been asked for peculiarly warm fabrics—the court milliner alone can tell if she has made up any new-fashioned *robes de nuit*, à la *bivouac*, or *coiffures* adapted to a nocturnal *fête champêtre*. The coaches, public and private, which have passed Hyde-Park-Corner have not perhaps been counted, but it is notorious that the railway carriages have been crammed with passengers, and the Gravesend steamers were almost swamped by the influx of rabid Earth-quakers, all rushing, *saute qui peut*! from the most ridiculous bugbear ever licked into shape by the vulgar tongue. Nor yet was the "Movement Party" composed exclusively of the lower classes; but comprised hundreds of respectable Londoners, who never halted till they had gone beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, a flight unworthy even of Cockneyism, which implies at least a devoted attachment to London, and an unshaken confidence in the stability of St. Paul's.

The Irish indeed, the poor blundering, bull-making Irish, had some excuse for their panic. The prophecy came from a prophet of their own religion, and appealed to some of their strongest prejudices. They had perhaps even felt some precursory agitation not perceptible to us

English—whilst the rebuilding of the ruined city promised a famous job for the Hibernian bricklayers and hodmen. Nay, after all, they only exhibited a truly national aptitude to become April fools in March. But for British backbone Protestants, who have shouted “No Popery,” and burnt Guy Foxes, to adopt a Roman Catholic legend—for free and independent householders who would not move on for a live policeman, to move off, bag and baggage, at the dictum of a very dead monk—who can doubt, after such a spectacle, that a Nincom Tax would be very productive!

As a subject for a comic picture, there could be no richer scene for a modern Hogarth than the return of a party of Earth-quakers to the metropolis—that very metropolis which was to have been knocked down, as Robins would say, in one lot—that devoted City which Credulity had lately painted as lying prostrate on its Corporation!

In the mean time, good luck enables me to illustrate the great earthquake of 1842 by a few letters obtained, no matter how, or at what expense. It is to be regretted that type can give no imitation of the handwritings; suffice it that one of the notes has actually been booked by a well-known collector, as a genuine Autograph of St. Vitus.

No. I.

To Peter Crisp, Esq.

Ivy Cottage, Sevenoaks.

Dear Brother,

You are of course aware of the awful visitation with which we are threatened.

As to F—and myself, business and duties will forbid our leaving London, but Robert and James will be home for the usual fortnight at Easter, and we are naturally anxious to have the dear boys out of the way. Perhaps you will make room for them at the cottage?

I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

MARGARET FADDY.

(The Answer.)

Dear Sister,

As regards the awful visitation, the last time the dear boys were at the Cottage they literally turned it topsy-turvy.

As such, would rather say—keep Robert and James in town, and send me down the Earthquake.

Your loving brother,

PETER CRISP.

No. II.

To Messrs. H Staley and Co.

Camomile-street, City.

Gentlemen,

As a retired tradesman of London to rural life, but unremittingly devoted to the metropolis and its public buildings, am deeply solicitous to learn, on good mercantile authority, if the alarming statements as to

a ruinous depression in the Custom-house, St. Paul's, and other fabrics, stands on the undeniable basis of fact. An early answer will oblige,
Your very obedient servant,

JOHN STOKES.

Postscriptum.—My barber tells me the Monument has been done at Lloyds.

(*The Answer.*)

Sir,

In reply to your favour of the 14th instant, I beg to subjoin for your guidance the following quotations from a supplement to this day's "Price Current :—"

"MARCH 16.—In Earthquakes—nothing stirring. Strong Caracca shocks partially inquired for, but no arrivals. Lisbons ditto. A small lot of slight Chichesters in bond have been brought forward, but obtained no offers. Houses continue firm, and the holders are not inclined to part with them. In Columns and Obelisks no alteration. Cathedrals as before. Steeples keep up, and articles generally not so flat as anticipated by the speculators for a fall."

I am, sir, for Staley and Co.,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STUCKEY.

No. III.

To Mr. Benjamin Hockin.

Barbican.

Dear Ben,

About this here hearthquack. According to advice I rit to Addams who have bean to forin Parts, and partickly sow Amerikey, witch is a shockin country, and as to wat is dun by the Natives in the like case, and he say they all run out of their Howses, and fall down on their nees and beat their brests like mad, and cross themselves and call out to the Virgin, and all the popish Saints. Witch in course with us Cris-tians is out of the question, so there we are agin at a non plush—and our minds perfectly miserable for want of making up. One minit it's go and the next minit stay, till betwixt town and country. I allmost wish I was no wheres at all. But how is minds to be made up wen if you ax opinions, theres six of one and half a duzzen of the tother—for I make a pint of xtracting my customers sentiments pro and con, and its as nia ti as can be. One books the thing to cum off as shure as the Darby or Hoax, while annother suspends it till the Day of Jugment. And then he's upset by a new cummur in with the news that half St. Giles is cast down, and the inhabbitants all Irish howling, quite dredful, and belabbering their own buzzums and crossing themselves all over as if it saved the Good Friday bunnns from bein swallowed up. So there we are agin. All dubbious. As for Pawley he wont have it at anny price but says its clear agin Geology and the Wolcanic stratuses; wit h may sarve well enuff to chaff about at Mekanical Innstitushuns but he wont gammon me that theres anny sich remmedy for a Hearth Quack, as a basun of chork—no nor a basun of gruel nayther. Well wat next. Why Podmore swares wen he past the Duck of York he see his hi-

ness anoddin at the Athenium Club as if he ment to drop in pervided he didnt pitch in to the Unitid Servis. So there we are agin. For my own share I own to sum misgivins and croakins, and says you, nof without caws wen six fammilis in our street has gone off afreddy and three more packin up in case. Besides witch Radley the Bilder have nocked off wurk at his new Howsis for fear of their gettin floored and missis Sims have declined her barril of tabel beer tñl arter the shakin. Wen things cum to sich aspects they look serus. But supose in the end as Gubbins says its all a errer and no mistake—wat a set of Jee'd spooneys we shall look. So there we are agin. Then theres Books. It appear on reading the great Lisbon catstrophy were attendid by an uncommon rush of the See on the dry Land and they do say from Brighton as how the Breakers have reached as far as Wigney's Bank. That's in faver agin of the world losing its ballance. Howsomever I have twice had the shutters up, and wonce got as fur as the hos in the Shay cart for a move off, but was stopt by the Maid and the Prentis both axin a hole holliday for the sixtenth and in sich a stile as convinced if I didnt grant they wood take french leaves. And then who is to mind the house and Shop not to name two bills as cum doo on the verry day and made payable on the premmises. Whereby if I dont go to smash in boddy I must in bisness. So there we are agin. In the interium tueres my Wife who keeps wibratin between hopes and fears like the pendulum of a Dutch Clock and no more able to cum to a conclusion. But she inclines most to faver the dark side of the Pictur and compares our state of Purgatory, to Dam somebody with a sword hanging over his head by a single hair. As a nateral consekens she cant eat her totals and hears rumblins and has sich tremblins she dont know the hearth's agitating from her own. Being squeemish besides, as is reckoned by her a verry bad sign, becos why theres a hearthquack in Robinson Crusoe who describe the motion to have made his Stomich as sick as anny one as is tost at Sec. Well in course her flutters agravates mine till between our selves I'm redly to bolt out of house and home like a Rabbit and go and squat in the open Fields. And wats to end all this suspense. Maybe a false alarm—and maybe hall to battums indoors or else runnin out into a gapin naberhood and swallerd up in a crack. Whereby its my privit opinion we shall end by removing in time like the Rats from a fallin house even if we have to make shift with a bed in the garden, but witch is prefferable to an everlastin sleep in the great shake down chat nater is preparing. Thats to say if the profesy keeps its word—for if it dont we are better in our own beds then fleaing elsewhere. And praps ketch our deths besides. Witch reminds me our Medical Doctor wont hear of hearthquackery and says theres no simtoms of erupshun. So there we are agin. But St. Pauls, and all Saint Giles's is per contra. And to be sure as Pat Hourigan says of the Irish, ant we sevin fifths of us hod carriers and bricklairs, and do you think as we'd leave the same, if we didn't expect more brick and bilding materials then we can carry on our heds id sholders. Witch sartinly wood strongly argy to the pint, if so be their being Roman Cathliks didn't religusly bind one watever they beleave, to beleave quite the reverse. And talking of religion, if one listened to it like a Cristian, instid of dispondin it wood praps say trust in Pro-

vidence and shore up the premisis. 'And witch may be the piusest and cheapest plan arter all. But bisness interrups—

Its the Gibbensés maid for an Am. Ive pumpt out on her that the fammily is goin 'to Windser for Change of air. And Widder Stradlin is goin to Richmond for change of Scene. Yes as much as I am goin to the Lands end for change of a shilling. And now I think on it there were a suspishus mark this morning on the Public House paper, namely Edgingtons advertisment about Tents. So arter all the Open Air course of conduct—but annother cum in—

Poor Mrs. Hobson, in the same perplext state as myself. To be sure as she say a slite shock as wouldnt chip a brass or iron man would shatter a chaney woman all to smash. But wats the use of her cummin to me to be advized wen I carnt advize myself? Howsomever a word or two from your Ben wood go fur to convict me—Only beggin you to considder that Self Presevashun is the fust law of Nater, and the more binding as its a law a man is allowd to take into his own hands. As the crisu aproach, a speedy answer will releave the mind of

Your loving Brother,

JAMLS HOCKIN.

P.S. Since riting the abuv the Reverend Mister Crumple, as my wife sits under, have dropt in and confirmed the wust. He say its a Jugment on the Citty and by way of Cobberrobberation has named several partis in our naberhood as is to be ingulped. That settles us, and in course will excuse cuttin short.

No. IV.

*To Mrs. * * * **

No. 9, — Street.

Madam,

It may seem stooping to take up a dropped correspondence, but considering that an Earthquake ought to bury all animosities, and enjoying the prospect of an eternal separation, Christian charity induces to say I am agreeable on my part for the breach between us to be repaired by a shaking of hands.

I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.,

BELINDA HUFFIN.

(The Answer.)

Madam,

I trust I have as much Christian charity as my nieghbours—praps more—and hope I have too much *true* religion to believe in judicious astronomy. And if I did, have never heard that earthquakes was remarkable for repairing breaches.

When every thing else shakes, I will shake hands, but not before.

I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.,

MATILDA PERKS.

No. V.

For Rebecca Slack.

2, Fisher's Plaice, Knightsbridge.

Dear Becky,

If so be when you cum to Number 9 on Sunday and Me not there don't be terrifide. Its not the Surpintine but the Erthquake. John is the same as ever but Ive allmost giv meself Warnin without the Muntls notis. Last nite there cum a ring at the Bel, a regular chevy and Noboddy there. Cook sed a runaway Lark but I no better. And John says Medicle Studints but I say shox. Howsumever if the bel ring agen of its own Hed I'm off quake or no quake to my muther at Srewsberry Srops. One may trust to drunken yung gentilmen too long and misstake a rumbel at the Anti Pods for skrewin off the nocker. No, no. So as I sed afore another ring will be a nint to fly tho one thing is ockard, namely the crisus fixt for the 16 and my quarter not up til the 20. But wats waxis? Their no object wen yure an Objec yurself for the Ospittle. To be shure Missus may complain of a Non Plus but wat of that. Self preservin is the law of Nater and is wat distinguishes resoning Beings from Damsuns and Bul-lises.

Mister Butler is of my own friteful way of thinkin and quite retchid about the shakin up of his port wine for he allways calls it hisn and dredful low his H^o being in his celler. But Cook choose to set her Face agin the finemanon. Dont tell me says she of the earth quakin —its crust isnt made so lite and shivvery. So weve cum to Wurds on the subjec and even been warm but its impossible to talk with sang fraw of wat freeses ones Blud. But wat can one expec as Mister Butler says but Convulshuns of Nater wen we go boring into the Erths bowils witch as all the world nose is chock full of Cumbustibuls as ketching as Congrevs and Lucefirs. We mite have tuck warnin by the Frentch he says witch driv irun pipes and tooobs down and drew them up agin all twisted by the stratums into Cork skrews with the Ends red hot or meltid off. So much for pryin into the innfurnel reguns.

As you may suppose I am meloncolly enuf at sich a prospect. But if a Erth Quake isnt to cast one down wat is? I never go to my Piller but I pray to sleep without rockin or havin the roof come down atop of me like a sparrer in a brick Trap. And then sich horribel Dreams? Ony last nite I dremt the hole supperstrucuter was on my chest and stomach but luckily it were ony the Nite Mare and cold Pork. And in the day time its nothin but takin in visitters cards with Poor Prender Congy witch you know means Frentch leave and not a bit too erly if correct that Saint Pauls have sunk down to its Doom. To be shur I over heerd Master say that even Saint Faith don't beleave in it. But she is no rule for Me. Why shudn't we be overwhelmd as Mister Butler says as well as the Herculeans and Pompey? I'm shure we deserve it for our sins and piccadillies.

Well time will show. But its our duty all the same to look arter

our savings. John thinks Mister Green have the best chance by assenting on the day in his Voxall baloon but gud gracious as Mister Butler says suppose the Wurd was to anniliate itself wile he was up in the Air. One had better trust to the most aggitatid Terry Firmer. Wat sort of soil is most propperest for the purpus has been debated among us a good deal. One thinks mountin tops is safest and anuther considder we ort all to be in a Mash. Lord nose. The Baker says his Master has inshured his-self agin the erth quake and got the Globe to kiver him.

Theres Missus bel so adew in haste.

MARY SAWKINS.

Poscrip. Wile I was up in the drawin room master talkt very misterus about St. Pauls. Its all a report says he from one of the Miner Cannons.

No. VI.

To Sir W. Flimsy, Bart., and Co.

Lombard-street, City.

Gentlemen,

I beg respectfully to inform you that placing implicit confidence in the calamity which will come due on the 16th instant, I have felt it my duty to remove myself and the cash balance to a place of security. It is my full intention, however, to return to my post after the Earth-quake; and, I trust, instead of condemning, you will thank me for preserving your property, when I come back and restore it.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your very faithful and obedient,
Servant and cashier,

SAMUEL BOULTER.

No. VII.

To Mr. Benjamin Hockin.

(*Vide* No. III.)

Dear Benjamin,

In my last I broke short through sitting off—and now have to inform of our safe Return and the Premis all sound. The wus luck to have let Meself be Shay carted off on a Fool's arrand, as bad as piggins milk. For wat remanes in futer but to become a laffing stock to our nabers and being ninny-hammered at like nails. As for the parler at the Crown that's shut agin me for ever, for them quizzical fellers as frequents could rost a Ox whole in the way of banterin. So were I'm to spend my evenins except with my wife Lord nose. There's misery in prospect at once.

Has for servin in the shop I couldnt feel more sheapish and sham-faced if I had bean found out in short wait and adultering. Its no odds my customers houlding their Tungs about it—the more they don't say the more I know wat they mean, and witch as silent contempt is wus than even a littel blaggard cumming as he did just now, and axing for

a small hapenny shock. Not that I mind Sarce so much as make beleave pitty. Its the wimmin with their confoundid simperthisin as agrivates sich as hoping no cold was cotchd from the nite dues and lamenting our trouble and expense for nothink. With all respect to the sex if it pleas God to let one see them now and then with their jaws tide up for the Tung Ake as well as the Tooth Ake wood be no harm. There's that Missis Mummery wood comfort a man into a brain Fever. And indeed well ni soothd me into a fury wat with condoling on our bamboozilment and her sham abram concern for our unlucky step. She cum for Pickels and its lucky for both there was no Pison handy. But I ort to take an assiduous draft meself for swallering such stuff. As praps I shall if I dont fly to hard drinking insted. Becos why, I know I've sunk meself in public opinnion and indeed feel as if all Leinon was takin a sight at me. Many a man have took his razer and cut his stick for less.

Has for my Wife her fust move on cumming Home was up stares and into Bed where she remained quite insoluble, being more hurt in her Mind shesay then if she had had a leg broke by the Herth quake. And witch I realy think could not more have upset her. Howsumever there she lays almost off her Hed and from wat I know of her cute feelings and temper is likely to never be happy agin nor to let anny one else. There's a luck out—and no children of our own to vent on.

In course its more nor I dares to tell her of the nonimus Letter like a Walentine with a picter of a Cock and Bul, and that's only a four runner. Well, its our hone falts if thats anny cumfort which it ant, but all the hevier the sum loves and tee cakes, for bein home made.

The sum totle on it is Ime upset for Life. I harnt got Brass enuf to remane in Bisness nor yet made Tin enuf to retire out on it. Otherwis Ide take a Willer in Stanter and keap dux. My ony cumfit is I arnt a citty Maggystrut and obleegd to sit in Gild all arter bein throwd into sich a botomless panikin. How his Washup Mister Bowlbee can sit in Publick I dont know for he was one of the verry fust to cut away. Ketch me says he astayin in Crippelgit. Tho I ham a Alderman I dont want to be Aldermanbury'd.

So much for Hearth Quacks. The end will be I shall turn to a Universal Septic and then I supose watever I dont beleave will come to pass. Indeed I am almost of the same mind alreddy with Dadley the Baker. Dont trust nothing, says he, till it happen, And not even then if it don't suit to give credit.

Dear Ben, pray rite if you can say anny thing consoling under an ounce for witch a Stamp inclosed.

Your luving Bruther,
JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S. The Reverind Mister Crumpler have jest bean, and explained to Me the odds betwixt Old and New stiles, whereby the real Day for the Hearth Quack is still to cum, namely Monday the 28th Inst. it. So there we are agin!

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

A thing of shreds and patches.—SHAKSPERE.

CONTENTMENT.

AN ancient philosopher says, "He who has the fewest desires is nearest to the Gods, who have none;" an aphorism which Swift ridiculed by urging that the stoic plan of supplying our wants by cutting off our desires was only recommending us to amputate our legs that we may dispense with boots.

This is ridicule but not refutation, for the stoic doctrine only extended to an excise upon luxuries, not to an attempted renunciation of necessities, although the man who has the fewest of what are deemed indispensable comforts is sometimes the most contented, and so far approaches the nearest to the Gods.

The author of "Haji Baba" has most pleasantly familiarized us with the story of the caliph, who being told that he could never recover from a deep depression of spirits with which he was afflicted, until he should change shirts with a perfectly happy man, despatched numerous emissaries in search of this rare specimen of humanity. After a long quest through various provinces the fortunate individual was at length found; but alas! the desiderated exchange could not be made, for the perfectly happy man had always been too poor to purchase a shirt.

As a pendant to this tale, I will relate an anecdote furnished by the captain of a whale-ship, who, in allusion to the severe climate and various privations suffered by the inhabitants of Spitzbergen, told one of them that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned.

"Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage; "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose, and plenty of train-oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?"

It is well to draw attention to instances of this nature, not only to correct our own aspirations and repinings, but to gratify the philanthropist by showing that a benevolent system of drawbacks from those who have too much, and compensations to those who have too little, enables Providence to adjust the enjoyments and happiness of mankind much more equally than is generally supposed.

COMPLIMENTS.

To a certain extent fashion has banished the word "compliment" from our polite vocabulary; it would be a still greater improvement could we get rid of the thing as well as the term; for we seldom pay compliments to the body except at the expense of the hearer's understanding, or to his mind, except at the expense of the speaker's sincerity.

As the conjuror invariably attempts to divert attention by some unmeaning jabber when about to perform his sleights-of-hand, so may we

justly suspect the complimenter of meditating some sleights of mind when he pours into our ears the jargon of adulation. Beware of the man who praises you to your face, as he will be the first to abuse you behind your back—a losing bargain, for the former is restricted to your own hearing while the latter will be imparted to all your friends.

Compliments may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knight unable to aspire to the letter H, who being deputed to address William the Third, exclaimed,

“Future ages recording your majesty’s exploits, will pronounce you to have been a *Nero*.”

Not less honest and ambiguous was the negro’s compliment to the great emancipator.

“Goramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! He hab a white face, but he hab a black heart!”

POETRY.

BARON Bichfield defines poetry as the art of expressing our thoughts by fiction—a notion as old as the days of Charles the Second’s laureat, who being asked by the King, why his complimentary odes to royalty were less happy than those which he had addressed to Cromwell, replied, “Because poets succeed best in fiction.”

But is there any real ground for this prescriptive *dictum*, so humiliating to the dignity of the Muse! Though truth, we are told, usually dwells at the bottom of well, it would be better than well if we were sometimes to instate it upon the top of Olympus.

“*Le vrai seul est beau*,” says a French writer.

Was there no truth in the poetry of Moses and Miriam, of Deborah, and David? If it be merely contended that in the higher order of poetry the imaginative should predominate over the tangible and the real, we might concede the point, with limitations, however, as to time and the circumstances by which the bard is surrounded.

In ages of general ignorance when the world was a mystery, when the page of nature was a sealed book, when the veil had not been lifted up from the statue of Isis, poets could only excite attention by appealing from the known to the unknown, from the visible to the invisible, from the narrow circumscription of reality to the boundless realms of fiction, from the matter-of-fact that tethered them to a single spot, to the fancy whose wings uplifted them into the illimitable wilds of space. All early poetry is therefore dreamy, visionary, mystic, supernatural; and if, as some writers deplore, the present age is utterly deficient both in the genius and the taste of the poetic muse, it is because in the wonderful triumphs of science and the rapid march of intellect, reality surpasses imagination, invention is beaten by actuality, the mathematics of the mind outstrip its metaphysics, and the poetry of fact eclipses that of fancy. Not the muse alone, but general literature, may perhaps have suffered from the present predominance of science, and the superior rewards and distinctions which it offers to its votaries.

Like the old knight in “*Rabelais*,” we may every morning swallow a chimera for our breakfast. What magic or enchantment, what witch

or wizard, what Merlin or Albertus' Magnus with all his black art and ministering imps can conjure up prodigies more startling than those which diurnally flare upon us as we trudge along the highway, while we scarcely honour them, so trite have such miracles become, with a passing glance of admiration? What supernatural machinery of our old epic poets can compete, even when aided by the most fertile invention, with the mechanical machinery of our modern engineers—with the time-and-space-annihilating steam-engine—with the electric telegraph, which takes the lightning for its pen—with the coining electrotype, which drawing up metals in solution into an electric current, deposits them as solids in whatever form they may be desired to assume—with the Daguerrotype, which makes an instantaneous portrait-painter of the sun, and haunts a man with his own shade during his own life—with the thousand other mysteries and victories of art which are daily throwing the ideal into the back ground and investing the real with all the attributes of romance and poetry? When the miracles of mechanics and of fact are not less startling and amusing than the dreams of imagination, no wonder that factory-boys and Sheffield cutlers become our best bards.

Poetry has not gone out of fashion, we are more than ever Parnassians, more than ever surrounded by its atmosphere and element; it may not be so much written and read, but it is more seen and felt. Like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had all his life been composing prose without knowing it; we are bewailing the decline of poetry while we are unconsciously living in the very midst of it.

DISINTERESTED GRIEF.

MÆCENAS says effeminately of the death of Horace—

Lugens te, mea vita, nec smaragdos
Beryllos quoque. Flacce, nec nitentes,
Nec præcandida margarita quero.

What a compliment to the memory of such a man as Horace, that his patron was rendered too unhappy by his death, even to play with his jewels and pearls! This trait would lead us to believe that the high-born Mæcenas ("*ataris edite regibus*"), could not have been much better than the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face." Yet one aristocratic simpleton may find consolation where another misses it, for Prince Potemkin comforted himself on his death-bed by toying with his jewels and his different stars! Cook, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady, who was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when their friend the performer was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh! don't kill him, sir, don't kill him; for if you do he won't give us any more pit orders!" Her disinterested grief, like the gratitude of some people, was a lively sense of benefits to come.

COATS AND CLOTHES.

It is always as great a folly, and sometimes as great a vanity, to dress beneath your station as above it. "I see your pride," said So-

crates to Antisthenes, "through the holes in your garment." It is recorded of Philopæmon, that being once taken for a servant on account of the homeliness of his garb, and desired to chop wood, he set about the task very cheerfully, merely observing that he was paying interest for the simplicity of his attire. The dissipated Abbé des Fontaines seeing Piron, the poet, in a good suit of clothes, which was rather a rare occurrence, exclaimed,

"How! M. Piron! this coat was never made for you."

"Possibly not, M. l'Abbé," replied the bard; "and you were never made for your coat."

A certain shabby-dressing singer of London once boasted that he could do what he liked with his voice.

"Then take my advice," said one of his auditors, "and make it into a decent coat."

Stultz, the German tailor, complained that his trade was falling off, and that his customers seemed to require fewer coats than formerly.

"It is easily explained," said a friend; "look at the number of *turn-coats* in the House of Commons."

GIANTS.

ALL ancient writers, sacred as well as profane, concur in the existence of an ante or post-diluvian race of giants, who deviated from the law of nature, which generally unites a placable and inoffensive disposition with great personal strength, by exhibiting, upon all occasions a most ferocious and diabolical pugnacity. Thinking it great to have a giant's strength, they seem by no means to have been impressed with the conviction that it was "base to use it like a giant." Perhaps, indeed, they had never read Shakspeare! Calmet is of opinion that the first men were all of a strength and stature, much superior to the present races, since they lived so much longer, longevity being the natural consequence of a vigorous constitution. There is here some confusion of terms; for a little man may have as good a constitution as a giant, and there is no necessary relation between length of years and length of body. We are not told that Methuselah was proportionably taller than his successors, whose tenure of life was limited to an average of three score years and ten. We are informed, indeed, that the iron-bedstead of Og, King of Bashan, measured fifteen feet four-and-a-half inches in length; but with all due submission, this only proves the gigantic proportions of the recipient, not those of the incumbent. We have a Patagonian piece of furniture of the same description at Ware, but I never heard that the good folks of that town were much taller than their neighbours, and there is a very lofty gateway to the west front of St. Paul's cathedral, though we have no records to show that the subjects of Queen Anne were forty feet high. All these lofty personages of antiquity seem to have resembled our Monument, not only in altitude, but in being "tall bullies," for they were perpetually at loggerheads with the rest of the world, carrying their insolence, as well as their figures, to a great height. Their Hebrew names of Nephelim and Rephaim signified violence, oppression, and outrage; and their Pagan

brethren were not a whit more pacific—the Titans waging fierce war with Saturn, and the giants with Jupiter.

Remarkable is the fact that exactly similar traditions are found in nations who can never have heard either of the Christian or Pagan mythology, and whose remoteness from each other forbids the possibility of their belief being imparted or imported. The Indians of America, the blacks of Africa, the various Asiatic tribes, differing in every thing else, agree in claiming their descent from giants whose race has long since become extinct. Equally notable is the fact that not one of them can adduce an iota of credible evidence in support of this universal tradition. The fossil skeleton found in the cliffs of Guadaloupe, whether of recent or remote formation, did not exceed the average size: the mummies, our most ancient specimens of humanity, are generally beneath the modern standard of height—and although we may occasionally have disinterred the remains of a single giant, we have never stumbled upon the cemetery of a gigantic race. The analogy of nature, if we are to draw inferences from the animal world, would indeed afford some support to the tradition; for many of the existing Saurians and quadrupeds of comparatively small dimensions, have indisputably descended from, or at all events present exactly the same type and structure as fossil predecessors of stupendous size. The Mammoth, the Megatherian, the Iguanodon, and similar monsters of the former world, have left living representations, dwindled into insignificance when measured with their colossal originals, but that these latter once overshadowed the earth, or oppressed the waters, is demonstrated beyond contradiction by the remains scattered over the various regions of the globe, which have been collected and classified by the researches of geologists. When we discover the Goliath-like skeletons of men, in equal quantities, we may believe that the world was once peopled by a race of giants. Until then it would be more in accordance with the progress of the animal creation to suppose that man, a comparatively recent inhabitant of the earth, has been first found his largest type, and that he is destined to diminish like the Saurian and other tribes, until the lords of the creation will be little better than a people of pygmies.

The late Colonel S——, so well known for his Patagonian size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed,

“If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs.”

“Little reptile!” remonstrated the dun; “and what if I am? Recollect, colonel, that we can’t *all* be great brutes!”

FRANKNESS.

MADemoiselle DE SCUDERY wrote to her friend the Count de Buffy, “Your daughter has as much genius as if she saw you every day, and is withal as discreet as if she had never seen you.”

H.

FINE ARTS.

A FORTNIGHT since, by courteous invitation from Mr. Collen, we called at his residence to inspect some specimens of Calotype Portraits, obtained by a new process for which Mr. Fox Talbot has taken out a patent.

The Heads were mostly those of well-known persons, distinguished in Art, Science, or Literature; but even where we did not happen to know the individual, the portrait was obviously as faithful as Portrait can be without being absolutely "more like than the original." There was a truth of character—a harmony of expression—about each, rarely to be found in a painted picture, wherein too often a face is not all of a piece, but some anomalous eye, nose, or mouth, presents itself which does not seem to belong to the rest, but appears as if, to use a common trope, the Lady or Gentleman had actually "struck out a new feature." In the Calotype Heads there were no such equivocations, but every feature kept its fellows in countenance, as must necessarily result, when Nature, who always knows her own meaning, lends her light to the Copyist. Two other circumstances concur towards a satisfactory result: 1st. That persons content to be represented as they really are and no better than they should be, belong personally to the more sensible and unaffected portion of mankind; and 2dly, that there is little time for any studied face-making or "calling up a look," even if the parties were so disposed, when a head is "taken off," almost as quickly as one of asparagus. At least it took but two minutes and twenty-five seconds by a good chronometer to produce the likeness of OURSELVES, which Mr. Collen so politely requested! and which he now exhibits in such good company, in the large gilt frame in his showroom. We are the four heads in the four corners.

And whatever may be thought by a *personal critic* of the beauty or regularity of our features, we are satisfied that he will detect in our Effigies no attempt to look heroic, inspired, or interesting, beyond our wont: on the contrary, if a nice observer, he will trace the expression of a becoming humility, under the reflection that we were sitting not to any human artist—a mere fellow mortal—but to the great and glorious Sun, which has shone since the Creation!

Seriously, we recommend the Calotype process, and its Professor, to all those persons who wish for a striking likeness of the familiar week-day face of a dear friend or relation. For a guinea they will receive such a portrait, and apparently done in a reddish sepia, on paper, with great breadth of effect, and recalling to mind the Heads from Sir John Reynolds by Caroline Watson.

LITERATURE.—LADY ANNE GRANARD.*

So intense an interest, and so deep a mystery, still connect themselves with the premature loss to society and to letters of the late Mrs. Maclean; and so universally is it felt, that her rare gifts had scarcely developed themselves either in her poetical or her prose compositions at the period of her melancholy death, that a posthumous novel from her pen cannot fail to excite unusual interest and curiosity. And if the one we are now called upon to notice, from the circumstance of its not bearing precisely that tone and character which her previous writings may have led us to look for, do not very exactly reply to the *kind* of expectations that may have been formed respecting it beforehand, it will not disappoint them *in degree*, and will moreover add to the reader's impression of the value and versatility of the writer's powers and acquirements.

"Lady Anne Granard" is in fact a tale not merely of real life, but of real life little if at all blended with that "romance" which the beautiful but too passionate and imaginative genius of the poet L. E. L. was so prone to cast about it—not seldom, especially in her prose writings—to the disparagement of that "better part" which she herself had the courage to choose for herself, but not to impress with undivided force upon her readers. Mrs. Maclean, with all her fervour of fancy and strength of imagination, possessed a large portion of good sense, and a still larger of good and kindly feeling; but the former of these practical qualities she for the most part kept for her own private use—apparently from a fear—a very "lost fear," we cannot help thinking—that the indulgence of it in her writings would impair that "effect" the continual striving after which was their chief fault. The perpetual stir and glow of passion, and the strain and stress of imagination, which pervade all she published during her lifetime—even her prose tales purporting to be representations of real life—however captivating to that youth of mind from which in fact they emanated—for genius is always young—are far from satisfying either the wants or the judgment which spring up in mature years. They are the flowers and the wine of life: and if Love itself "cannot live on flowers," how little can such food satisfy the mental wants, and preserve the mental health and vigour of that season when even Love itself is but an imagination or a dream.

Mrs. Maclean seems to have felt this in some of the posthumous productions which formed the staple of her friend Mr. Laman Blanchard's charming publication, entitled the "Literary Remains of L. E. L.;" and the impression that she did so is fully and remarkably confirmed by the present volumes—which are neither more nor less than a true and unexaggerated picture of the actual life of the day in which we live; enlivened and embellished, it is true, by all the keen

* Lady Anne Granard; or, *Keeping up Appearances*. By L. E. L. (the late Mrs. Maclean). 3 vols.

wit, the cutting sarcasm, the playful humour, the penetrating glance into the motives and mysteries of the human heart, which form such conspicuous features in the previous novels of this accomplished writer; but without any mixture of that soul-absorbing passion—that straining after excitement—that theatrical aiming at mere “effect,” which form such captivating but dangerous errors in the early novels of L. E. L. In a word, the reading of this work will not prove a draught intoxicating the imagination and heart for a few brief hours, only to leave them less fitted than before for those duties and delights for which they were bestowed on us—but a banquet furnished with “food convenient” for the daily wants of us all; the greater portion of it dressed *au naturel*, and bearing the true and rich flavour of the respective viands of which it is composed; but with quite enough of light *entremets*, and of appetising sauces to render it palatable even to the tastes of that large majority who will no longer have any thing to say to the plain roast and boiled of bygone English fare.

The subject of this novel, is one no less admirable in itself than it is singularly fitted to the new, and as we must think, improved tone and objects of the writer. “Keeping up Appearances!” At once the crying folly and the clinging curse of the English society of the nineteenth century—a folly and a curse never absent from that society since England has claimed to rank among “civilized” states of the world—but now, in the actual day in which we live, pervading its every nook and corner—from the palace of the peer to the hovel of the peasant—poisoning the true comfort and abridging the true respectability of all. “Keeping up Appearances!” The title, and in such hands, speaks volumes, and may well cut short any thing more that we might desire to say, as to the mode in which the admirable theme is here worked out. It must not, however, prevent us from offering a brief specimen of that mode: nor can we do so more fairly and effectively as regards both writer and reader than by taking as much from the opening pages of the opening chapter as our limited space will allow. How capital, by the way, is the mere style of what follows—every phrase an epigram, and yet no appearance of labour or premeditation. It is decidedly better in its way than any thing of similar kind in the writer’s previous productions of this class.

No one dies but some one is glad of it.

If this be true of deaths in general, it is was very particularly true in that of Mr. Glentworth. Very rich, he died without a will or a regret. He left behind neither servant, dog, cat, nor even a customary arm-chair, to miss him. He had always lived in furnished houses, had kept his “two maids and a man” on board wages; he jobbed his carriage, and changed his tradespeople every week.

Still, joy and sorrow are the inseparable companions of death, and they were attendants even on that of Mr. Glentworth. His property, which was great, went to a nephew, who had never received from him the least kindness, and who would not have inherited a guinea, or an acre, if his relative had not had a superstitious dread of shortening his life by making a will.

Mr. Glentworth hated his nephew, both with the general hatred with which men regard their heirs, and also with an individual hatred. The good and the generous action of which we feel incapable is a reproach when done by another; and the old man could not forgive the younger one for being better than

himself. He was gone, however ; and the one whom of all others he disliked, came in for the accumulated wealth of years. If ever heir might be permitted "one touch of natural joy," it was in the case of Mr. Glentworth.

So much for the rejoicing, and now for the regretting.

"I never was so sorry for any thing as for Mr. Glentworth's death," said Isabella Granard, endeavouring to screen her face from a small, sharp rain, to which her place in the rumble of a travelling-carriage left her quite exposed.

"I do believe that he died on purpose to plague us," replied Georgiana, her elder sister by two years.

"The ruling passion strong in death," said the other, laughing ; "for Fanchette tells me he was a torment to every one about him. Still, dying on purpose to plague five girls of whom he knew nothing, was what Lord Penrhyn would call a very strong measure indeed."

"I would not have cared if he had lived till after Christmas," continued Georgiana.

"Mr. Glentworth is much obliged to you," was her sister's answer.

"I was wrong," cried Georgiana, her kind feelings instantly reproaching her for her careless mention of the dead. "But you must allow that it is very provoking, when we were so comfortable at Brighton, to be hurried back to dull, dreary London."

"I am sure," replied the other, "that I am as sorry as you can be. I wish mamma had taken the first offer, and let our house for a year."

"But mamma," said Georgiana, looking a little aghast, "would not spend the season out of London for the world."

"What pleasure she can find in it," was the reply, "is a mystery to me. London is all very delightful for rich people, but those who are as poor as ourselves, had better be any where else."

"I wish we lived in the country," cried Georgiana : "if we had but a cottage and a pretty garden, how happy we should be!"

"Instead," exclaimed Isabella, "of spending three parts of our time in that odious back-parlour. Child as I was when we left it, I can recollect the dear old shrubberies of Granard Park."

"And yet, mamma," returned the other, "always talks of having been buried alive there."

"Mamma," was the answer, "calls every body buried alive who lives out of a certain class. Our opposite neighbours, the Palmers, are as much buried alive as if they did not live in the same street as ourselves. Indeed, by her account, it is only a very small portion of the world who exist at all."

"I wish we were very rich," exclaimed Georgiana, with a deep sigh.

"Well, as mamma would say, you must marry some one very rich—that is your only chance of riches."

"But rich people are always old and disagreeable," replied Georgiana, with another sigh.

"Mamma would say," interrupted Isabella, "what nonsense you are talking ; very rich people are never disagreeable—that is, unless they have made their money in the City, and then it does require a great deal to make them even tolerable."

"But could not somebody die, and leave us a large fortune?" exclaimed the other.

"Somebody certainly might : but I do not see much probability that any body will," said her sister.

"At all events, I shall be very glad when I am out," continued Georgiana. "Mamma must then allow me something better than this eternal straw bonnet and green veil."

"If I may judge by my sisters, we shall have worse miseries to bear," said Isabella, "than only an old straw-bonnet and a green veil. I should detest every new bonnet that had a design in it. Why, Louisa's pretty violet velvet was only bought because mamma said she must have something to look decent in, as she met Sir Henry Calthorpe on the Parade every day."

"And poor Mary," continued Georgiana, "lost her afternoon drive because she had nothing fit to be seen in."

"Poor Mary," added her sister, "who needs the drive more than any of us. But mamma has long since given up Mary's case as hopeless."

"And yet she is but just three-and-twenty," said Georgiana. "But she is always so pale and so quiet."

"So heartbroken, you might say," exclaimed Isabella, in a tone of deep feeling. "But what would mamma say if she knew that Louisa had refused Sir Henry?"

"Oh! I hope she will not know it," cried Georgiana, looking quite aghast. "She would be angry with us all round, and I do not think that she would ever speak to Louisa again. I wonder, though, that Louisa should refuse him!"

"So do not I," answered Isabella, with a suppressed smile.

At this moment the Brighton coach passed rapidly along.

"I wish I were in that coach," exclaimed Georgiana, who shivered with the cold rain, which now fell heavily.

"It is well mamma does not hear you," cried her sister, laughing. "Lady Anne Granard's daughter in a stage—and there by her own wish—though you are her favourite, she would disclaim you for her child—or, no! she would say that I put it into your head. But I think that we might manage this old cloak better—the rain beats on your side; you know that you are not half such a good contriver as I am."

And, under the appearance of making a better arrangement of their scanty wrappings, Isabella contrived to give her sister the benefit of nearly all her own.

While this conversation was going on outside the carriage, one much more interrupted was kept up within. Muffled in furs from head to foot, occupying at least half the carriage with herself and her Blenheim, who accompanied every movement of her companion with a shrill cross bark, Lady Anne Granard had at least not neglected her own comfort. Though she had five daughters, she would not for the world have had any thing but a chariot; so the two girls were left to manage as well as they could; having, moreover, to take especial care not to disarrange any of Lady Anne's numerous packages.

Of course, she could only travel with four horses; and, to patch up a sort of union between show and economy, the carriage was loaded to the last extremity. The two younger girls were in the rumble, the French maid and page on the coachbox, and Lady Anne and her three eldest daughters inside: to say nothing of imperials, boxes, parcels, and last, but not least, the dog, the only over-petted and over-fed thing in his mistress's possession.

It appears, by a brief advertisement, that this novel was left unfinished by its writer, and that it has been completed by a female friend. On this point we have only to say that we have not been led even to guess where the original thread breaks off and has been pieced; and that if the same should be the case in regard to its other readers, the fact of this junction of female forces will increase rather than impair the interest and curiosity the work is calculated to excite.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

Hark ! they whisper.—POPE.

LORD MAHON'S BILL.—Our opinions on the Copyright Question were recorded at full length in the *Athenæum*. Since then, and the Miscarriage of Serjeant Talfourd's Bill, the necessity for some Act for the Protection of Literary Property has become more and more urgent. Two injunctions, against Bookaneers, having been obtained within the last month by Mr. Moxon against Messrs. Scott and Webster ; and by Mr. Bentley against Baily. It has been proposed to treat the Kidnappers of the blacks as Pirates ; and of course there ought to be some severe punishment for those Pirates who steal *black and white*.

Time and space forbid more than a few words on the Copyright Business, Bozziness, and Buzziness, in the United States. Dickens was quite right to denounce the practice : and none but a Jonathan Wild would stand up in its defence.

THE GREAT TERRA-DIDDLE.—The old Astrologers in their reckonings, supposed the year to begin in *March* : consequently the predicted Earth-quake ought to happen in *June*. For three months longer, therefore, must Credulity be haunted by the sepulchral announcement of the Monk of Dree. "In the name of the Prophet—figs."

The passage pointed out is certainly apt and *Water-Curious* : "There be that profess to believe that all *Bodies* are made of *Water* : and that they may be reduced back again to *Water* only.—*Izaak Walton*."

The following is too political for us :

"Sur,

"Being a pore Laberer at 12 Shilling a Week wich is 31 pound a Year. As other industrus people by the New Income Tax is *fined* 3 per sent for making more then 150 pound par annum—Ort not the like of Me to be *rewarded* at the same Rate for not yarning so much by a pretty Deal ?

"Your humbel Sarvant,

"ADAM SMITH."

THE CONCURRENCE OF TWO SCANTY MONTHS.—February, like a short Bill docked of the Days of Usance, and March with its Easter holidays—must plead our apology for not yet replying to several Correspondents. At the trial of Thurtell for Murder, the Maid-servant on being asked if "the supper was postponed ?" replied "No, it was pork"—and as the communications in question are not pork, they must necessarily be postponed.

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